JULY

VOGUE

July Fashion Changes

SPECIAL FEATURE:

18,000 words from
William Faulkner's
coming novel

ADVANCE RETAIL TRADE EDITION

50 CENTS

COPYRIGHT 1954 THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.

the precious fur

EMPRESS CHINCHILLA

for a precious few...

BERGDORF GOODMAN



JULY TRADE EDITION

VOGUE

HOW TO USE THIS ISSUE OF VOGUE:

1 PROMOTE ALL-SEASON COTTONS . . . fresh new cottons from your stocks to promote in windows or a suburban fashion show. Sell as fashions wearable for months to come. (Pages 32-41)

2 NEW SOFT DRESSES FOR SELLING FROM NOW ON . . . promote in advertisements and window displays along with chunky new jewellery . . . bracelets and long chains. (Pages 82-89)

3 BUILD LATE-SUMMER AND FALL PROMOTIONS AROUND NEW TWEED SUITS . . . tie-in with both city and country-keyed promotions. Select good tweed travelers from your stocks. (Pages 96-99)

4 SUMMER STOCKINGS TO STIMULATE LATE-SUMMER SALES . . . delicate mother-of-pearl shades and stockings with new elasticized and flexible tops . . . promotion news to tie-in with ready-to-wear advertisements. (Pages 66-67)

LET OTHER JULY VOGUE FASHIONS HELP YOU SELL NEW SUMMER MERCHANDISE . . . the camellia bathing suit . . . the quick hat in shocking colours . . . summer scents, twelve wonderful perfumes; these for display on your toiletries counter . . . the Madeleine, a new children's fashion borrowed from the French. (See the index for these and other ideas on page 29 of this issue.)

ON PAGE 4 OF THIS TRADE EDITION SUPPLEMENT

The "Vogue Says" quotes that can help you to sell your merchandise with Vogue's Fashion Authority.

COPYRIGHT 1954, THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. PRINTED IN U. S. A.

VOGUE IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF JANUARY, JUNE, JULY AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC., BOSTON POST ROAD, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT. EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. THE TRADE EDITION OF VOGUE IS AVAILABLE TO RETAILERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF WOMEN'S READY-TO-WEAR APPAREL AND ACCESSORIES BY SUBSCRIPTION PLACED DIRECT WITH THE PUBLISHER.

TRADE EDITION SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
$10.00 FOR 2 YEARS, $6.00 FOR 1 YEAR
TO POINTS OUTSIDE CANADA, U.S.A. AND POSSESSIONS:
$15.00 PER YEAR

ADDRESS TRADE DEPARTMENT, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, FOR QUANTITY RATES

VOGUE, JULY, 1954. VOL. 124, NO. 1

VOGUE'S EARLY REPORT

IMPORTANT SILHOUETTES FOR AUTUMN In dresses—the soft look, with definitely defined waistline. In suits—slimness of line. In coats—the fitted look. Hemlines generally remain the same.

COLOUR NEWS Blues (from blue ink to petunia hues) are important. Tangerine the new young colour. Also important—flaming and scarlet reds, blue-green, charcoal, beige and black.

FABRICS Tweed everywhere—in dresses, suits, coats. Lightest weight tweeds to slightly heavier types. Jersey, crepe, peau de soie and knits also important...jersey and knits of every kind from sportswear to dinner dresses. Lighter dress weight woollens used in suits.

DRESSES Definitely in the soft trend, with many softly full skirts, achieved by circular cut or unpressed pleating...new in tweed. The shirt dress... the sheath...the stocking dress in jersey and knits—of continued importance. The costume look: dress-and-jacket, dress-and-coat, skirt-blouse-and-coat. The jumper look.

LATE-DAY AND EVENING DRESSES News is the short dinner dress...newest in black broadcloth. The covered-up look is in evidence—with jackets for strapless or decolleté dresses. Young evening dresses, shorter than floor length—extremely bouffant.

SUITS New slimness—slim (but walkable) skirts and belted, shorter jackets. Jackets either fully belted, side-belted or half-belted—easy, not tight. Collars are larger. A new note is the fur trimming on suits—black fox important. All kinds of little fur pieces growing in importance.

COATS Not extremely straight—but "easy" with dressmaker casualness. Newest—the fitted coat...the incoming news is fitted coats in tweeds, woollens, fur (silk for late-day). Some coats with high waistline in back. Many straight three-quarters and seven-eighths coats. Trench coats—big news...with new softness. Trench coats in cashmere, fur, tweed, leather. More important than ever—the late-day coat in heavy silks and luxurious synthetic fabrics.

SPORTSWEAR Knits and jerseys of every kind in dresses...also tweeds. The middy look—the sailor collar on dresses, coats, suits, especially for the young and college markets. Also news—the pinafore and the blouse worn over a sweater. THE MANTLE STOLE, big, bulky—for wear over dresses, suits or coats.

AUTUMN FASHION

SHOES Colour-keynoted—taupe, brick-brown, and a new dark red are the most important new colours. The slim-toe, medium-heel pump continues to be the most important fashion. A secondary note is the open, stone-embellished evening shoe. Leather news: suede in dress shoes; polished leathers elsewhere, to blend with tweeds. Evening shoes of metallics, fabrics.

COSTUME JEWELLERY has a Midas look, with sixty-inch gold chains to loop loosely, a la Chanel, around the neck. There are also long strands of pearls with gold beads, and pearls with coloured stones. Earrings and bracelets are mainly massive...earrings in coloured stones, to wear with tweeds. Large button earrings of pearls have gold or rhinestone edges. Rhinestone pins are news in unusual shapes. Silver jewellery is interestingly new in woven designs, silver with an antique look. News—antique keys and coins for bracelets and necklaces.

GLOVES There is renewed interest in leather gloves in longer lengths—eight- to ten-button—in many shades of grey, beige and yellow to burnt orange...and always, in white pigskin. Short, short gloves are of continuing importance... in very new and different fabrics: paisley gloves that barely reach the wrists, plaids, velvets, and textured materials.

HANDBAGS Newest with long double handles. The long narrow shape is newest. Also news is double handbags, square handbags with shorter double handles. Little envelope and clutch bags for evening.

BELTS Narrow to medium widths are newest...contoured belts are news in a downward trend—extending from the waist down, instead of up. Cummerbunds.

STOCKINGS Newest in light, livelier tones—tones that complement the skin and blend with the costume. Light taupe, honey and blush beige are important daytime colours. For evening and at-home clothes—more colourful shades. Look for interesting patterns and textures—laces, jacquards, tweeds.

BEAUTY Lipstick and powder colours to complement the new colours in fashion. Lipstick colours are darker, more intense...intense coral to wear with tangerine. In face powders: palest pink and honey colours, applied for a matte finish. Rouge—for color on the cheeks. Jewelled tones in eyeshadow. Hair—smoothly waved and slightly longer.

QUOTE
VOGUE
AND SELL FASHION

Let what "Vogue Says" headline your advertisements and underline your displays.

YOUR RELEASE DATE: JUNE 29

TO SELL COTTON

VOGUE SAYS: "July cottons: ready for change"
VOGUE SAYS: "July cottons—spanning summer and fall"
VOGUE SAYS: "Cottons—a cashmere impression"
VOGUE SAYS: "Cottons that pass for wool"
VOGUE SAYS: "Striped cottons—darkening now"
VOGUE SAYS: "Ribbon stripes on a shirtwaist dress"
VOGUE SAYS: "Cottons—changing their stripes"
VOGUE SAYS: "Roman stripes—new Italian fashion"
VOGUE SAYS: "The dark plaid—far-reaching consequences"
VOGUE SAYS: "July cottons—the firm-as-worsted weave"
VOGUE SAYS: "July cottons—fresh-cut"

TO SELL THE SOFT DRESS

VOGUE SAYS: "Nonstop dresses: softest news yet"
VOGUE SAYS: "Making its own season—the soft dress"
VOGUE SAYS: "The soft dress—wardrobe backbone"
VOGUE SAYS: "The soft dress—in new situations"
VOGUE SAYS: "The soft dress in town, from now on"
VOGUE SAYS: "The skirt that moves beautifully"
VOGUE SAYS: "The dress with the gentle manner"
VOGUE SAYS: "The soft dress—importance of paleness"
VOGUE SAYS: "Fluid, soft, pale—the soft dress"
VOGUE SAYS: "Soft dress—understatement of importance"
VOGUE SAYS: "The soft dress—sand-coloured matte jersey"
VOGUE SAYS: "The soft dress—nonstop red jersey"
VOGUE SAYS: "The soft dress—wonderful colour—larkspur blue"

TO SELL THE QUICK BRIGHT HAT

VOGUE SAYS: "Bright hat—new light on summer dresses"
VOGUE SAYS: "Bright hat—flashes of colour"
VOGUE SAYS: "The bright hat that's vivid velveteen"
VOGUE SAYS: "Bright hat—scarlet, gold"
VOGUE SAYS: "Bright hat—spans summer and autumn"

TO SELL TWEED SUITS

VOGUE SAYS: "Tweeds—brand new fashion situation"
VOGUE SAYS: "Tweed-life: any city"
VOGUE SAYS: "Tweeds—enroute to more city life"
VOGUE SAYS: "Tweeds—autumn's important suit"
VOGUE SAYS: "Tweeds—completely urban cut"
VOGUE SAYS: "Tweeds—new speckled colour depth"
VOGUE SAYS: "Tweeds—with paisley"
VOGUE SAYS: "Tweeds—thinned down"
VOGUE SAYS: "Tweed life—anytime now"
VOGUE SAYS: "Tweeds with in-town accessories"

TO SELL BEAUTY

VOGUE SAYS: "Summer is captured in crystal"
VOGUE SAYS: "Perfumes with depth—character"
VOGUE SAYS: "Perfumes for life in the open"
VOGUE SAYS: "Perfumes—fresh as a patch of fern"
VOGUE SAYS: "Perfumes—setting for summer brilliance"

TO SELL HOSIERY

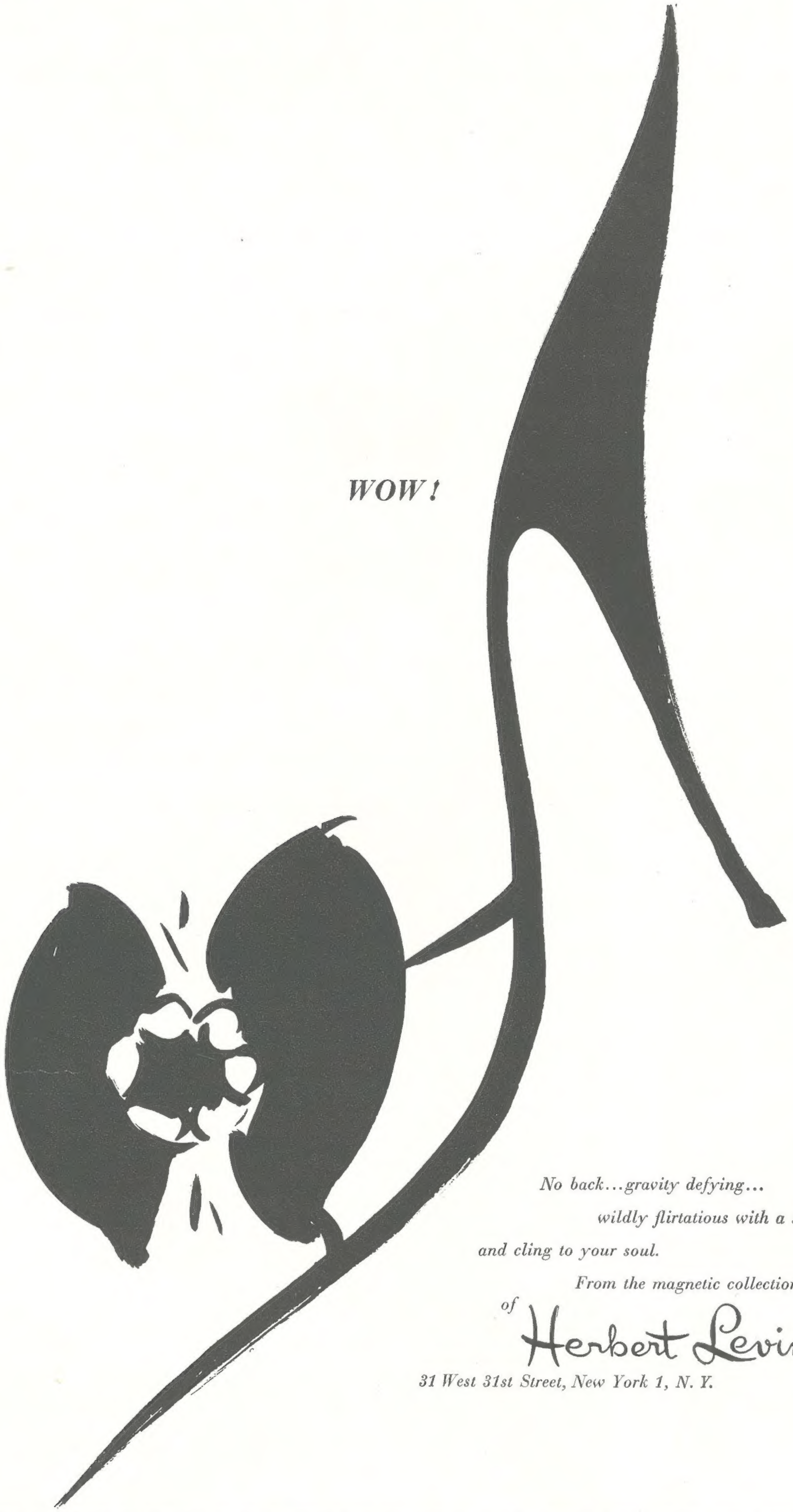
VOGUE SAYS: "Stockings—a nonstop fashion"
VOGUE SAYS: "Stockings—new summer-weave family"
VOGUE SAYS: "Stockings—delicate mesh—airiest cobwebs"
VOGUE SAYS: "Stockings—mother-of-pearl colours"
VOGUE SAYS: "Stockings this summer under smart hemlines"
VOGUE SAYS: "Stockings that stay up alone"
VOGUE SAYS: "Freedom-in-motion stockings"
VOGUE SAYS: "Peach-gold skin through a light stocking"

TO SELL LITTLE GIRLS' DRESSES

VOGUE SAYS: "Dresses—guimpes to fill necklines"
VOGUE SAYS: "Under dresses—organdie petticoats"
VOGUE SAYS: "Dresses—navy, red plaid—quilting"
VOGUE SAYS: "For a winter dress—add sweater"
VOGUE SAYS: "Madeleines—becoming as a pinafore"



FABRIC-OF-FRANCE FINEST PURE SILK "EMBOSSED JACQUARD" CREATED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE EXCITING NEW LILLI ANN COUTURIER DRESS COLLECTION. COPPER, GREY... DRAMATIZED BY ACCENTS OF RICH PARISIAN VELVET AND AUSTRIAN HAND-CUT JEWELS... ABOUT FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS AT FINE STORES OR WRITE LILLI ANN, 16TH AND HARRISON, SAN FRANCISCO OR 512 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



WOW!

No back...gravity defying...

wildly flirtatious with a secret that makes it cling and cling to your soul.

From the magnetic collection

of

Herbert Levine

31 West 31st Street, New York 1, N. Y.

BEST'S APPAREL, SEATTLE L. L. BERGER CO., BUFFALO BLACH CO., BIRMINGHAM THE BLUM STORE, PHILADELPHIA BONWIT TELLER, BOSTON ENGEL & FETZER, CLEVELAND FAIR BOOT SHOP, FORT WORTH FAMOUS-BARR CO., ST. LOUIS FROST BROS., SAN ANTONIO HARZFELD'S, KANSAS CITY N. HESS SONS, INC., BALTIMORE JOSEPH SALON SHOES, CHICAGO, BEVERLY HILLS MAKOFF CO., SALT LAKE CITY NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS PACKARD-RELLIN, MILWAUKEE RUSSEKS, DETROIT JACK SCHAEFER INC., NEW YORK HAROLD SMITH SHOES, LOUISVILLE

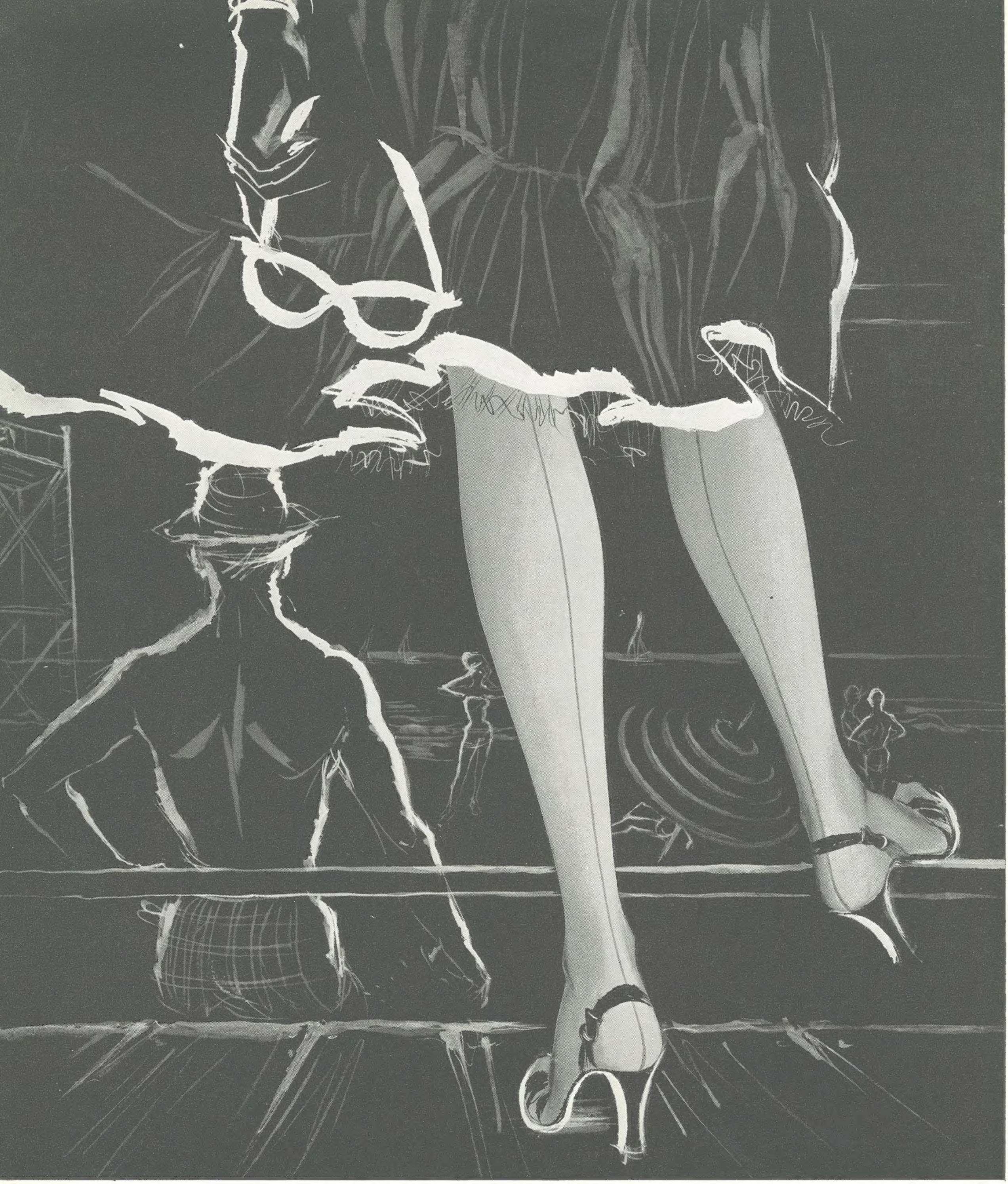
Vogue
July, 1954

VOGUE incorporating Vanity Fair is published semi-monthly except for the months of January, June, July and December, when it is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Connecticut. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Greenwich, Connecticut, under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Subscriptions $7.50 a year in U. S. A.

Vol. 124, No. 1
Whole No. 1931

every banker loves his figures in **Jaunty Junior®** *fashions*

Left: In a fine woolen fabric with ascot collar of Natural Beaver, Origin Canada. Under $85. Right: An all wool novelty weave with collar of Natural Ranch Mink, Origin U. S. A. About $100. Both in sizes 7 to 15. At one leading store in your city. Jaunty Juniors, Inc., 500 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.



PUT YOUR LEGS IN THIS PICTURE . . .

See *your* legs as others see them—in stockings that are custom knit to fit skin-smooth at every crucial point . . . And with that fine back seam that flatters the ankle and accents the lines of beauty . . . that pencil-line link between hemline and shoe that emphasizes sheerness and color . . . *Your* legs—at their loveliest in full-fashioned stockings! . . .

ADVERTISEMENT

© Hosiery Fashions 1954

BRONZE

PEARL

for that

"what's money"

look!



costume jewels . . . ours exclusively

in this opalescent bronze calfskin

andrew geller

EXQUISITE FOOTWEAR, 18 WEST 57TH ST., NEW YORK

AND LEADING STORES IN MOST CITIES.

PHOTO—LILLIAN BASSMAN



Only by

Vanity Fair

Now—in opaque Star White,
the slip that says
such attractive things
about your figure in two
indispensable versions:
#3-8-12 with side lace
shoulder straps to
wear under sheers.
#3-8-14 with adjustable
straps for smooth perfection.
In fabulous self-powdering
nylon tricot with fine
permanent pleating and lace
inlaid in the bodice,
enclosing the hem.
Also in many colors.

Sizes 32-42 as sold
Proportioned lengths

©1954 VANITY FAIR MILLS, INC. • EXECUTIVE OFFICES, READING, PA.

MARK SHAW


pat premo
2845 WEST SEVENTH STREET • LOS ANGELES

New freedom for you... In this all-season coat by Da Vinci

It's DURABLY MOTHPROOFED with MITIN®

You're *free* to wear it whenever you wish . . . for it's never in mothballs.

You're *free* of the burdensome toil of old-fashioned seasonal care . . .

for it's mothproofed *for its usable life* with Mitin!

The fabric is 50% precious cashmere and 50% wear-resistant Dacron®. . . combining the luxurious feel of cashmere with longer life. Da Vinci has fashioned it into this hand-finished, casual coat for year-round, *seasonless* wearability . . . and Mitin protects it against moth damage *every second of its life!*

Da Vinci joins many other well-known stylists to provide a wide selection of Mitin *durably* mothproofed garments now available in stores throughout the World.



Coats by Da Vinci from $135. In nude, grey, honey beige, navy, black . . . Sizes from 6 to 16 — misses and petite. See them at COLEMAN'S, Boston
CHAS. A. STEVENS & CO., Chicago • THE JOHN SHILLITO CO., Cincinnati • HALLE BROS. CO., Cleveland • RUSSEKS, Detroit • THE WM. H. BLOCK COMPANY, Indianapolis
HARZFELD'S, Kansas City • BULLOCK'S DOWNTOWN, Los Angeles • BOSTON STORE, Milwaukee • B. ALTMAN & CO., New York • THOMAS KILPATRICK & COMPANY, Omaha
THE BLUM STORE, Philadelphia • JOSEPH MAGNIN, San Francisco • LAMSON BROS. CO., Toledo

MITIN® *the durable mothproofer — a product of* GEIGY CHEMICAL CORPORATION • 89 BARCLAY ST., NEW YORK 8, N. Y.,

"Mitin" is the registered trademark for the patented, mill-applied durable mothproofing agent sold by Geigy Chemical Corporation, U. S. Patent No. 2,311,062 Canadian Letters Patent No. 464,489.



Imperial BY CHRYSLER

A FEW AMONG THOSE OF GENUINE ATTAINMENT WHO DRIVE THE IMPERIAL BY CHRYSLER.



Mr. A. W. Beaurline, Pres.
Bluebird Coach Lines, Inc.

Mr. J. Russel Coulter, Pres.
T. P. & W. Railroad

Mr. Roland Holden
Holden Hybrid Seed Corn Co.

Mr. Philip Smith Jaeger, Vice Pres.
Canada Steamship Lines

Mr. C. R. Sheaffer, Chrmn. of Bd.
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.

When you step into the Imperial by Chrysler, you join—in a very real sense—the company of today's most important and influential Americans. For, to them, this is the one car today whose distinguished character and luxurious good taste suggests itself more and more as the very finest that motoring can offer. We are confident that . . . once you experience the extraordinary capabilities of its new 235 horsepower FirePower V-8 engine and fully-automatic PowerFlite transmission . . . you also will agree that *the power of leadership is yours in an Imperial by Chrysler.*

THE FINEST CAR AMERICA

HAS YET PRODUCED




the label to look for
LONDON
DAVIDOW
NEW YORK



Wherever you look...

here or abroad

...this is the new look in luggage



Hartmann

SKYMATES

You'll shine wherever you travel with Hartmann Skymate Luggage. Fashionable as a square-cut diamond. And virtually as enduring. Look at the lines. It takes real workmanship to achieve such classic simplicity. And, isn't it the classic that survives the years?

You'll *always* be in vogue with the Skymate.







THE DRESS
... from Pierre Balmain's New York collection.



THE LUGGAGE ... the original Skymate silhouette by Hartmann. From a collection of fifteen matched pieces in Buckskin Tan Ducord. The Skyrobe Garment Case, top center, is equipped to hang open on a closet door. Holds as many as fifteen dresses and suits. $100.

Other Hartmann Skymates from $49.50

All prices plus existing tax

Write for the name of your nearest Hartmann Retailer

HARTMANN COMPANY • RACINE, WISCONSIN

Fair

is the look—your
pretty change of face!



DuBarry gives you a
fair complexion that's
peachbloom delicate!

First, smooth your complexion with DuBarry Flatter-glo, the new fluid make-up that really does what you've been hoping a make-up would do! Fair is the new shade that works magic for every complexion. Leaves your skin looking cameo-flawless!

Over it, film Fair DuBarry Face Powder to lend your skin the delicate air that's so enchantingly pretty!



DuBarry
Flatter-glo,
$1.10

DuBarry
Face Powder,
$1 and $2



PRICES PLUS TAX

by RICHARD HUDNUT

1+1 make 4 seasons



The arithmetic that's going on here is simple enough for a first grader. Now, while the weather's hot, subtract the jersey guimpes and add some starchy white organdie petticoats (the result is airy, cool, and very fresh). Then when school starts, carry over the petticoats and add guimpes to fill the necklines (warmer that way, and more like school dresses). Each dress comes with its own jersey guimpe. 1. Summer outfit: a dress of navy-blue cotton, a Fuller fabric. Autumn: add the pink-yellow-purple guimpe. Dress and guimpe, about $9. 2. Pretty by itself: the red plaid dress of a Stevens gingham. For a back-to-school outfit, add a navy-blue guimpe. Both, about $8. 3. Teal-blue and black quilted ABC cotton dress with a black jersey guimpe (it's more of a blouse). This and the dress, about $11. *All dresses:* in sizes 3 to 6x, by Johnston. Guimpes of Wyner worsted jersey. Altman; Hutzler's; Hudson's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus.

Peachy

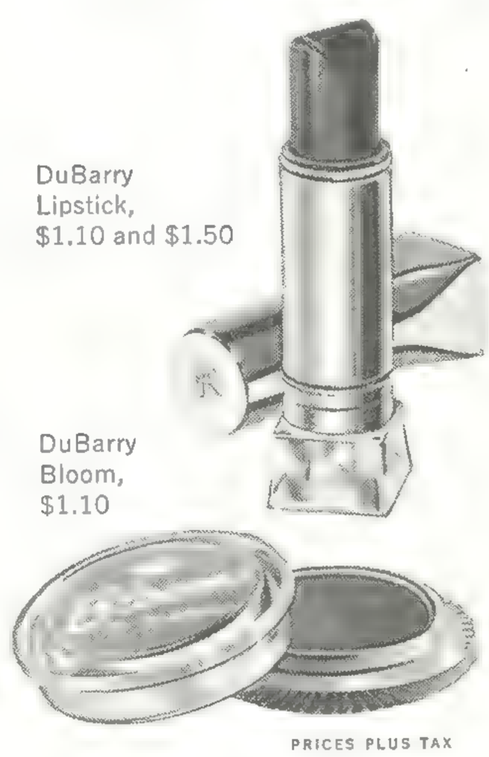
are your lips—the
bloom on your cheeks!



DuBarry gives you a
magic formula for new
peachy-pink prettiness!

DuBarry Bloom is a whole new concept of rouge! A new texture, a new shade to blush your cheeks with fresh, young beauty!

Peachy-Pink is the color you'll lavish on your lips. The luscious pink in the heart of a peach! And this color-lasting DuBarry Lipstick is rich with lanolin to soften your lips. In lucite-based case (shown) or regular caplok case.



DuBarry
Lipstick,
$1.10 and $1.50

DuBarry
Bloom,
$1.10

PRICES PLUS TAX

by RICHARD HUDNUT

To heighten your enjoyment of the wonderful world we play in...

the publishers of TIME, LIFE and FORTUNE

announce a new national weekly

THERE has never been a National Sports Weekly. Furthermore, it has been brilliantly proved that there never can be. People's interests are too varied. The fisherman cares nothing for baseball. The skier couldn't care less about the Kentucky Derby.

Maybe. Maybe that's the way it was. Maybe that's still the way it partly is. But one thing is sure: the world of Sport is a wonderful world, and everyone enters it with joy.

And so we enter it—as journalists, editors, writers, photographers, resolved to put something of the joy and the awareness of Sport into the form of a magazine.

It's a weekly magazine. It rushes to press every week the greatest pictures and the best accounts of the biggest events. And it paints the big enduring picture, too—of Nature, where the trout streams are, and the quail coveys and the snowy mountain sides.

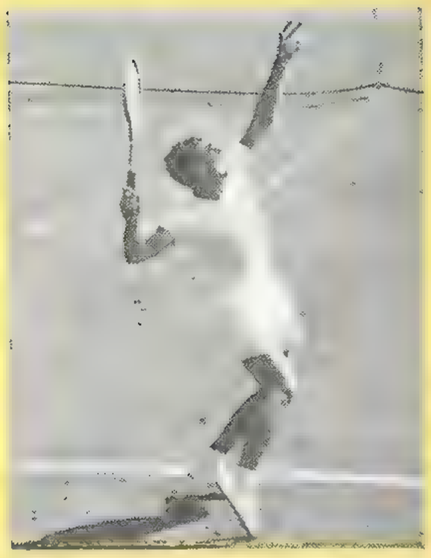
There's no end to the wonderful world of Sport—not till the last fisherman's tale is told or the last 3-foot putt is missed. Soon, in Volume I No. I, we'll begin where we are, in the middle of things: the unpredictable headline happenings of the week, then the enduring picture of field and stream, then a battery of expert columns wherein the lure of many a famous sport will be expounded with loving care.

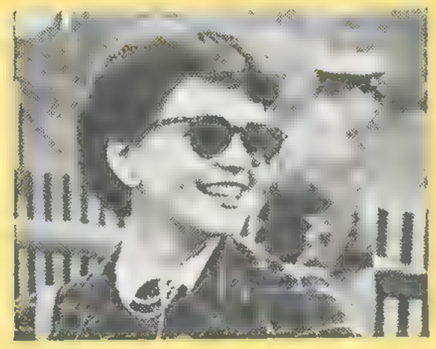
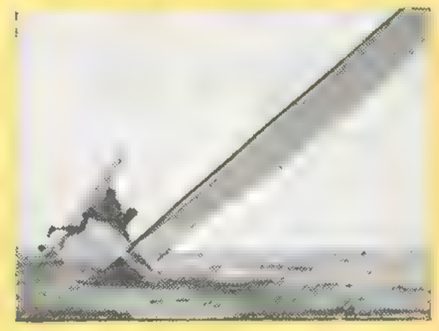
You don't have to read it—not any of it. Sport is Liberty Hall. It compels nobody. You don't have to read about it in order to be a better executive or a better housewife or to do your duty as a citizen in the Hydrogen Age.

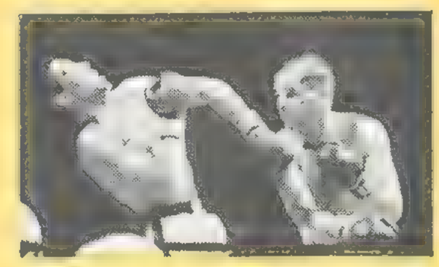
But you'll surely want to have a look at this new magazine of Sport. Not just one issue, please. Take a year's subscription and see how you get on together. You may find that it makes more enjoyable what you already enjoy. And *that* could have consequences.

One consequence would be that, at last, America will have a great National Sports Weekly.

The pre-publication rate for Charter Subscribers is $6.00 for the first full year—52 issues. If you wish to subscribe, please write New Magazine Department I-2, TIME & LIFE, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.







Vogue's Travelog

A DIRECTORY OF FINE HOTELS AND RESORTS

WRITE FOR RESERVATIONS TO THESE—"AS SEEN IN VOGUE"

GEORGIA

SAINT SIMONS ISLAND

King & Prince Hotel. Year 'round resort. E. P., directly on ocean, pvt. beach & pool; dancing, fishing, riding, golf. Near Brunswick, Georgia.

MAINE

BETHEL

Bethel Inn. In Maine foothills of White Mts. Golf, shuffleboard, tennis, putting, bathing, boating. Open June-Oct. Amer. Plan. Peter Schutt, Mgr.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR

Sprucewold Lodge & Cottages. A combination of modern resort facilities & rustic charm by the ocean, pvt. beach, SW pool, social entertainment, A. P.

KENNEBUNKPORT

The Colony. Directly on ocean, pvt. beach. Recreation program, bar, lobster on every menu. Golf nearby, tennis, riding, fishing & churches. Box 511D.

KINEO

The Mount Kineo. Maine's most modern resort on Moosehead Lake. Golf, tennis, swimming pool, trap shooting, riding, fishing. Kineo, Maine.

NEWAGEN

Newagen Inn. Distinguished guests enjoy the Inn's 400 acre ocean cape, colorful rooms and all vacation pastimes. Booklet—Write Box 3.

OGUNQUIT

Sparhawk Hall. At salt water's edge. Sports, relaxation, spacious sun deck, excellent meals, varied social program. Open June 28. Color folder.

MASSACHUSETTS

NANTUCKET

Harbor House. Nantucket's only European plan hotel. Superior modern accommodations. Telephone Nantucket 1500 or in New York: JUdson 6-5500.

OSTERVILLE 9 (CAPE COD)

East Bay Lodge. Restful surroundings. Fun and companionship with congenial families. All sports. Excellent meals, lounge. $12 up daily. A.P. Folder.

SWAMPSCOTT

New Ocean House. On the picturesque North Shore. Seashore and country environment. Open May to Nov. Booklet. Clement Kennedy, Pres.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

CENTER HARBOR

The Garnet Inn—Lake Winnipesaukee. Informal vacation hotel. Summer activities. Dining Room, Cocktail Lounge. J. V. Pearce, Mgr.

FRANKLIN

The Log Cabin. On Webster Lake. Unusual cottage colony on pine bluff beside lake. Central dining room. Many sports. Mr. & Mrs. R. Johnson.

JACKSON

Eagle Mountain House. A square mile private estate with golf course, sand beach, swimming pool. Social program, movies, June 25 to Oct. 13.

SUGAR HILL 18, (WHITE MTS.)

Sunset Hill House. All sports FREE, inc. golf. Children's Playground. Informal Social Life. Nightly Entertainment. Cocktail Lounge. W. R. Swift.

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY

Marlborough-Blenheim. At the edge of the sand & sea. Ocean-front sundecks, porches, solaria. Evening entertainment. Fresh and salt water baths.

PRINCETON

Princeton Inn. Charming inn with Early-American atmosphere. Inviting accommodations, delicious food. 100 rooms. Adjoining Princeton campus.

SPRING LAKE

The Monmouth Hotel. A famous hotel in a famous resort 50 miles from New York. Ocean Front. Private Beach. James J. Farrell, Mgr. GIbson 9-5000.

Massachusetts holiday

WHAT's blue and sand and breeze all over? The coast life of Massachusetts answers this currently appetizing riddle. Nantucket, Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard—three summery destinations for a hop-in-the-car-and-go excursion (add a ferry boat to reach the islands). The variety of this seaside stretch is singular—wild dunes, the hubbub of centres like Provincetown (the night life here: unique on the cape), grey shingle houses, and a colony of prickly pear cacti. The "pothook" arm of Cape Cod stretches out to deflect the Gulf Stream, making it the Mason and Dixon Line of the marine world (that's why marine biologists flock to the Woods Hole laboratories on the Cape). A casual interest in marine life will lead you to sea-clam pie, fish chowder, little neck clams, sea-moss pudding.

Getting to this part of the country is as easy as enjoying it. It's the most popular destination on Northeast Airlines' summer schedule—ten flights a day from New York to Nantucket, more daily flights to Martha's Vineyard and Hyannis on the Cape.

NEW JERSEY

SPRING LAKE BEACH

The Essex & Sussex. One of America's truly fine seashore resorts, overlooking its own private beach. Golf, tennis, riding. C. S. Krom, Manager.

NEW YORK

LAKE GEORGE

Top O' The World Lodge. Private 9 hole golf course. Sandy bathing beach. 25 saddle horses. Summer cottages for rent. Convenient Saratoga races.

NEW YORK CITY

The New Weston. Madison Ave. at 50th St., at the center of business and social life. Weston Court, English Lounge and Restaurant. A Knott Hotel.

The Westbury. Madison Ave. at 69th St. Distinguished clientele. Attractive rooms & suites. Famous Polo room—bar and restaurant. A Knott Hotel.

PENNSYLVANIA

ECHO LAKE

Vacation Valley—700 acre resort for young people. Pvt. golf course and lake, Sea Sand Beach, orch., riding, etc. $55-$80 wkly. May-Oct.

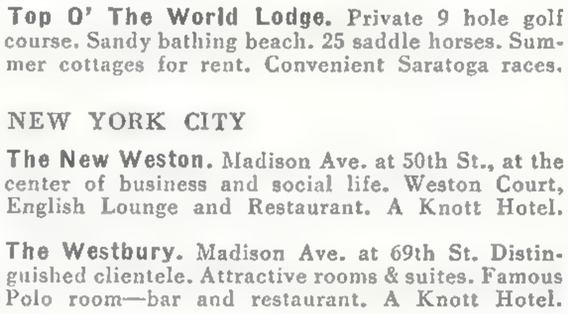
HERSHEY

Hotel Hershey and Cottages. One of America's finest. Delightful Living. Open year 'round. Hershey, Pa. Joseph Gassler, Managing Director.

Get the Vogue Travelog habit. These resorts and hotels are among the finest to be found in this broad land.

VIRGINIA

HOT SPRINGS



The Homestead

On its own fabulous 17,000-acre estate in a lovely, secluded part of Virginia's Alleghanies, The Homestead is probably the number one choice for a summer vacation on this continent. Golf, tennis, riding, skeet, other sports, all superb. Excellent cuisine, brilliant social scene. Write The Homestead, Hot Springs, Virginia. N. Y. Office in The Chatham, phone PLaza 8-2490; in Washington, phone REpublic 7-1764.

VERMONT

CHITTENDEN

Mountain Top Inn, Cottages and Club. Lake Beach. All sports and entertainment. Swimming Pool. N.Y. Office: 500 5th Ave., LO 5-1114.

STOWE (MT. MANSFIELD)

The Lodge at Smugglers' Notch. Foot of Mt. Mansfield. Renowned cuisine. Heated pool, riding, tennis; golf near. N. V. Mara, Mgr. Tel. Stowe 6-3311.

WOODSTOCK

Woodstock Inn. Cordial hospitality, gracious comfort. Golf free to wkly. guests, riding. Fine food. Cocktail lounge. Concert trio. F. J. Power, Jr., Mgr.

BERMUDA

PAGET

Elbow Beach Surf Club, Bermuda's Only Oceanside Hotel. United States Rep.: Robert F. Warner, Inc., New York, Bos., Chi., Washington, D. C.

SOMERSET

The Ledgelets Cottage Colony. Gracious Bermudian living—air conditioned—private beach and pool—boating—American Plan—Year 'Round.

WARWICK EAST

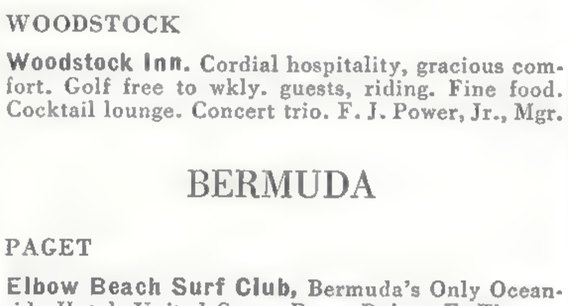
Faraway & Cottages. Only 3 min. to pvt. ocean beach. Fine food, comfortable accommodations. Write direct or Oliver-Kermit, 521 5th Ave., N. Y.

CANADA

MONT GABRIEL, P.Q.

Mont Gabriel Club. Luxurious 1200-acre mountaintop resort—offering every facility for a happy holiday. Write for illustrated folder.

STE-ADÉLE-EN-HAUT, QUÉBEC



The Chantecler

"One of Canada's Outstanding Resorts". An Hotel and Cottage Colony 45 miles north of Montreal in The Laurentian Mountains. Open 365 days yearly since 1938 under same owner and same manager. Patrons of all ages consider it to have superior facilities and accommodations, thoughtful service and an interesting atmosphere. Brochure available from Emile E. Marin, Box 170, Ste-Adéle-en-haut, Québec.

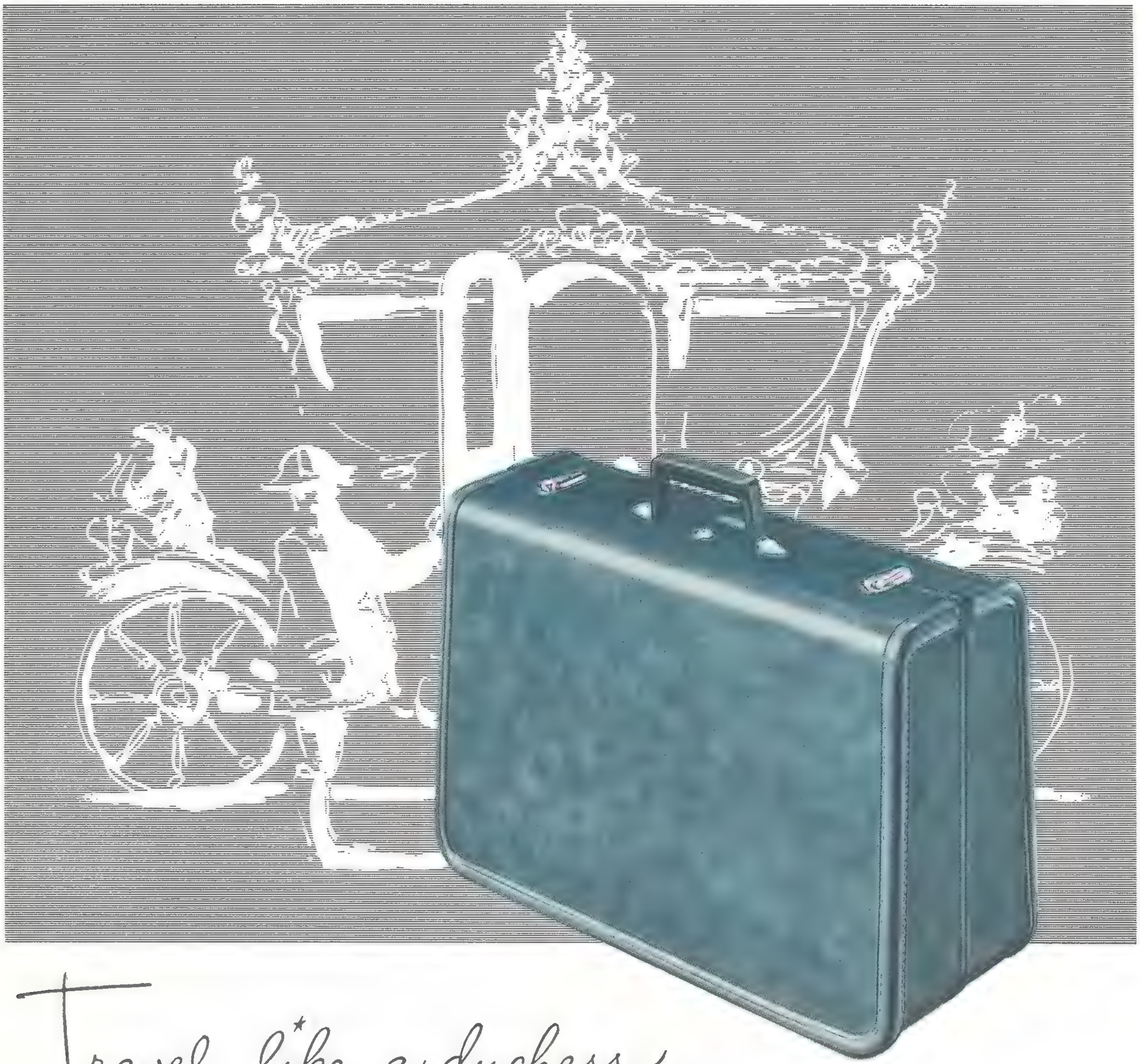


America's finest stores feature...

Starlite FASHION LUGGAGE

Akron, Ohio.....M. O'Neil Co.
Ann Arbor, Mich.
Wilkinson Luggage Co.
Atlanta, Ga.....Morris Luggage Shop
Birmingham, Ala.
Birmingham Trunk Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Frieds Trunk & Bag Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Gould's Luggage Shop
Chicago, Ill.....Chicago Trunk Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio.....Bankhardts
Cleveland, Ohio.....The Higbee Co.
Columbus, Ohio.....F & R Lazarus Co.
Dayton, Ohio.....Rike-Kumler
Detroit, Mich.....J. L. Hudson Co.
Evanston, Ill.....Lords
Evansville, Ind.....The Luggage Shop
Flint, Mich.....Frederick Berger Corp.
Fort Wayne, Ind.....King's A & I
Fort Worth, Tex.....The Fair
Galveston, Tex.....R. H. John Inc.
Indianapolis, Ind.....L. E. Morrison
Jackson, Miss.....Mori Luggage
Jacksonville, Fla.....Cohen Brothers
Kansas City, Mo.....Kansas City Trunk
Kenosha, Wis.....Garb's
Lexington, Ky.....Rosenbergs
Louisville, Ky.....Taylor Trunk Co.
Miami, Fla.....National Luggage
Milwaukee, Wis.
The National Trunk Stores
Minneapolis, Minn.....Thiss Associates
Mobile, Ala.....Gerhardt's
Nashville, Tenn.....White Trunk & Bag
Newark, N. J.....Bamberger's
New Orleans, La.....Rapp Trunk Store
New York City.....Macy's
Oklahoma City, Okla.....Kambers
Philadelphia, Pa.
Strawbridge & Clothier
Rochester, N. Y.....Eaton & Simms
St. Joseph, Mo.
A. J. August Clothing Co.
St. Louis, Mo.....Famous Barr
St. Paul, Minn.....Pedros Luggage
St. Petersburg, Fla.
Bell Jewelry & Luggage Co.
San Francisco, Calif.....Macy's
Scranton, Pa.....Ruth Ziman
Syracuse, N. Y.
E. W. Edward's Dept. Store
Tampa, Fla.....Maas Brothers
Toledo, Ohio.....La Salle & Koch
Tulsa, Okla.....Elephant Trunk Co.
Waco, Tex.....Nobby Luggage
Youngstown, Ohio.....Strouss-Hirshberg

SARDIS LUGGAGE CO.
SARDIS, MISSISSIPPI



Travel like a duchess...

You'll feel like one too, travelling with the most sophisticated, yet practical luggage in years . . . Starlite Fashion Luggage. It's trimly tapered, yet gives you more, yes *more*, packing space. And, duchess, the luxurious Celanese Acetate interiors will thrill you! The soft, pastel shades harmonize with the rich, scratch-resistant vinyl covering. Yours in blue, dubonnet, saddle and ivory fashion colors.



All prices plus taxes

Starlite
FASHION LUGGAGE

The Sardis Luggage Co., Sardis, Mississippi. Write for nearest dealer.



You'll have to see it to believe it

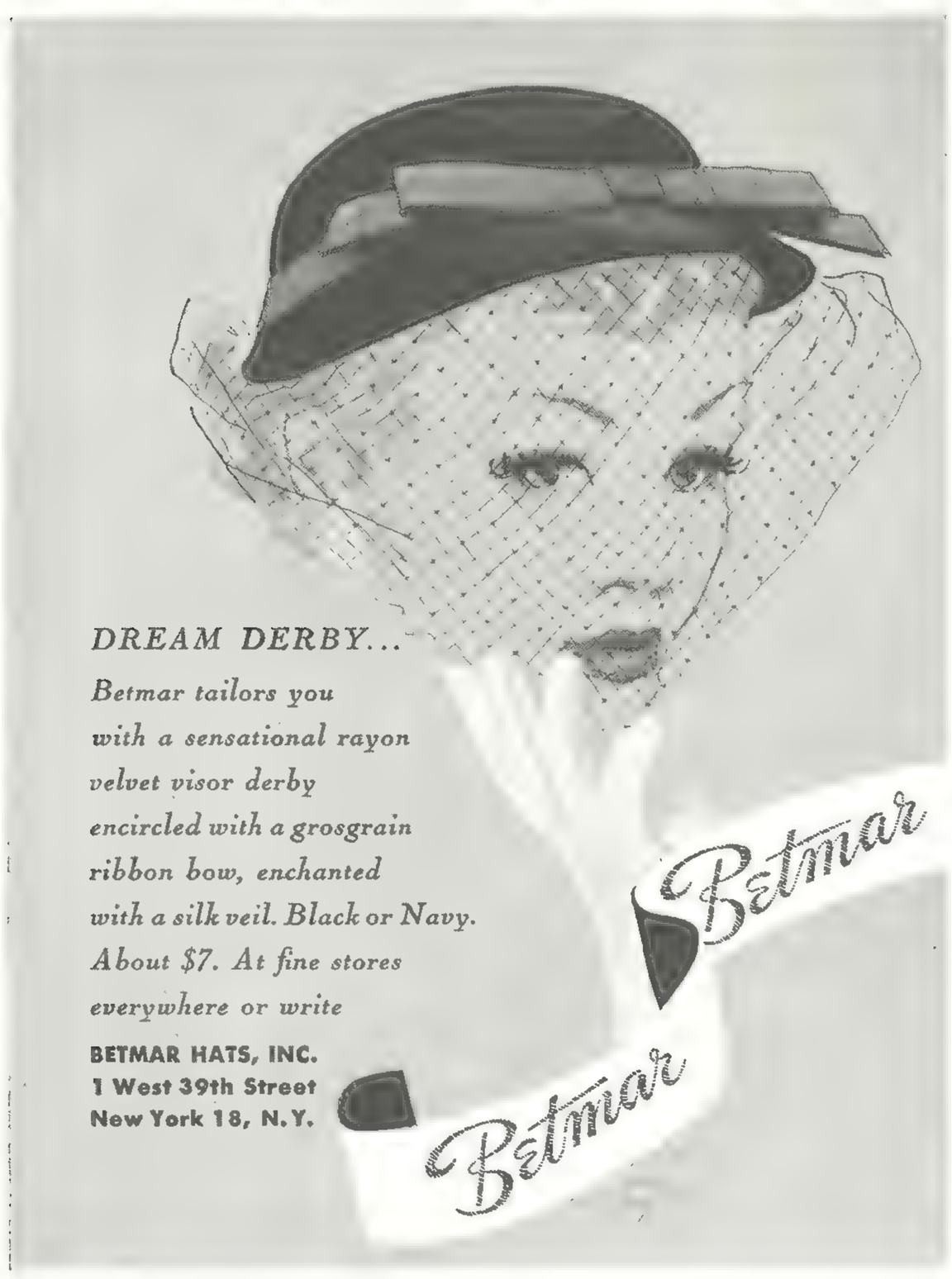
At last Cosmetan — with the flattering tan lens that combines the special advantages of *all* sun glass lens colors.

Cosmetan lets you see naturally in the *brightest* sun. Gives your eyes greater comfort and protection from sunburn and heat rays. Actually *improves* vision on hazy days. The secret's an exclusive AO development.

You'll look better, see better in Cosmetan Sun Glasses. Available only where eye care services are rendered.

Your choice of many smart new frames for men or women. Also in FITS-ONS and ground to prescription.

American Optical



DREAM DERBY...

Betmar tailors you with a sensational rayon velvet visor derby encircled with a grosgrain ribbon bow, enchanted with a silk veil. Black or Navy. About $7. At fine stores everywhere or write

BETMAR HATS, INC.
1 West 39th Street
New York 18, N.Y.

Betmar

Betmar



1

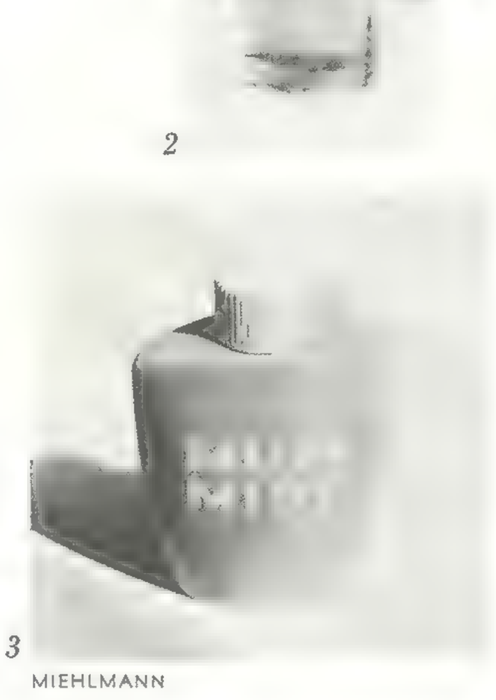
Discoveries in beauty

4 DOUBLE-DUTY LOTIONS

Here, four lotions. Each lotion has more than one purpose. Space-saving if you're packing for a holiday; a simplified ritual for keeping cool. 1. Débutante's Lanolin Rich Body Lotion is a soothing treatment, a shield against the sun—both at once. Its creaminess vanishes into the skin, leaving a velvet softness. An added sun-screen prevents sunburn, encourages gradual tanning. 2. Débutante's Cologne: rich spicy scent plus excellent abilities as a summer cooler splashed on as a friction. The tall, twelve-ounce bottle is more cool economy. $2 plus tax. These two, by Daggett & Ramsdell, sold by The Fuller Brush Company. 3. Mum Mist is an anti-perspirant spray that *really* mists without trailing rivulets down your arms. Its new hexachlorophene ingredient builds up a cumulative deodorant effectiveness. 4. Houbigant's Body Tone scents the skin with the fragrance of Chantilly *and* leaves a silkiness that girdles and stockings glide over—no matter how humid the day. Altman.



2



3



4

MIEHLMANN

Scene-shifting
Season-shifting
Cottons



Every girl, right now, wants to get into something with a Fallish look.
What better, then, than these dark cottons, each with a **plus** (a jacket here, a blouse there) of its own.
Little sister's broadcloth princess dress, buoyed with Pellon, boleroed in quilted plaid.
Charcoal dress, green and gold jacket, or navy with navy and red, 3 to 6X, under $13; 7 to 14, under $17.
Big sister's jumper in Fuller's grey checks with a red wool jersey blouse, or blue with lime, subteen 8 to 14, under $20.
Middle sister's ricrac shirt of Fuller's Fullerset, skirt of Bates Disciplined firefly print. Pink shirt, charcoal skirt; coral with brown; gold with navy, 7 to 14, under $12; 3 to 6X, under $10.

Johnston

AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES IN YOUR CITY OR WRITE JOHNSTON, INC., 1402 NORTH PEAK STREET, DALLAS, TEXAS

COMING...

in Vogue's

College Issue:

Young Americana

Answers to these questions:

What is the new young colour for day?

...the sure-fire colour for evening?

What is the new alternate for Bermuda shorts?

...the newest "double take" fashion?

What fur—that belongs to the young—

is celebrating a revival?

A report on: Young Talent in America Today and

Vogue's 19th Prix de Paris Winners

plus: A pattern wardrobe to make—

around one wonderful dress

and for the any-ages:

- The first autumn hats you buy
- The classic coat: new versions, new elegance
- The new tweed dresses: "Fords"



all in the August 1st issue...
on your newsstand July 29th

and the night shall
be filled with music

TABU

TABU

TABU COLOGNE

TABU PERFUME

the "forbidden" perfume by Dana®

PARIS • NEW YORK

Copyright 1954, Dana Perfumes, Inc. • Jewels by Harry Winston

VOGUE'S SCHOOL DIRECTORY

For advice: write Vogue's School Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, or call LE 2-7500

N. Y. City Day Schools

LYCÉE FRANÇAIS—NEW YORK
THE FRENCH BACCALAUREATE SCHOOL
Bilingual (English & French), Amer. European Boys & Girls 6-18. Day. Chartered by Regents. Graduates admitted with advanced standing to American Colleges. **3 E. 95th St., N. Y. 28. AT 9-1460.**

RHODES SCHOOL
A distinguished Preparatory School. Grades 7-12. Graduates in leading Colleges & Universities. Member of Middle States Assn. of Colleges & Secondary Schools. Registered N.Y. Board of Regents. Catalog. **11 W. 54 St. (near 5th Ave.) N. Y. 19. CI 7-7640.**

RIVERDALE
COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
College Preparation. Music, Art, Drama, Sports. Affiliated with Riverdale School for boys.
Jean G. Peters, Admissions Officer
Riverdale-on-Hudson, New York 71. Phone KI 3-2800

Girls' Schools

OAK GROVE
Friends School for Girls emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious, Purposeful Living. Music, Art. Speech. Grades 7-12. International enrollment. Riding included. New fireproof Quadrangle. **Mr. & Mrs. Robert Owen, Box 121, Vassalboro, Maine.**

VERMONT JUNIOR COLLEGE
On hilltop campus in Vermont's capital city. Secretarial, med. sec'l, lab. tech., journalism, nursery teaching, pre-professional, art, liberal arts, general. Music, speech, radio. Ski tow on campus. Catalog. **Ralph A. Noble, Pd.D., Montpelier, Vermont.**

STONELEIGH-PROSPECT HILL
Thorough college preparatory, general courses. 7-12th Grades. Art, music. Skiing. All sports. 150 acres, beautiful modern building. Professional instruction in riding. Mensendieck for posture. **Mrs. George Waldo Emerson, Box D, Greenfield, Massachusetts.**

PINE MANOR JR. COLLEGE
2 yr. Liberal or Creative Arts, terminal or transfer. Music, radio, speech, int. design, typing, journ., drama, dance. Language centers. Small house plan. Opt. 3rd yr. abroad or child study prog. Sports, riding. **Carolyn Churchill, Box V, Wellesley 81, Mass.**

GARLAND
A Jr. College. A.S. Degree. Fashion Design, Interior Design, General Arts. Child Study, Food & Nutrition. Clothing & Retailing. One year for college students. Five residences. **Mrs. Gladys V. Jones, 409 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts.**

ENDICOTT JUNIOR COLLEGE
Two Year College Courses for Young Women
Fully Accredited. A.A. & A.S. Degrees. College Transfer. Terminal & Pre-prof. Courses. Internship. Guidance & Placement. Shore Campus. Nr. Boston.
Eleanor Tupper, Ph.D., Dean, Beverly, Mass.

HOUSE in the PINES
School for Girls
In college town thirty-three miles south of Boston. Country location. Excellent riding facilities. Swimming. College preparatory and general courses including music, art, secretarial training. Post-graduate group earning advanced Jr. College and College credits. Forty-third year.
M. ELIZABETH JOHNDROE, *Director*
40 Pine Street — Norton, Massachusetts

Mary A. Burnham

Burnham graduates are mature, poised, trained—fully prepared for college. Also general and post-graduate courses. Music emphasized. Art, Secretarial. Traditional campus life. National enrollment. Riding, skiing, swimming, all sports. Mensendieck method for posture. 77th yr. Summer School, Newport, R.I. Catalogs. **Mrs. George Waldo Emerson, Box 43-D, Northampton, Massachusetts**

Centenary JUNIOR COLLEGE
AN EDUCATION FOR LIVING.
Fully accredited. Awards A.A. degree. College transfer, terminal, and pre-professional courses. Limited enrollment. Strong student leadership. Beautiful campus. All sports. Swimming pool. Social life. Inclusive fee. N.Y.C. 50 miles. Literature on request.
Box 507 — Hackettstown, New Jersey

Girls' Schools

ST. MARGARET'S SCHOOL
Episcopal. Emphasizes preparation for leading colleges. Also general course with music, dramatics, art. Outdoor sports. 30 acre campus. Est. 1865. Modern fire-proof buildings. **Pauline S. Fairbanks, Headmistress, Box V, Waterbury 20, Connecticut.**

MARY C. WHEELER SCHOOL
Sound college preparatory and general courses. Training in good study habits, self-reliance, citizenship. Art, music, dramatics, dance. 120-acre farm. All sports. Also Junior Boarding Dept. Grades 4-7. **T. R. Morgan, Jr., Providence 6, Rhode Island.**

THE SEMPLE SCHOOL
College Preparatory, General Courses, Day, Resident. Post Graduate, Dramatics, Art, Music, Secretarial, Home Economics, Athletics. 56th year.
Mrs. T. Darrington Semple, Principal
351 Riverside Drive, New York 25, New York

HEWLETT SCHOOL
L. I. School for Girls 6-18. Est. 1915. Thorough college preparation. Balanced general course. Drama, art, music. Small classes. All sports. Riding. Country campus. Accredited by N. Y. Board of Regents. **Eugenia V. Coope, Prin., East Islip, L. I., N. Y.**

ST. AGNES SCHOOL
Episcopal Church Boarding and Country Day School. Fireproof building on a 40-acre campus. College preparatory and general courses. Sports, Arts. Est. 1870. Accredited in Middle States Association. **Miss Blanche Pittman, M.A., Box V, Albany, N. Y.**

KNOX SCHOOL
Opening Sept. 29, St. James, L.I. College Preparatory or General Course. Grades 7-12. Distinctive country school with city advantages. Riding. Sailing. Private beach. N.Y. trips for theatre, concerts, U.N. **Mrs. A. S. Phinney, Box 7-V, Cooperstown, N. Y.**

ACADEMY OF MT. ST. VINCENT
Beautiful school for girls, grades 7 to 12. One hour from N. Y. Fully accredited. Strong college preparation & general course. Art, music, home economics, riding, dramatics. Est. 1847. Tel. Tuxedo 4-0230, or write **Directress, Tuxedo Park, New York.**

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL
Episcopal School for girls, on the Hudson. Under direction of Sisters of St. Mary. Grades 7 through 12. Modified Kent plan. Accredited. Small classes. Riding, swimming, dramatics, music, art. **Sister Superior, St. Mary's School, Peekskill 6, New York.**

GRIER SCHOOL
In the Alleghenies. Accredited College Preparation and General Courses. Home atmosphere for girls, grades 8-12. Music, Art, Typing. Exceptional Riding. Winter, team sports. 1000 acres. Gym, pool. 102nd yr. **Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Grier, Box 67, Tyrone, Pa.**

LINDEN HALL
Junior College and School for Girls. Cultural and Vocational. Music. Home Economics. Secretarial Studies. Art. Dramatic Art. Preparatory and General Courses. All Sports. Riding. Pool. Moderate Tuition. **Byron K. Horne, D.D., Box 97, Lititz, Pennsylvania.**

KENT PLACE SCHOOL
Notable college preparation. Excellent dramatics and arts. Separate music building. All sports and activities. Exceptional riding. Fireproof residence for grades 6-12. Beautiful campus near N. Y. C. **Florence Wolfe, 10 Norwood Ave., Summit, N. J.**

THE BEARD SCHOOL
Fully accredited. Outstanding college prep. Kindergarten through high school. Day and resident (III-XII). Separate lower school dormitory. Art, Dance, Drama, Music, Remedial Reading. Sports. **Edith M. Sutherland, 563 Berkeley Ave., Orange, New Jersey.**

HIGHLAND MANOR
Academic and Vocational Junior College; College Preparatory and Summer School; Junior High and Lower School Courses. Personalized education by master instructors. Graduates attain unusual success in leading colleges. Individual attention. Music, art, dramatics, charm course, remedial reading, home economics. Small classes. Social and Recreational activities. Beautiful campus. Thoroughly modern equipment. Catalog.
Eugene H. Lehman, Pres., Box E, West Long Branch, N. J.

Girls' Schools

HANNAH MORE
Girls. Grades 7-12. Boarding, day. Accredited. College prep., general courses. Modern methods. Art, music. Riding, sports. Cultural advantages of Baltimore, Washington. Catalog. **Mrs. M. C. Winfield, Dir., Victor V. Cain, Headmaster, Reisterstown, Md.**

SAMUEL READY SCHOOL
Girls 9-18. Accredited College preparation. Sec'l, dramatics, music, art, dancing. Family life emphasized. Daily chapel. Sports. Share-the-work program. 20-acre campus. Est. 1887. Catalog. **Evangeline Lewis, 5150 Old Frederick Road, Baltimore 29, Md.**

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY
JR. COLLEGE & 2 YEARS HIGH SCHOOL
Non-sectarian. Liberal arts, music, art, drama, home ec., science, nursing, sec'l; accredited college prep. Sports. Washington 70 miles. 115th year. Catalog. **May Russell, Box 101, St. Mary's City, Maryland**

MOUNT VERNON
Junior College: Majors in Liberal Arts, Child Development, Secretarial, Art and Homemaking. Separate college preparatory school: 9th through 12th grades, 10 new buildings. 26 acre campus. **George Lloyd, Pres., Box A, Washington 7, D. C.**

MARJORIE WEBSTER
Junior College. In Nation's Capital. Accredited. 2 year terminal and transfer courses. Liberal Arts; Phys. Ed.; Kindergarten; Sec'l; Speech, Dramatics, Radio and TV; Music; Art; Merchandising. Pool, gym. Catalog. **Box V, Washington 12, D. C.**

National Cathedral
The advantages of a country school in the Nation's Capital. College preparatory, general courses. Boarding, grades 8-12; Day, grades 4-12. Sports and varied activities. 54th year. Catalogue.
Katharine Lee, Principal
3610 Woodley Rd., Washington 16, D.C.

Penn Hall
In the Foothills of The Blue Ridge
Junior College or Preparatory School Division.
Separate instruction & privileges. Jr. Col. Transfer or Terminal courses. Radio; Merchandising; Home Ec.; Sec'l.; Med. Sec'l.; Lab. Tech.; Music; Art. 90% of prep students enter major colleges. Modern plant, riding ring, golf course on 192-acre campus. Swimming pool. Trips.
Sarah W. Briggs, Ph.D., Pres.
Box V — Chambersburg, Pa.

Are YOU a HARCUM Girl?

Education for gracious adult living. Est. 1915 on Phila.'s Main Line, famous educational and cultural community, 2-year Academic and Vocational specializations in Liberal Arts, Dance, Drama, Music, Painting, Bus. & Med. Secty., Merchandising, Journalism & Advt., Med. Tech. Personal & vocational guidance. Catalog.
HARCUM JR. COLLEGE, Bryn Mawr, Pa., Box V.

Sullins College

Estab. 1870. Accredited Junior College. Liberal Arts & terminal courses: Music, Speech, Art, Sec'l., Med. Sec'l., Merchandising, Home Ec., Phys. Ed., Ballet, Equitation (own stable). Social programs. 335 acres. Private lake, Blue Ridge Mts. Endowed. Also 2-yr. H. S. Dept. Mention grade & interests. Catalog. **William T. Martin, Pres., Box V-7. Bristol, Va.**

Stratford College
EDUCATES IN ART OF LIVING

Accredited Junior College & College Preparatory. Liberal arts and Career Courses, Speech, Drama, Music, Art, Merchandising, Journalism, Secretarial, Pre-nursing, Medical-secretarial, Medical-technology, etc. Social and sports programs. *Write for Catalog & "Intimate Glimpses".*
DR. JOHN C. SIMPSON, Pres., Box V-7, Danville, Va.

Girls' Schools

SOUTHERN SEMINARY
And Junior College. Accredited Jr. College & H. S. Blue Ridge Mts. of Virginia. Music, Art, Drama, Home Ec., Phys. Ed., Sec'l. Merchandising, Kindergarten Tr. Equitation. 88th Yr. **Margaret Durham Robey, Pres., Box 107-V, Buena Vista, Va.**

AVERETT COLLEGE
Fully accredited Junior College. Liberal arts, music, art, speech and dramatics, merchandising, secretarial, library sc., physical ed., home ec. Planned social program. 95th year. Endowed. Catalog. **Curtis Bishop, Litt. D., 410 W. Main St., Danville, Va.**

STUART HALL
In Virginia. An Episcopal girls' school with notable college entrance record. Also general course. Grades 9-12. Strong Music and Art. Charming atmosphere. All sports. Modern gymnasium. Indoor pool. Catalog. **Mrs. William T. Hodges, Box V, Staunton, Virginia.**

VIRGINIA INTERMONT
Fully accredited Jr. College & 2 years High School. Liberal Arts & Career Courses. Music, Art, Drama, Journalism, Radio, Nursing, Home Ec., Phys. Ed., Sec'l. Riding, gym, pool. Est. 1884. $895. Catalog. **R. L. Brantley, Ph.D., Box 127, Bristol, Va.**

ASHLEY HALL
In historic Charleston. Grades 8-12. An outstanding college prep. school. Accredited. Also general course. Music, art, dramatics. Mild climate, year-round outdoor sports; riding; pool. Catalog. **Miss Caroline Pardue, Headmistress, Box V, Charleston 15, S. C.**

SALEM ACADEMY
Accredited preparation for all colleges. Also general course. Grades 9-12. Small classes. Individual guidance. Music. Art. Sports. 56-acre campus. Modern buildings. 182nd year. Catalog. **Mary A. Weaver, Salem Academy, Box V, Winston-Salem 2, N. C.**

MARGARET HALL
Episcopal school for girls, primary through high school. Accredited college preparatory. Modern building, swimming pool, sports. Riding. Campus of six acres. For Catalog, and "Ave Crux," address: **Sister Rachel, O.S.H., Box V, Versailles, Ky.**

ST. KATHARINE'S
Episcopal. Fully accred. Sound scholastic, physical, spiritual training. College prep. General course. 3rd-12th grades. Small classes. Golf, swimming, riding. Write for catalog and "Spokesmen". **Katherine Zierleyn, M. A., Head, Box V, Davenport, Ia.**

BARTRAM IN FLORIDA
College preparation of highest standards. Fully accredited; graduates in leading colleges. Music, art, dramatics, pool and ocean swimming. Trips. Dances. Outings. Boarding dept., grades 6-12. Booklet. **Olga V. Pratt (Vassar), Jacksonville 7, Florida.**

HARRIS FLORIDA SCHOOL
ESTABLISHED 1914
Catalogue upon request
1057 Brickell Avenue, Miami, Florida

WEBBER COLLEGE
Florida's Career School for Women
Retailing, Secretarial, Business, and Home Management majors. A.B.S., B.B.S. degrees. Two year courses, high school graduates, college transfers; one year, post-college. Field trips. Actual job experience under work-study plan. Social and cultural activities. Lakeside campus. Land and water sports. Catalog. Est. 1927 by Mrs. Roger W. Babson.
Mrs. Helen V. Watson, Pres., Babson Park, Florida.

Fairfax Hall
HIGH SCHOOL and JUNIOR COLLEGE
An old Virginia school for girls in the famous Shenandoah Valley. Accredited 4 years high school, 2 years college. Liberal arts, secretarial, music, art, dramatics, home economics, interior decoration. Spacious campus. All sports, indoor pool. Private stable. Catalog—mention grade, interests. **Wm. B. Gates, Pres., Box V-547, Park Station, Waynesboro, Va.**

GREENBRIER

Junior College & 2 yrs. High School. 142nd year. Liberal Arts and Career Courses. Personal guidance. Outstanding social, sports programs.
Addah Belle McClaskey, Director of Admissions, Box V, Lewisburg, W. Va.

On file in our office are complete details on junior schools, preparatory schools, junior and four-year colleges, as well as vocational schools. Write us if you do not find here the particular school or course you are looking for, and we will be glad to help you.

Girls' Schools

KINGSWOOD-CRANBROOK

Thorough college preparation, general courses. Boarding, grades 9-12; day, grades 7-12. On lake near Detroit. Music, dramatics, sports, home economics. Art, science, handicrafts. Catalogue.
145 Cranbrook Road, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan.

TUDOR HALL

Thorough college preparation. General courses. Graduates in leading colleges and universities. Varied student activities. Physical fitness emphasized. Sports, swimming pool. **I. Hilda Stewart, Principal, 3180 Meridian Street, Indianapolis 8, Indiana.**

DOWNER SEMINARY

Chartered March 1851. Thorough college preparation. Individual guidance. Excellent faculty and equipment. Art, music, dramatics. Sports—spacious campus. Day and resident students. Accredited.
Nar Warren Taylor, Milwaukee 11, Wisconsin.

KEMPER HALL

Episcopal. Boarding & Day. Thorough college preparation and spiritual training. Music, Art, Dramatics and Homemaking Courses. All sports. Junior School Dept. Beautiful Lake Shore Campus. 50 miles from Chicago. 84th year. Address **Box V, Kenosha, Wis.**



In the healthful climate of Southwestern Texas

Radford girls study, play, and live zestfully and happily. Accredited college preparation in small groups in sunny patio classes; spacious playingfields and all sports; camping, riding trips, excursions. Graduates have made exceptional records in Eastern colleges. Music, art, secretarial, physical education. Enrolment limited. Endowed. Not for profit. Est. 1910. Catalog. **Lucinda de L. Templin, Ph.D., Prin., 4501 Austin Terrace, El Paso, Texas.**

Girls' Schools

HOCKADAY

Student centered program of academic and recreational advantages, 41st year of careful guidance in college preparation, small classes, unlimited cultural opportunities. Boarding 7-12, day 1-12. **Box 3-B, Hockaday School, Dallas, Texas.**

BROWNMOOR SCHOOL

Boarding school for girls, grades 1-12. College preparatory and general courses. Accredited. Music. Art. Drama. Outdoor sports throughout the school year. Eastern and western riding. Swimming pool. Tennis. **Donald D. Geiser, Headmaster, Phoenix, Arizona.**

ANNA HEAD SCHOOL

Est. 1887. Girls Col. Prep. High Sch. & Lower Sch. (bdg. gr. 6-12, day gr. 1-12). Accredited East and West. Full athletic prog. Theatre, Music, Catalog. **Catherine H. Dewey, B.A.; Daniel Dewey, M.A., 2538D Channing Way, Berkeley, Calif.**

SAINT MARY'S HALL

Episcopal. Accredited college preparatory and general courses for girls, grades 9-12. Music, art, crafts, dramatics, secretarial. Sports, riding. Spacious campus. Beautiful modern buildings. 88th year. Catalog. **Florence Mast, M.A., Box A, Faribault, Minn.**

MARYWOOD SCHOOL

For girls. High School. Resident and day. Conducted by Sisters of Providence. Fully accredited. Member of North Central Assn. College Preparatory, General Courses, Music, Art, Drama, Home-Making. Gym and swimming pool. **2114 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.**

FERRY HALL

One of the oldest, most distinguished boarding schools for girls in the Middle West. Accredited college preparatory course. Also general course. Remedial reading. Swimming pool, sports. On Lake Michigan near Chicago. **Frances G. Wallace, Box 4, Lake Forest, Ill.**

Monticello

116th YEAR

Accredited Junior College and 3 year High School for women. Known for its friendliness, academic standing and counseling. Beautiful 300 acre campus near St. Louis. Sound preparation for transfer. Terminal & pre-career courses. Art, Music, Sec'l., Int. Dec., Fashion Design, Homemaking, Television, Radio, Riding, Pool, Sports.
Box 353V, Alton, Illinois

Boys' Schools

MANLIUS

Founded 1869. For boys. Accredited. Grades 7-12. Complete college preparation includes Officers Training. Graduates eligible for advanced standing college R.O.T.C. Remedial reading. Sports. Band. Summer session. **Robert V. Weekes, Manlius, New York.**

RIVERDALE SCHOOL

FOUNDED 1907

John H. Jones, Headmaster

Box V, Riverdale-on-Hudson, New York City

IRVING SCHOOL FOR BOYS

117th year. Sound preparation for college and life. Grades 2-12. Boys taught how to study. Individual guidance. Remedial reading. Small classes, cultural field trips. All sports. Write for catalogue. **W. Gray Mattern, Jr., Box 774, Tarrytown, N. Y.**

NYACK JUNIOR SCHOOL

Grades 1 through 9. Beautiful estate overlooking Hudson River. 19 miles from New York City. Atmosphere of well-appointed home. Capable staff assures sympathetic care. Summer school. Catalog. Tel. NYack 7-2072. **Headmaster, Box V, Nyack, N. Y.**

MERCERSBURG ACADEMY

Graduates outstanding in leading colleges. Grades 9-12. Guidance; emphasis on remedial reading; public speaking. Athletics for all. Summer Session. Established 1836. Catalog. **Charles S. Tippetts, Ph.D., Box V, Mercersburg, Pennsylvania.**

PERKIOMEN

Boys taught how to study in friendly, homelike atmosphere. Grades 5-12. Accredited. Remedial reading. Sports, activities for all. Wholesome dorm life. Near NYC, Phila. 80th year. Summer school. Catalog. **Stephen V. Roberts, Headm., Pennsburg, Pa.**

BORDENTOWN MILITARY

Accredited. Preparatory. Business, general. Aviation. Outstanding record of college entrance. ROTC. Boys taught to study; remedial reading. Sports. Jr. School. 73rd year. Summer session. Catalog.
Registrar, Box 247, Bordentown, New Jersey

PEDDIE

Grades 5-12. Fully accredited. Guidance; remedial reading; public speaking required. All sports, golf, swimming. Junior School—separate dorm. 240 acres. Summer session. 90th yr. Catalog: **Dr. C. O. Morong, Headmaster, Box 7-V, Hightstown, New Jersey.**

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY

THE SCHOOL OF DISTINCTION

Stresses development of character, poise and leadership in boys from grammar school to college entrance. High academic standards; individual attention. Small classes. All varsity sports. Motorized Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry, Band Scholarships available. R.O.T.C. Catalog.
38 Academy Ave., Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Carteret



SUPERIOR College Preparation. Accredited. 1st Grade to College entrance. Small classes. Proper study habits. Remedial reading. Shops. Homelike dormitory. Large gym. 40 acres atop Orange Mt. N.Y. trips 20 miles. Moderate rate. Booklet G-1.
Carteret School, West Orange, N. J.

FARRAGUT

College Preparatory—Naval Training



Two separate schools: Toms River, N.J.: St. Petersburg, Fla. Accredited. Preparation for all colleges, gov't academies. Separate Jr. Schools. Guidance for college and career, remedial reading. Sports, boats, bands. Approved summer school program. Specify catalog.
Admiral Farragut Academy
Box V, Toms River, N. J.



EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS

Individualized Plan—Each Student a Class

For those with educational problems—successful college preparation and general education. **Our tests discover causes of difficulties and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and the science of study.**
Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 48 years' experience
Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster

OXFORD ACADEMY Box K-95, Pleasantville, N. J.

Boys' Schools

WORCESTER ACADEMY

Est. 1834. Grades 8-12. Superior preparation. Graduates enter leading colleges & universities. National enrollment. Boys utilize cultural resources of progressive city. All sports. Gym, pool, track. **Registrar, 87 Providence Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.**

HATCH PREP SCHOOL

Timesaving program since 1926. Classes of 1 to 4 boys enable the individual to overcome the inertia of mass education. Progress geared to individual abilities. College candidates save a year. Summer session. **Lloyd H. Hatch, Headmaster, Newport, R. I.**

MILFORD

College Preparatory School for boys. Grades 8-12. Very small classes develop proper study habits. Optional acceleration for mature students completes 1½ yrs. in 12 mos. Athletics & activities for all. **William D. Pearson, Hdm., Milford 9, Connecticut.**

RUMSEY HALL

SCHOOL FOR JUNIOR BOYS

Grades 1 thru 8. Prepares active, alert boys for secondary schools. Small classes. Well coached team sports. Fishing, skiing, riflery. For booklet address: **Mr. David V. Barr, Headmaster, Washington, Conn.**

GEORGIA MILITARY ACADEMY

8 Miles from Atlanta. Winter and Summer School. R.O.T.C. Highest government rating. Accredited. Prep school. Separate Junior School. Reading clinic. All major sports. Indoor pool. Moderate rates. **Write to Col. W. V. Brewster, College Park, Ga.**

BOLLES OF FLORIDA

Military or naval training. Fully accredited. Distinguished academic record. Upper and lower schools, grades 7-12. Guidance. Year-round golf, tennis. Sailing. Outdoor pool. Summer school. Catalog. **Registrar, Box 5037-V, Jacksonville, Florida.**

AUGUSTA MILITARY ACAD.

"The Friendly School." Organized in 1742. Prepares for Colleges and Universities and the Government Academies. Accredited. All sports. 1400 acres. Boys, 8 to 20. Catalog.
Col. Chas. S. Roller, Box V, Fort Defiance, Va.

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY



In Beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Thorough college preparation; fully accredited. Individual guidance. Band. All sports. 2 gyms. Pool. Fine health record. Fireproof buildings. Separate Junior School. Illus. Catalog write Supt. S.M.A. Box V6, Staunton, Va.
BASIC COURSE R.O.T.C. BY U. S. ARMY INSTRUCTORS. **Founded 1860**

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY



- Our ONE SUBJECT PLAN of study has increased honor roll 50% in Upper School, grades 8-12. Develops concentration.
- Fully accredited. ROTC, highest rating. 16 modern bldgs., 2 completely equipped gyms. pool. Excellent health record.
- Separate Jr. School buildings (grades 1-7). Housemothers. 57th yr. For ONE SUBJECT PLAN bklt. and catalog write:
- **Dr. J. C. Wicker**
- **Box 907 Fork Union, Va.**

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY

"At the Nation's Shrine"

prepare your boy to enter leading colleges and at the same time be trained for a commission in the Armed Services. Small classes, highest academic standards. College Prep. and Jr. College, ages 12-20; all sports. Arty., Cav., Infantry, Band, Senior Division ROTC. **Catalog.**
Box H, Wayne, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY PREPARATORY—ESTAB. 1821

Prepare your son for college. Boys trained to be leaders. Develop sound minds, strong bodies. Learn invaluable study habits. Emphasis on character building. Individual guidance. Sports, recreation, social program. Fully accredited. Sr. ROTC. Training for commission in Armed Services. Famous graduates. Enroll now for fall term. *Catalog. Brochure. Write:*
General E. E. MacMorland, Dept. 13Y, Chester, Pa.

Cheshire ACADEMY

A pioneer in personal attention to the individual boy.

Small classes, flexible programs, thorough progress. College preparation. Experienced faculty. Graduation Jan., June, Sept. Summer Session. Junior School. Athletics for all. Spacious campus.

A. V. SHERIFF, Headmaster, Cheshire, Conn.

Independent Schools

Schools for your son, your daughter, are listed in the pages of Vogue's School Directory. Write to the heads of these schools—or colleges—for catalogues and other information. If you possibly can, visit them. But if you need assistance in finding the right school to meet your particular requirements, write to us and we will be glad to do some of the sifting for you, making specific suggestions—without charge to you, of course.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

_____

*Girl*_____ *Boy*_____ *Age*_____ *Grade*_____

*Present school*_____

*Type of school preferred*_____

*Location*_____ *Approximate tuition*_____

Proposed entrance date _____

*Special interests*_____

7-54

VOGUE'S SCHOOL BUREAU

420 Lexington Avenue New York 17

Telephone: LExington 2-7500

Boys' Schools

WARREN SCHOOL

Where boys over 13 with educational problems learn to study, gain confidence, make up lost time. College preparation. Individual & remedial programs. Acceleration. Accredited. Near Washington, D. C. **Carle O. Warren, Hdm., Box 700, Olney, Maryland.**

KENTUCKY MIL. INSTITUTE

A school with a winter home at Venice, Florida. Preparation for college under ideal climatic conditions all year. Oldest private Military School in America. ROTC. For catalog & "Why Florida", address: **Col. C. B. Richmond, Pres., Box V, Lyndon, Ky.**

WILLIAMS MILITARY ACAD.

Accredited. Ages 6-15. Full curriculum. Inspiring military life. Sports for all. 18-acre campus 25 miles from Chicago's advantages. Moderate rate. Also summer camp. Write for information, or call: **Col. P. E. Williams, Dept. V, Wheaton, Ill. Tel. 8-1048.**

WESTERN MILITARY ACAD.

Faculty accepts great responsibility for academic success. Integrated program based on individual needs. Grades 7-12. Jr.-Sr. R.O.T.C. Sports; boating, riding, pool. 75th year. Near St. Louis. **Col. Ralph B. Jackson, Superintendent, Box V-7, Alton, Ill.**

MORGAN PARK MILITARY

Superior academic program under inspiring faculty. Accredited; 90% enter college. Small classes. Grades 4-12. ROTC; Cavalry. Band. Fine arts. Shop. Sports; teams for all. 82nd yr. Catalog. **Col. C. L. Jordan, Box 674, Morgan Park, Chicago, Illinois.**

HOWE MILITARY SCHOOL

Academic training in spiritual environment. Accredited, business. Potential Achievement Rating gives individual goal. Jr. school. Sr. ROTC. Sports. New dorms and pool. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Catalog. **B. B. Bouton, 1574 Academy Pl., Howe, Indiana.**

NORTHWESTERN

MILITARY AND NAVAL ACADEMY

Distinguished college prep at Lake Geneva, "The Switzerland of America." Accredited. 75 mi. north Chicago. Small classes. ROTC. Sports. Est. 1888. Catalog. **47 Lake Shore Rd., Lake Geneva, Wis.**

Vogue's School Directory gives you a select list of private schools. **Vogue's School Bureau** offers you the assistance of its own college-trained staff to consult with you on the problem of your child's school.

CASTLE HEIGHTS

MILITARY Highest Standards

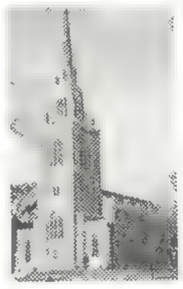
Accredited. Preparation for College and Government Academies. Junior School in separate plant. Boys taught to *study* and inspired to excel. Sr. Unit R.O.T.C. 17 modern buildings. Every boy in athletics every day. Outdoor sports year round. Endowed. Swimming pool, golf, aviation. Summer school and camp. For "22 Points" and catalog, address:
Col. H. V. Armstrong, Pres., Lebanon, Tenn. (Near Nashville)

COLUMBIA

Military Academy

Fully accredited. 14 buildings, 9 built by U. S. Gov't. Two gymnasiums. Tiled pool. R.O.T.C. Supervised study periods. Weekly reports to parents. Jr. School. All sports. 50-piece band, orchestra. Glee Club. Summer School. Write for catalog. **Dept. V, Columbia, Tenn.**

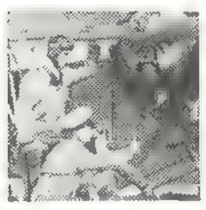
CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY



8th grade. Thorough preparation for leading colleges. Accredited. Develops initiative, stamina, courtesy, character. Leadership training. All sports. Exceptional facilities. Senior Basic ROTC. Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry, Band. 1200-acre campus on Lake Maxinkuckee. Write for catalog. **710 Pershing Lane, Culver, Ind.**

ST. JOHN'S

MILITARY ACADEMY



Generations of outstanding Americans have trained under famous "St. John's System". Grades 7-12. Fully accredited. Outstanding faculty. Small classes. Reading clinic. Beautiful campus, new hospital. Chapel. Fireproof dormitories. Senior R.O.T.C. (highest rating). Sports (teams for each age-size level). Summer Camp. Est. 1884. Catalog on request.

Director of Admissions, Box 984, Delafield, Wis.

Boys' Schools

SHATTUCK SCHOOL

Boys, Grades 9-12. Balanced educational, religious, military. Accredited college prep. General courses. Small classes. Sr. Basic ROTC. Sports. Gym, pool, golf. Episcopal. Est. 1858. Summer school. Catalog. **Dir. of Adm., 543 Shumway Hall, Faribault, Minn.**

WENTWORTH MILITARY

Thousands of business, professional leaders started here. 4-yr. High School, separate 2-yr. College. Accredited. Sr. ROTC. Flying. Modern bldgs., country club. All sports; pool. Summer school. Catalog. **Col. J. M. Sellers, 974 Wash. Pl., Lexington, Mo.**

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

Rounded educational, military, recreational program. Century-old tradition; modern methods. Accredited. Small classes. 8th Grade, H. S. and Jr. College. Approved ROTC. Sports; horsemanship. 110th yr. Catalog. **Dir. of Adm., 174 Third St., Boonville, Mo.**

MISSOURI MILITARY ACAD.

and separate Junior School. 66th year. Grades 4-12. Fully accredited. Senior ROTC. Friendly & inspiring teachers. Small classes. All sports. 30-acre lake. 5 athletic fields. 226-acre campus. Catalog. **Col. C. R. Stribling, 874 Main Street, Mexico, Mo.**

THOMAS JEFFERSON SCHOOL

Why not the best in education for your son? College preparation. Grades 9-12. Faculty entirely Harvard, Yale, Oxford, Cambridge. Every graduate has entered college. New gym. 42 acres. 5 languages. Concerts, theatre. **Robin V. McCoy, Head., St. Louis 23, Mo.**

Southern Arizona School



For Boys. Thorough college preparation in warm, dry, sunny Arizona. Grades 6-12. Accredited. CEB Exams. Small classes. Rodeos, calf roping, polo, riding, pack trips. English and Western riding, fishing, tennis. Music, archaeology. Climate beneficial for sinusitis, asthma. 24th year. Catalog. **Russell B. Fairgrieve, Headmaster, Sabino Canyon, PO Box 1791, Tucson.**

JUDSON IN ARIZONA

A Ranch School for Boys



100 boys 6-18 in healthful, warm, dry climate. Small classes; accredited to all colleges. Riding & polo incl. in tuition. Tennis, swimming, fishing, pack trips, rodeos, riflery, music. 26th yr. Mention needs. Catalog. **H. C. Wick & D. M. Ashley, Dirs., Box V-1431, Phoenix, Arizona.**

Special Schools

BAILEY HALL

Accredited by N.Y. Regents. For boys unable to keep up with regular academic requirements. Unusual teaching methods. Stresses training in basic manual skills. Day school for nearby boys.
Box V, Katonah, Westchester County, New York

BRETT SCHOOL

IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE POCONOS

Intensive, highly individualized personal training for a small group of girls. For information write:
Catherine V. Brett, M.A., Director, Dingmans Ferry, Pennsylvania

THE BATTLE CREEK SCHOOL

Retarded children, ages 4 to 16. Individual tutoring, homelike environment, academic, recreational and occupational program. Unusually well equipped, furnished and staffed. Address: **The Registrar, 1003 North Avenue, R#3, Battle Creek, Michigan.**

If you need more information about these or other schools and colleges, do not hesitate to write.

Drama, Radio, Television

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF BROADCASTING • RADIO, TV

Job-getting courses in Announcing, Acting, Writing, Producing! Many positions! 30-wk. term starts Sept. 27th. **3338 Sixteenth St., N.W., Washington, D. C.**

SUCCESS IN TV-THEATRE RADIO-FILMS

SUCCESS PASADENA PLAYHOUSE COLLEGE OF THEATRE ARTS

Results from talent plus training. Complete studios, 4 stages, student touring company, BA, MA and certificate courses in acting, directing, writing, set design.

WRITE today Director of Admissions College of Theatre Arts, 36 S. El Molino, Pasadena 1, Calif.

Coeducational

TUXEDO PARK SCHOOL

For children 5-14; 5 & 7 day boarding from 2nd grade. Beautiful estate 1 hr. from N. Y. Accredited. Prepares for leading secondary schools. Music, Art, Dancing, Shop, Skiing, Sports. Phone Tuxedo 4-0128. **Philip Potter, Box G, Tuxedo Park, New York.**

THE EDGEWOOD SCHOOL

Coed boarding school, ages 6-18. Small groups. Thorough preparation for college. Fine arts, crafts, shop, drama, music, sports. Special English for foreign students. 30 miles from NYC. Catalog. **Mrs. R. I. Masser, Principal, Greenwich 4, Conn.**

LYNDON INSTITUTE

In a scenic Vermont valley. Grades 9-12. Accredited college preparatory; business, home ec., agriculture, auto mechanics. Art, music. Personal guidance. All winter sports. Mountain trips. Full rate only $850. Catalog. **W. F. True, Box H, Lyndon Center, Vt.**

HAMPSHIRE COUNTRY

Entering ages 7-13. Through high school. Year around. Summer tutoring, camping, farming, mechanics. Instruction based on diagnostic studies. Psychotherapy. 1900 acres, 3 lakes, mts. **Henry C. Patey, Educational & Clinical Psychologist, East Rindge, N. H.**

HARMON HALL

York Harbor, Maine. Coeducational preparatory school. Thorough preparation for college. All business education subjects. Reading difficulties corrected. Individualized instruction. Faculty of experts. Fall term begins Sept. 21. **Melden V. Smith.**

PINE CREST SCHOOLS

FT. LAUDERDALE & HILLSBORO SHORES

Accredited. Coed. Nursery, elem., college prep. Resident, day. Tutoring for winter visitors. Art, music, languages. Pool. Sports. Catalog.
Mrs. Mae McMillan, Dept. V, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

LEELANAU-PINEBROOK

Accredited. College prep. Coed. Country boarding schools for Christian Scientists—others accepted. Small classes, grades 5-12. Music, art, shop, ski school, riding. Work program. Scholarships. Catalog. **Arthur S. Huey, Box V, Glen Arbor, Michigan.**

ELGIN ACADEMY

College prep. Coed, grades 7-12. Small classes. Individual PAR goals through personalized guidance. Sports, gym, pool, music, drama. Art gallery. Modern dorms. Endowed. Established 1839. Catalog. **M. L. Brett, 223 Academy Place, Elgin, Illinois.**

THE TODD SCHOOL

For 100 years, a leader in American education. Joyous living and learning for boys and girls in grades 1 to 8. Top academics plus music, art, shops, riding, etc. 300 acres. Hour to Chicago. Winter in Florida Keys. Catalog: **Box V, Woodstock, Illinois.**

WAYLAND ACADEMY

Prepares boys and girls for all colleges. Small classes, supervised study. Religious, home atmosphere. Music, dramatics. Commercial dept. Athletics. New gym, pool. Dormitories. Grades 8 to 12. 99th year.
Ray Patterson, Box 61, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin.

QUARTER CIRCLE V BAR

"Your School on the Range." High scholastic standards. Accredited. 40,000-acre cattle ranch. A horse for each student, roundups, rodeos. Sports, swimming pool. Agricultural courses. Dry climate. Ages 8-18. Also summer camp. **Charles G. Orme, Jr., Dir., Mayer, Ariz.**

CHADWICK SCHOOL

Rolling Hills, California

Coeducational Country Day and Boarding School

Situated on Palos Verdes Peninsula about 25 miles south of Los Angeles.

Grades 1-12, fully accredited. Member California Association of Independent Schools.

Summer School, July 1-Aug. 8
Commander and Mrs. Joseph H. Chadwick, Dirs.

Modeling

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL

Attractive, qualified girls prepared for careers as fashion or photographic models. Selective acceptance standards. Free use of Barbizon Agency. Residence service. Request catalogue A. **Helen Fraser, Director, 576 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.**

Fine & Applied Arts



FASHION ACADEMY

THE SCHOOL OF FAMOUS GRADUATES

FASHION DESIGN • ILLUSTRATION • STYLING DRAPING • CLOTHES CONSTRUCTION • BUYING

Today the young woman with a well-trained fashion perspective and good style sense finds newer and greater opportunities. Intensive fashion training. Direction **Mrs. EMIL ALVIN HARTMAN.** Limited enrollment requires early reservation. Scholarships available. For resident enrollments request Book 4, Home Study Book 4H.
812 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 21 • TEmpleton 8-0440

Colleges

FLORIDA SOUTHERN COLLEGE

Fully accredited. Coeducational. A.B., B.S. degrees. Art, music, business, pre-medical, home ec., sciences, teaching, citrus culture. Endowed. Sports. ROTC. Frank Lloyd Wright bldgs. 69th year. Catalog. **Ludd M. Spivey, Pres., Box V, Lakeland, Florida.**

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

Accredited. 4 years. B.A., B.Mus., B.S. degrees. Liberal Arts; Home Economics; Nursing; Teaching; Commerce; Music. Sports, social activities. Graduate dept. of sacred theology. Sisters of the Holy Cross. Est. 1864. Catalog: **Box T, Notre Dame, Ind.**

MARYMOUNT COLLEGE

SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES 24, CALIF.

A.B., B.S. Degrees. Liberal Arts, Fine Arts, Business Administration, Teacher Training, Pre-Nursing, Merchandising, Music, Home Economics. Placement Bureau for Graduates. Resident and day students.

Fine & Applied Arts

Rhode Island School of DESIGN

A senior college combining liberal education and specialized training. Professional courses in apparel design and construction following industrial methods. Industrial and machine design. Textiles. Interior design, architecture, landscape arch. Painting, illustration, sculpture, ceramics, advt'g design, fashion illustration. Art education. Coed. 100 faculty, 700 students. B.F.A. and B.S. degrees. Dorms. and approved housing. **12 College Street, Providence 3, R. I.**

chic school

Costume sketching, designing, patternmaking, grading, dressmaking, draping.

SUMMER SESSION
Air Conditioned
Lic. N.Y. State Ed. Dept.
Free Placement Service
Request Catalog U or Home Study Catalog U-1
108 W. 39th St., N.Y. 18.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DESIGN

SUMMER SESSION
SIX WEEKS' PRACTICAL COURSE

Starts July 12th. Faculty of leading decorators. Period and modern styles. *Send for Catalog S* **Home Study Course** starts at once. For those who cannot come to New York. *Send for Catalog C*
29 East 72nd St., New York 21, N. Y.

TRAPHAGEN SCHOOL OF FASHION *FOR RESULTS*



Training Here Pays Lifetime Dividends

Trade Methods in Minimum Time—Coed

ART DESIGN CLOTHING CONSTRUCTION INT. DECOR

Beginners & Advanced, Day, Eve., Sat. *Register Now!*
Illustration, Sketch, Pattern, Dressmaking, Display.
Our Graduates in Demand! Junior Sat. A.M. Class.
Free Placement Bur. Send for Cir. I. Phone CO 5-2077.
TRAPHAGEN, 1680 Broadway (52d St.) N.Y. 19

NEW YORK PARIS | PARSONS SCHOOL OF DESIGN

Professional training based on Fine Arts. Interior, Fashion, Advertising, Design in Industry. Teacher Training. 3-year certificate. 4-year degree thru N.Y.U. Veteran approved. Summer and extension.

Write for Catalogues.
Box V, 136 E. 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.

McDOWELL SCHOOL

Established 1876

Outstanding reputation for fashion training and successful placement service. Courses in Designing, Sketching, Pattern Making, Draping, Dressmaking, Tailoring. Request catalog.

Short Summer Courses
Register Now for Fall Courses
73 West 45 St., N. Y. 36 • JU 2-1366

Fine & Applied Arts

JAMESINE FRANKLIN
SCHOOL OF PROFESSIONAL ARTS
Advertising design, fashion illustration, layout, lettering, life-drawing, painting. Certificate, part-time & beginning courses. Est. 1937. Veteran appr. **Dept. 3, 160 East 56th St., New York 22, N. Y.**

ART CAREER SCHOOL
Fashion, illustration, advertising & editorial art; interior design & decoration; painting for pleasure, all ages. Coed. Distinguished faculty. Day, evening, Sat. 28th yr. Catalog. **Alberta T. Ellison, Director, Penthouse 2004, Flatiron Bldg., 175 5th Ave., N.Y. 10.**

ART INST. OF PITTSBURGH
18 months Diploma courses in Fash. Illus.; Dress Design; Int. Dec.; Commercial Art. Active employment help before and after grad. Co-ed. 32nd year. Veteran appr. For 76 pg. Factbook, write: **Willis V. Shook, Dir., 635 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.**

MOORE INSTITUTE OF ART
Professional School for Career Women. 110th year. Artist-instructors. Diploma & degree courses in Adv. Art, Art Ed., Fashion Design & Ill., Interior & Textile Design, Painting & Ill. Day & resident. Catalog. **1340 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia 21, Pa.**

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL
Professional instruction in every branch of fine and commercial art. Certificate and B.F.A. degree courses. Approved for Veteran training. 40th year. Catalog on request. **2041 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.**

ABBOTT ART SCHOOL
Individual instruction by professional artists. Certificate & B.F.A. courses. Advertising, Fashion Design & Illustration, Interior Design, Painting, Illus. 30th year. Vet. appr. Catalog. **Anne F. Abbott, Dir., Box V, 2013 Eye St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.**

RINGLING SCHOOL OF ART
23rd year. Painting, Illustration, Com'l Art, Fashion Arts, Interior Design. Faculty of outstanding artists. Students use Ringling Museum and Circus. Outdoor classes. Dormitories. Low cost. For Catalog, address: **George O. Kaiser, Jr., Exec. Sec'y, Sarasota, Fla.**

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ART
Practical courses in all branches of Commercial and Fine Art. Faculty of international reputation. Placement service. Veteran approved. Coed. Fall term begins Sept. 7. Catalog. **Frank H. Young, Director, Dept. 674, 25 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.**

LAYTON SCHOOL OF ART
Painting, Illustration, Advertising Design, Fashion Illus., Sculpture, Photography; Industrial, Interior, Architectural Design. B.F.A. degree. Modern new bldg. Fall, Spring, Summer. Catalog. **Dept. 674, 1362 N. Prospect Avenue, Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin.**

SAN FRANCISCO ACADEMY OF ADVERTISING ART
Illustration, Painting, Design, Fashion, Job Placement, Diploma, Excellent Facilities. Write **Dept. A, 47 Kearny St., San Francisco, Calif.**

ART LEAGUE OF CALIFORNIA
Year round Career School • Renowned Faculty • Vet. Certificates Fine Art • Comm. Art • Fashion • Stage • Television • Interior, Advertising Design. Continuous entrance. Excellent facilities, opportunities. Write **Dept. V, 1256 Market, San Francisco.**

ART CENTER SCHOOL
Study with professionals in California at outstanding, non-profit school. Practical instruction in advertising design, illustration, painting, product design, packaging, story illustration, lettering, graphic design, industrial design, fashion illustration, automotive design. General academic subjects included. 4-year courses lead to degree. Coed. 700 students. 23rd year. Catalog.
Edward V. Adams, Director
5353 West Third St., Los Angeles 5, Calif.

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO
Professional School. Fine Arts, Industrial Design, Advertising, Dress Design, Interior Design, Teacher Training. Degrees Accredited.
Catalog, Box 217, Michigan at Adams, Chicago 3

Fashion ILLUSTRATION
And Commercial Art. Intensive, professional Fashion courses. Co-educational. GI approved. Individual advancement. Attractive dorm for girls. Enter Sept. 8 & Oct. 4. Write Registrar, Room 927.
RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS
750 North Michigan Ave., Chicago
(No connection with Vogue Magazine.)

Medical Assistant

LAWTON SCHOOL
Offers outstanding training qualifying for careers as Medical or Dental Assistant. Discriminating clientele, distinguished faculty. National placement. Delightful school residences. Write for catalog 5. **9844 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, California.**

Retailing

RETAILING—FASHION
School of Distributive Education (R. P. I., Wm. & Mary College). Trains personnel workers, buyers and teachers of retailing and fashion. Women's dorms. Minimum expense $700. For viewbook address: **Director, 222 Shafer St., Richmond 20, Va.**

TOBÉ-COBURN
SCHOOL FOR FASHION CAREERS
Merchandising, advertising, fashion writing, radio, TV, photography styling. One and Two Year Courses. Store work with pay. Placement service. Begins Sept. 1. Catalog A. **851 Madison Avenue, New York 21.**

CHAMBERLAIN
A PROFESSIONAL SCHOOL OF RETAILING
Merchandising, promotion, personnel, fashion copy display. Thorough 2-year course for college age girls. Training in Boston stores. Residence clubs. **Muriel V. Cox, 739 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.**

LABORATORY INSTITUTE OF MERCHANDISING
For fashion careers in merchandising, TV, reporting, advertising. 1-Yr. Course for girls with at least 1 yr. college. 2-Yr. Course for H.S. grads. Store work with pay. Catalog V. **45 W. 34 St., New York 1.**

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS
750 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 11
(No connection with Vogue Magazine)
Write Registrar, Rm. 207. Intensive 1 yr. course Fashion Merchandising incl. Buying, Modeling, Selling in stores Sat. with pay. Attractive dorm for girls.

Secretarial & Business

WOOD SECRETARIAL SCHOOL
Courses for H.S., Private School grads and College women. Approved by State Education Dept. Guidance, placement service. Dorm. 75th year. Enroll now for September. Catalog. **Registrar, 125 Park Ave., (100 E. 42 St. opp. Gr. Central), N. Y. 17. OX 7-1290.**

NEW YORK BUSINESS SCHOOL
Individual Instruction. Begin Any Time. Day & Eve. Intensive Courses: All Commercial Subjects, Legal & Medical, Foreign Shorthand & Languages, Typewriting. Review Courses. Approved for Foreign Students. Co-ed. **11 W. 42 St., N. Y. 36. Wisconsin 7-9757.**

BERKELEY SCHOOL
Intensive, comprehensive secretarial courses for high school graduates, college women. Distinguished faculty. Placement service. New term Sept. 20. Catalog. **Assistant to Director: 420 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C. 17; White Plains, N.Y.; E. Orange, N.J.**

MOON SECRETARIAL SCHOOL
All subjects. Courses 8 weeks to 2 years. H.S. graduates. Special courses for college women. Individual attention. Start any Monday. Placement service. 54th yr. Catalog V. **Mrs. Wm. T. Moon, 521 Fifth Ave., New York City 17. MU 2-1820.**

Katharine Gibbs SECRETARIAL
BOSTON 16 90 Marlborough St.
NEW YORK 17 230 Park Ave.
MONTCLAIR, N. J. 33 Plymouth St.
PROVIDENCE 6, R. I. 155 Angell St.
Outstanding training for high school and private school .. graduates. .. Special course for college women. Resident facilities. Catalog: Associate Principal.

Finishing School

Powers School
For Poise and Self-Assurance
Small group or private instruction for girls and women of all ages including grooming, posture, figure control, styling, make-up, walking, speech, poise and personality. Budget-wise summer vacation courses. Residences recommended. Special programs for teen agers.
Write Ann Vail, POWERS SCHOOL
247 Park Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y. Phone PL 5-0165

Airline Training

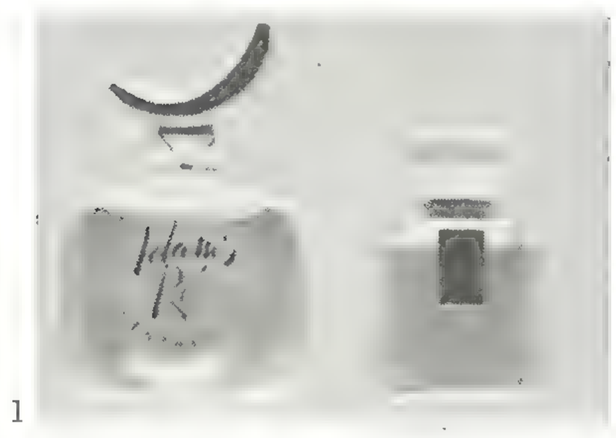
Fly next month!
Travel, Romance! Maureen Fitzpatrick → our 2,000th placed graduate. Free catalog.



McCONNELL AIRLINE SCHOOL
1030 Nicollet Ave., Rm. V-64, Minneapolis, Minn.
HOSTESS-STEWARDESS • AIR CAREER TRAINING
*Name*_____ *Age*_____
*Address*_____ *Tel. No.*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

Discoveries in beauty

Mmmmm—what smells so good? These perfumes do. They're part of a sparkling collection (see pages 92 and 93) chosen to give you a special summer aura.

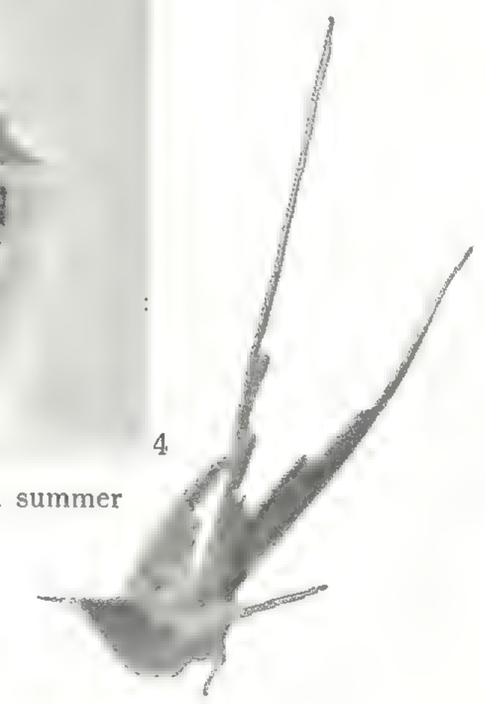


1 2

1. Lenthéric's Adam's Rib perfume: no bone of contention, this. 2. A sparkling, golden fragrance: Le Galion's Sortilège.



3



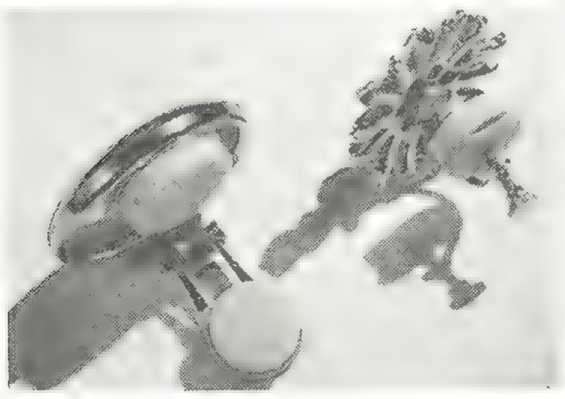
4

3. A climate of your own to create when summer breezes lag: Rigaud's Un Air Embaumé. 4. Sunshine and flowers from France brighten Jean d'Albret's Ecusson.



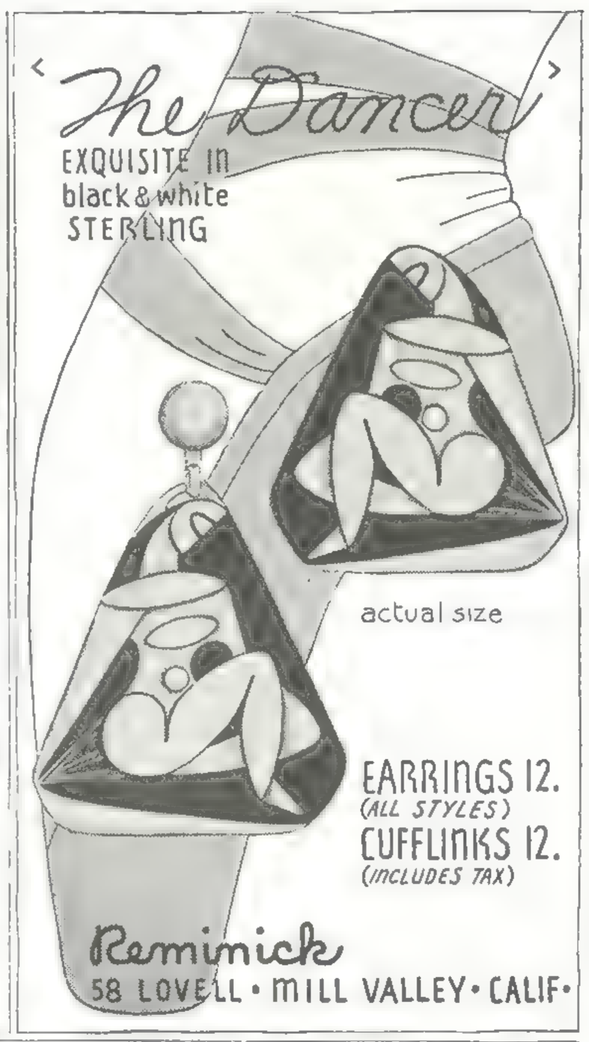
5 6

5. A soaring sweetness with no limitation: Gourielli's Fourth Dimension. 6. Coty's classic Muse, an inspiration the world over.



GO-BETWEENS FOR MORE EARRING COMFORT

The "pinch" can be eliminated completely from your decorative but torturing earrings. Fit each pair with latex foam rubber Go-Betweens. These pads are easy to apply, not obtrusive, and are designed to fit both clip and screw-back earrings. Washable. $1.00 postpaid for two sets. No COD's, please. Guaranteed to give comfort. Albin of California, Room 17G, 1401-71 W. 8th St., Los Angeles 17, Calif.





Future Prospects...

For the Cancer born (birthdays from June 22 to July 21)—like lovely Natalie Wood—July is a wonderful time to bring talents and capabilities to the fore and to make new social contacts, especially in the entertainment field.

Carroll Righter

Ever Try **EVER-DRY?**

Fabric-safe and gentle, double-action EVER-DRY checks and deodorizes perspiration, keeps underarms dry. No matter how warm the day . . . whether you're at work or at play . . . you are perspiration-safe the EVER-DRY way!

For your year's horoscope prepared by the world-famous astrologian Carroll Righter, send your birth date with 25¢ to:

EVER-DRY CORPORATION
2568 San Fernando Road, Los Angeles 65, Calif.



LIQUID OR CREAM
59¢ $1.00
PLUS TAX

for Beautiful Nails!



The famous "powder nail polish"

... MAD *of course*

In a deluxe lucite hinged manicure kit. Keeps your nails beautiful, healthy and strong the natural way, with no annoyance of peeling polish.

Send $2.00 to: **MAD PRODUCTS, INC.**
17 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Mimi Coiffure Cut



A casual Individual Wave Cut that is the basis for 20 ways to wear your hair . . . and gives you that enchanting Continental look! Easy to manage with a minimum of effort . . . just brushed into place in seconds . . . it is perfect for any occasion.

GRamercy 3-1026 GRamercy 3-1110
Air Conditioned

François de Paris
HAIRSTYLIST, INC.
37 WEST 8th ST., NEW YORK

Our only Salon in the U. S. A.



SHOP

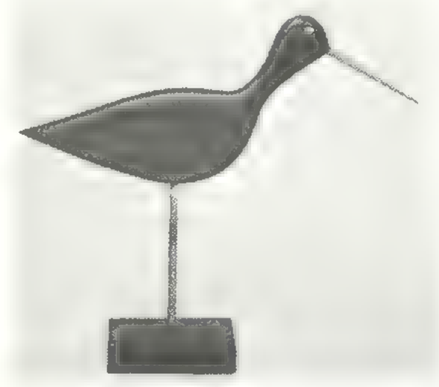


Right: A rope of Italian coral to wind around and around. In the new fifty-inch length. Also earrings, button or dangle, for pierced ears, or regular. Necklace, $5.95; earrings, $1.95. Set, $7.50. All, inc. tax postpaid. Alpine Imports, 505 5th Ave., N. Y.

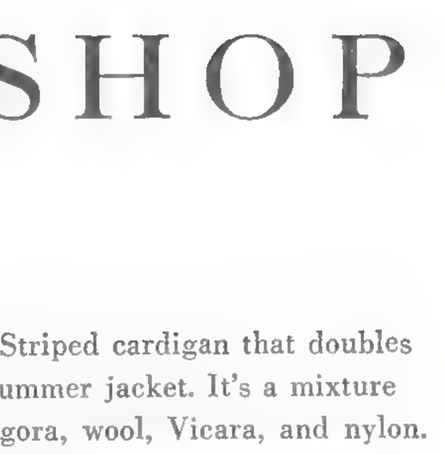
Below: Entertaining earrings—hens, ducks, and fish, somewhat stylized; handmade of ceramic in Arizona. White on charcoal backgrounds, the earrings, $2.50 inc. tax ppd. Dorothy Lurie, 133 E. 60th St., New York.



Right: Wide terry-cloth stripes in the form of a beach jacket designed to prevent too much sun exposure, and to serve as a dry-off coat. The jacket: striped in red or blue. Small, medium, and large. $3.95 ppd. The Tog Shop, Americus, Georgia.



Left: You don't have to be an ornithologist to appreciate this bird—he's a genuine snipe, stands about 12 inches high, every inch of him is hand-carved mahogany. His purpose? To enhance a table or to enliven a corner. $8.50 ppd. RWC Originals, Box 489, Westport, Conn.



Left: Striped cardigan that doubles as a summer jacket. It's a mixture of Angora, wool, Vicara, and nylon. Here, in charcoal-and-white, also in plum, green, rust, brown, white, navy blue, and black. By Jantzen. $25. Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave., at 59th Street, New York.





Above: Amphibious espadrilles, they'll go in and out of the water (and be comfortable either place). Charcoal denim trimmed with pink, or faded blue with yellow. By Gustave. Sizes 4 to 9. $4.95 ppd. Elizabeth McCaffrey, V-7, Orange, New Jersey.



HOUND

. . . *July adventures*



Right: Lady in the process—and very prettily—of letting her hair grow longer. Front hair curled forward and back hair waved back, all of which makes short ends and growing ends blend into one smooth line. Jean de Chant, 9 W. 56th St., New York.



Left: What *size* apron? This one comes in sizes (10 to 16) because it's meant to fit—from its halter top to hem. It's a perfect work outfit; well pocketed, made of denim, faded blue or charcoal with white stripes. $4.50 plus 25c post. Jean Allen, Southport, Conn.

Below: Summer uniform from harbour to links to court. Shorts of crease-resistant linen in charcoal, navy blue, toast, pink, or blue. $14.95. Button-down Oxford shirt, in pink or blue, $5.95. Shorts: sizes 10 to 20. Shirt: 10 to 18. The Miltimores, Nantucket, Mass.

MIEHLMANN



Below: Cuff bracelet—very good alone and twice as good in pairs. Shining like gold (actually 18-K gold-plate) and with large stones that look like jade and amethyst. All this, $4 inc. tax postpaid. Aimée Lee, 545 5th Ave., N. Y.





By the Italian Master, GUCCI

An example of Gucci's famous hand-made luggage: a bag softly constructed, lightweight for air travel, with double or single handles. Natural calf in Gucci's own shade of walnut—with hand-forged brass buckle. 19" long, 6" wide, 13" high. **$64** *plus tax.*

Also available from 19" to 31" long—$64 to $115 plus tax.

7 East 58th Street (PLaza 3-0758)

GUCCI

Florence *Milan* *Rome*

NEW YORK

The Edwin Clapp Shoe — Established 1853



Style RV-72 Widths A to D

An exclusive interpretation of the classic two-eyelet tie man's casual shoe, in white buckskin with black calfskin.

Style RV-73. As above in white buckskin with brown calfskin.

Priced at $26.50

MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS

Arthur-Leonard LTD.

1901 Boardwalk
Atlantic City, N. J.
Phone 4-6397

Beauty is more often made than born . . . and famously so at

Albert-Carter

where we combine creative hair styling and the delicate art of hair shading . . . with

miss CLAIROL

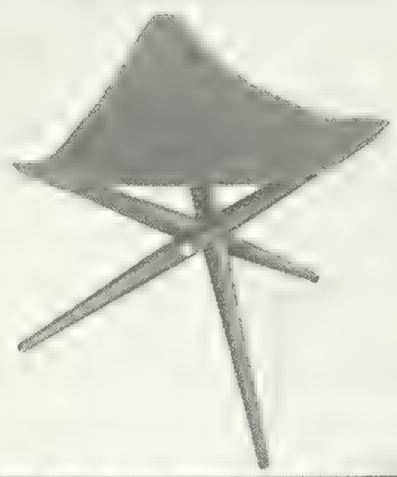
HAIR COLOR BATH



NEW YORK — 31 West 58th Street

BROOKLYN — at Lane Bryant, 380 Fulton Street and 1921 Church Avenue, near Ocean

LONG ISLAND — 310 Central Avenue, Lawrence; 218 Middle Neck Road, Great Neck



A NEW IMPORT

DESIGNED BY ENRIQUE ALFEREZ

a handsome and practical

FOLDING STOOL

Beautifully sculptured legs made from selected tropical hardwoods • Fine grained, hand stitched leather seat • Solid brass hinge.

COLOR SELECTIONS

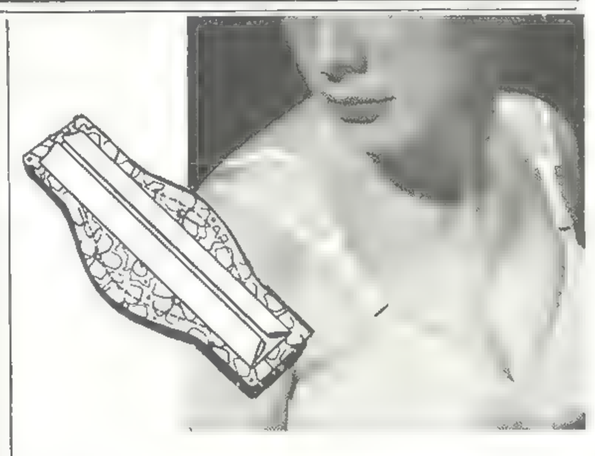
LEGS: WHEAT•BLACK•RED

SEAT: NATURAL•BLACK•RED

12.95 2 FOR 25.

NO C.O.D.'S EXPRESS COLLECT

WRITE: HALSON ASSOCIATES, INC.
1317 PALMETTO ST. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

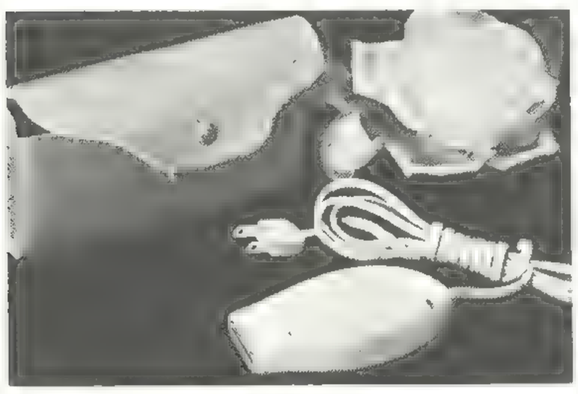


For Women Who Want

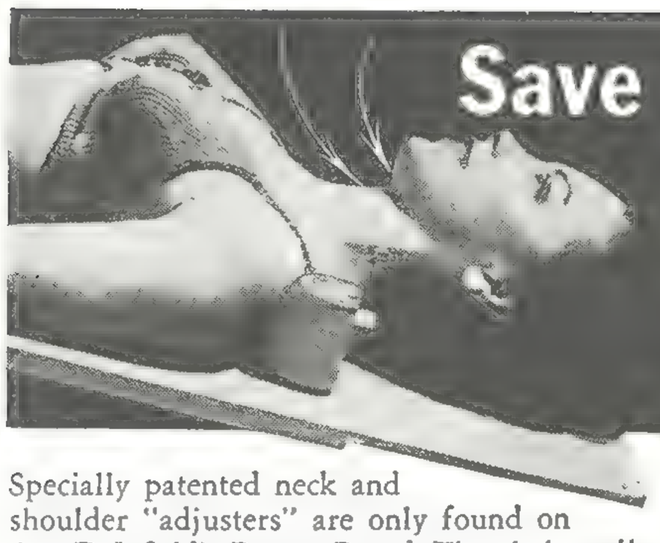
SMOOTH, LOVELY SHOULDERS

Stop bra straps cutting into tender shoulders, grooving unsightly creases! Mary Jane Bra-Keeps ease the tension, erase old creases, keep bra and slip straps in place. Wafer thin, no snaps, fasteners or tell-tale bulges. In pink, white or black. Mary Jane Bra-Keeps are only $1.00 per pair, postpaid. Your money back if not completely satisfied. Shannon Mfg. Co., Dept. V-7, 426 S. Spring St., Los Angeles 13, Calif.

New! Ladies' Electric Razor, $3.95



Now, with this new scientifically designed electric razor, your legs and underarms are guaranteed to stay satin-smooth twice as long! Fully tested for extra-close dry-shaving comfort, with no coarse regrowth. Cannot cut or irritate most sensitive skin. Powerful . . . A.C. Order now at special price of $3.95, including leatherette case. Money back guarantee. Send check or M.O. to Mrs. Fields Shopping Service, 237-V Huguenot St., New Rochelle, N. Y.



Save Your Neck and Face with Ann Delafield's original® Beauty Board!



Specially patented neck and shoulder "adjusters" are only found on Ann Delafield's Beauty Board. They help pull your muscles and bones into good posture position. Relax on your Beauty Board and feel gravity lift your insides, while it coaxes a fresh stimulation of circulation to the tissue of your neck and face. This scientific health and beauty treatment endorsed by the world's foremost doctors. Folding, $30.00 tax included. Sent express collect.

Send check or money order to

Ann Delafield Beauty Board®

Box V-752, Grand Central Annex
New York 17, New York

bath—beach—boudoir



just plain wonderful!

thirsty terry wraparong*

pampers you a thousand ways

Wraps you up—dries you off—takes you tenderly from tub to telephone, from locker to lounging. Perfect for make-up, shampooing, sun bathing, dormitory wear.

Shaped and fitted . . . buttons on securely in a second. White, maize, aqua, green and pink. Small, medium, large. **$3.95**

THE TOG SHOP

Americus, Georgia

Please send me the following:

	Quan.	Size	Color
Wraparong $3.95			

name_____

address_____

city_____ zone____ state_____

☐ Check ☐ M.O. **add 25¢ for postage**

The best cut

SHORT

in the world!



Meticulously styled by Evan-Picone in imported linen, this Bermuda short comes in navy, charcoal, natural, light blue, pink, brown and shrimp. $14.95

Just send your check, waist size and second color choice to

Ruth Chagnon

Petticoat Row, Nantucket Island, Mass.

YOUR HAIR-DO STAYS RIGHT



ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT!

with Nylon Net

Slumbercap

tm. reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Luxurious Slumbercap protects your expensive hair-do's! Now you can look attractive in pin-curls and still protect your hair-do while you sleep and during part of the day. Four fashion colors in Nylon Net with adjustable satin ribbon. Lasts indefinitely. An excellent traveling companion . . . Ideal gift, too. Holds the coiffure intact. Does not slip or slide. Rinses and dries in seconds. Cellophane enveloped.

Choice of Shell Pink; Aqua or Brown. **$1.95 postpaid**

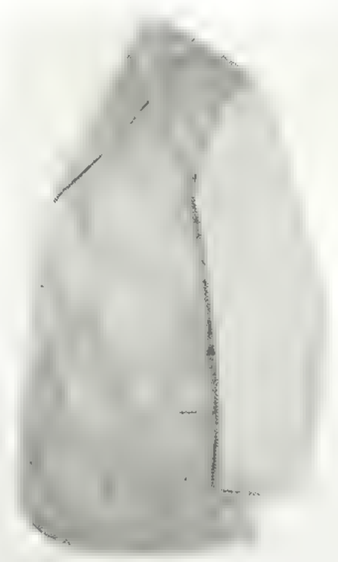
NEW TRAVEL TREO in Satin Quilted Case, includes Nylon Cosmeticap (front zipper): Nylon Slumber Cap & Vinyl Plastic Cap—$5.85 ppd.

Send check or money order TODAY to:

COSMETICAP COMPANY, Dept. V7
Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N. Y.



SHOP

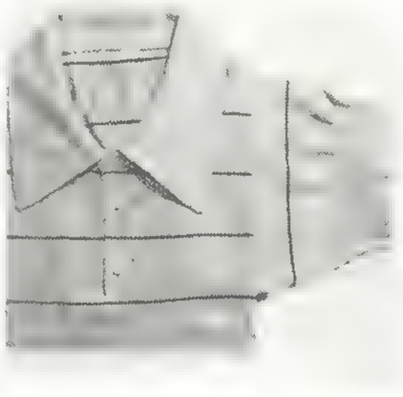


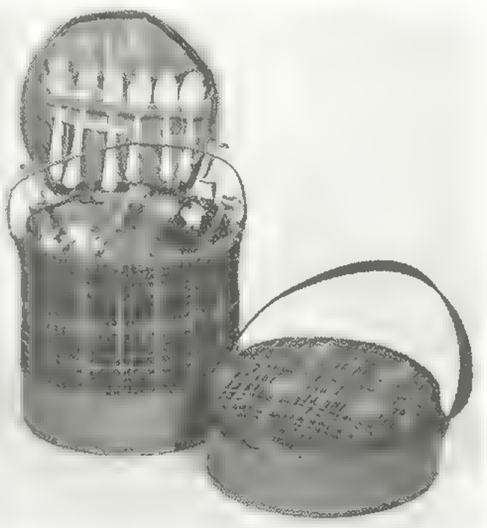
Left: Shop Hound follows the men, here, and finds the pink cotton jacket (Vogue showed it first in the May 15 issue) now happily decentralized. In cotton cord, in pink, grey, tan; sizes 38 to 44, regular or long, $17.95. At John Munro, 76 Main Street, Westport, Conn.



Below left: Specially woven silk tie. Pattern: a tiny dot on woven squares of the selfsame colour. Navy blue, black, pink, green, blue, beige, purple, and white. $7.50. By Carston Cravats, 735 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, or Frank Bros., 9 E. 57th St., N.Y.

Right: A finely-knit lisle shirt from France. It's lightweight, has ribbed cuffs and waist. In dark grey with light grey stripes, or black with pink, gold or light blue stripes. Small to extra large. $9.75. John Northman, 11 E. 57th St., N.Y.





Left: Picnic, modern style. Plastic, this hamper is Fiberglas-insulated and zephyr-light. "Party valet" is outfitted with many niceties (including plastic forks, spoons), collapses when empty. $4.95 plus post. Lord & Taylor, 424 5th Ave., N.Y.



MAKES TEETH WHITE

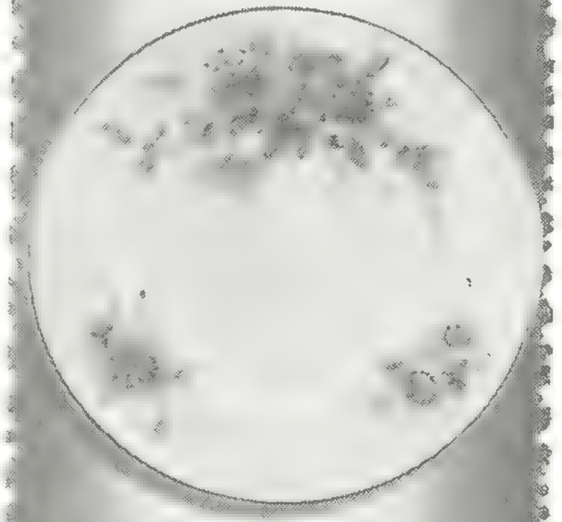
Are you smile shy? New luster and beauty in 3 minutes!

Are your teeth discolored, dull, unattractive? Then try this marvelous new "dental-cosmetic" for the thrill of your life! You apply **KOPAL** on your teeth, just like the enamel on your nails. Takes only 3 minutes—and presto! Instantly, your teeth are coated with a sparkling white finish that appears so pearl-like and natural—just like a movie-star smile! No wonder beauty editors, thousands of smart women and theatrical people praise **KOPAL** for covering up stains, blemishes, even gold fillings—almost like magic! **KOPAL** is a dentist's formula, completely safe and harmless for natural as well as false teeth. **Guaranteed** radiant results or money back! Economical in use—amazing value. Send only $3.00 for 3 to 4 months' supply. We pay postage. Or you pay postage and charges if C.O.D.

FROSTIE WINTERS

270 Park Ave., Dept. 1107, New York, N. Y.

English
BONE CHINA



PASSION FLOWER

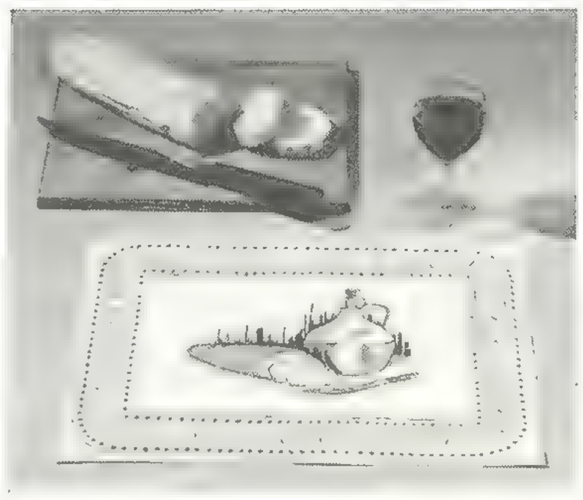
America's largest retail selection at lowest prices of open stock English Bone China. New dinnerware booklet will be sent on request.

HERBERT S. MILLS

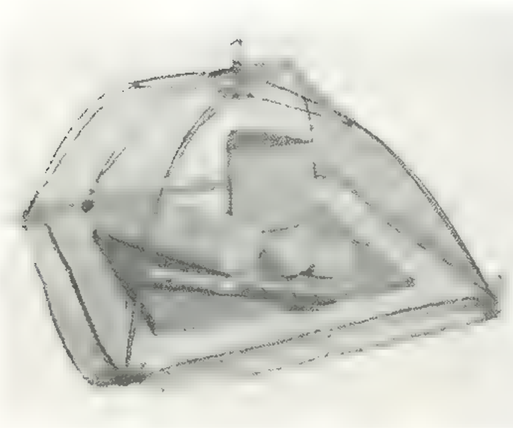
GORE PARK—HAMILTON, CANADA

HOUND

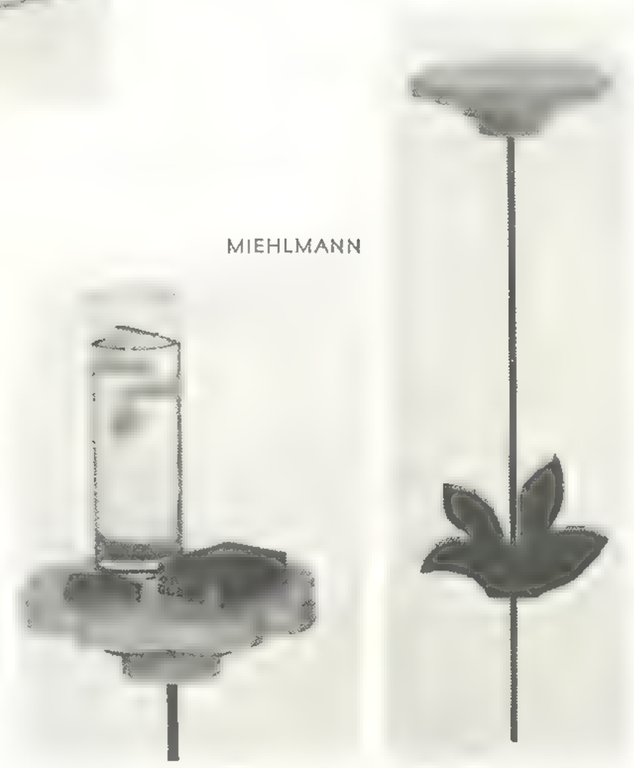
. . . July adventures



Right: Place mats for simple summer dining. They're plastic-coated, grease and alcohol proof. In a hand-blocked design, brown and mustard on white. (Note the nice price, too.) 4 for $1 plus 25c post. The Silo, Morris Plains, N. J.



Left: From China, a folding parasol shape that screens off insect invaders when food is al fresco. 14" square and 10" high, it'll cover even the biggest angel cake! Primary colours. $1.25 ppd. Twining & Buck, Salisbury, Conn.

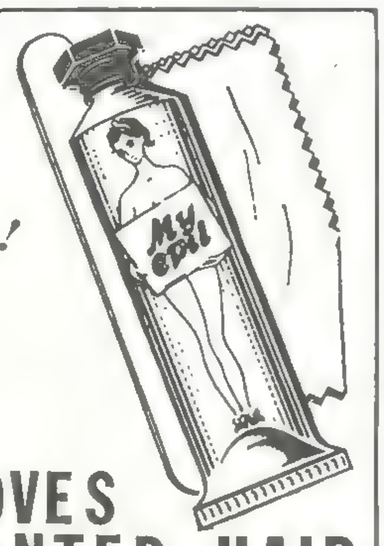


Right: A flower by your side holds highball glass, ash tray. Top of redwood enameled white, rod of steel to stick into the ground. It's 30" high, 8" across the top. $3.50 ppd. Trellanwal Enterprises, Salisbury, Connecticut.



WALK ON AIR

Here's quick relief for anyone suffering from calluses, blisters, spur or bruised heels, or general foot fatigue. Air Cush'n Innersoles give your feet immediate comfort. Just place in your shoes and walk. Air moves thru a small channel gently massaging feet. Odorless, non-absorbent, almost weightless. Order by men's or women's shoe size. Only $2.95 a pair. (No COD's, please—money back if not delighted.) Albin of California, Room 10G, 1401-71 W. 8th St., Los Angeles 17, California.



from France!

NEW cold wax method

REMOVES UNWANTED HAIR INSTANTLY!

It makes home treatments safe, simple—just spread it—requires no heat. Removes all hair—discourages new growth for 4 to 8 weeks.

Harmless—Odorless—Water-Soluble
Satisfaction Guaranteed

SPECIAL FORMULA My Epil for Face **$1** ppd. No Fed. Tax | LARGE SIZE for Arms & Legs **$2** ppd. No Fed. Tax

Free booklet on request

ELLA BACHÉ
24 East 55th Street New York 22, N. Y.

Niagara

DEEP MASSAGE
will help you to

STIMULATE CIRCULATION LOCALLY

EASE NERVOUS TENSION

SOOTHE ACHING MUSCLES



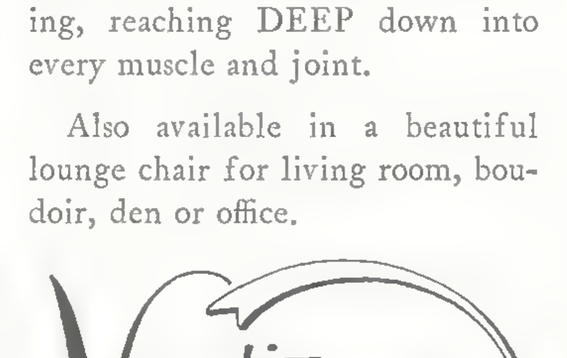
The Niagara portable Home Massage Set helps relax taut nerves, firm sagging muscles, stimulate circulation locally.

Action feels like thousands of tiny fingers gently stroking, kneading, reaching DEEP down into every muscle and joint.

Also available in a beautiful lounge chair for living room, boudoir, den or office.

Vacationing in ATLANTIC CITY?

Visit Niagara's showrooms—1407 Boardwalk and Central Pier—for a demonstration of Niagara DEEP Massage. You'll soothe those tired, burning feet and sore limbs.



14 Models of Niagara equipment on display

An approved appliance used by hospitals, physiotherapists and athletic trainers.

FREE BOOKLET

Niagara, Dept. V-74,
Adamsville, Pa.
Send free booklet on Niagara Home Massage Sets.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____



HELP
Poor Circulation!
RELAX while REDUCING
Use GYRO-BELT

Home Reducing Plan without the need of personal exertion or starvation diet. Learn how to improve your figure by reducing where you need it most. Gyro-Belt relieves nervous tension . . . soothes muscular pains.

REDUCE • HIPS • THIGHS • LEGS • TUMMY

Free booklet answers all questions . . . send for it right away.

GYRO-BELT
41 South 69th St.
Upper Darby 88, Pa.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State____

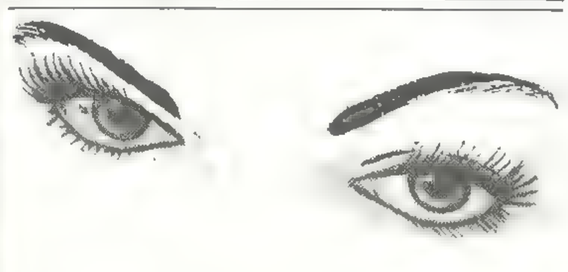
Visit Miss Hilbrun for a beautiful figure



MISS HILBRUN'S built-in bra bathing suits and strapless sun dresses for resort wear are chic, flattering. Her new creation is a one piece strapless bra with waist nipper below the hips with adjoining slip. A *specialist* in designing for each figure, MISS HILBRUN includes in her collection Built-in Bra separates for after 5 or Beach wear, strapless bras, bra slips, corsets, custom and ready-made girdles. She sculptures pads and bras for figure problems . . . *surgical* and flat-tops. Consult her, too, for maternity girdles and bras.

(Write for free Folder V)

HILBRUN, CORSETIERE,
14 W. 58th St. PL 3-6922 N. Y. 19, N. Y.



✓ *NEW* ✓ *EXCITING*
✓ *DIFFERENT*

Evelyn Lee's
Long-Lash

The eyelash make-up that will not smear, smudge or flake.

Stays on for days

Order the handy $2.00 tube direct from

Evelyn Lee, Inc.
315 McDonough Boulevard, S. E.
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Satisfaction Guaranteed

BLACK NYLON *or* white. Warner's original "Merry Widow" in the mistiest embroidered marquisette and elastics. #1311 at $12.50.

WHITE COTTON and sheerest elastics surround a cool, cool beauty —in Warner's *new* version of the "Merry Widow." #1315 at $10.



What's black and white—and worn all over? WARNER'S Merry Widow

The Cinch-Bra that started an *undercover* revolution! By taking *inches* from your middle—then shaping curves *from* your *waist up*—with complete freedom through bust and shoulders.

And not only that—it's *top news* with a strapless wired under the bust—*floating free on each side* so you can adjust it for perfect fit and uplift—your prettiest *natural* separation! As for decolletes—those sheer nylon cuffs dip *low as you dare.*

Small wonder Warner's "Merry Widow" has stolen a million hearts, emerged as the new Invisible Fashion for days and evenings, for magnificent bridals and charming little afternoons.

Why not see for yourself at your nicest store—the airy cotton version in *white,* the bewitching nylon in black *or* white.

WARNER'S*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Bras • Girdles • Corselettes

At the nicest stores in the U.S. and Canada

AMERICAN VOGUE
Editorial and Advertising Offices:
420 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
TELEPHONE—LEXINGTON 2-7500

JESSICA DAVES, *Editor-in-Chief*

Art Director:
ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

Senior Editors:
BETTINA BALLARD, *Fashion Editor*
ALLENE TALMEY, *Feature Editor*
PRISCILLA PECK, *Art Editor*
MARGARET CASE

Fashion Associates:
NICOLAS DE GUNZBURG
BABS SIMPSON
CATHERINE McMANUS
VIRGINIA THAW
SHEILA KILGORE
DESPINA MESSINESI, *Shop Hound*
KATHRYNE HAYS, *Shoes*
SUSAN TRAIN, *Paris*

Executive Editor:
MILDRED MORTON

Beauty Editor:
EVELYN HAYNES

Copy Editor:
CAROL PHILLIPS

Associate: **ELLEN McCOOLE**

Feature Associates:
LYDIA McCLEAN
ROSEMARY BLACKMON

Hostess Editor:
ALISON BISGOOD

Contributing Editors:
MARY JEAN KEMPNER
MILLICENT FENWICK
THOMAS W. PHIPPS

Copy Executive:
JEANNE BALLOT

Layout:
MARCEL GUILLAUME
G. WOODFORD PRATT
JACK MOGNAZ

Merchandising Service Editor:
ELISA DAGGS
Associate: **MARGARET INGERSOLL**
Chicago: **CONSTANCE WEBER**

Men's Merchandising Editor:
ARTHUR TODD

Business Manager:
C. B. VAN TASSEL

Advertising Manager:
WILLIAM C. STOWELL

Sales Manager:
HAROLD HOLTZ

BRITISH VOGUE
37 GOLDEN SQUARE, LONDON W. 1
Editor: AUDREY WITHERS
Managing Director: HARRY W. YOXALL

FRENCH VOGUE
4 PLACE DU PALAIS BOURBON, PARIS 7
Editor: MICHEL DE BRUNHOFF
Managing Director: PHILIPPE DE CROISSET

VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY THE
CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.
President: I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH
Vice Pres. & Adv. Dir.: FRANK F. SOULE
Vice Pres. and Treasurer: BENJAMIN BOGIN
Secretary: MARY E. CAMPBELL
Business Mgr.: PERRY L. RUSTON

COPYRIGHT 1954, THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. THE ENTIRE CONTENTS OF VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR—TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS—ARE PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES AND COUNTRIES SIGNATORY TO THE BERN CONVENTION AND THE PAN AMERICAN CONVENTION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. TITLE VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE. VOGUE IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF JANUARY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. (ALSO PUBLISHERS OF BRITISH VOGUE, FRENCH VOGUE, HOUSE & GARDEN, BRITISH HOUSE & GARDEN, FRENCH HOUSE & GARDEN, GLAMOUR, VOGUE PATTERN BOOK.) EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y. EXECUTIVE AND PUBLISHING OFFICES: GREENWICH, CONN. SUBSCRIPTIONS $7.50 A YEAR, $12 FOR TWO YEARS, $17 FOR THREE YEARS, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. TO POINTS OUTSIDE CANADA, U.S.A., AND POSSESSIONS, $15 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES FIFTY CENTS IN U.S. AND CANADA. $1 ALL OTHER COUNTRIES. FOUR WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IN ORDERING A CHANGE, WRITE TO VOGUE, GREENWICH, CONN.; GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST WRAPPER.

VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

New York *Paris* *London*

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH, *Publisher*

EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE, *Chairman of Editorial Board*



KAREN RADKAI

COVER: *Change of bathing suit, for July, for the prettier—in colour and cut, it's rather like a very, very short ball dress that goes swimming. Camellia pink Celanese acetate woven with Lastex (a Rosenstein fabric); about $14. By Cole of California, at Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; Sakowitz; J. W. Robinson. Also in evidence (and also at Lord & Taylor), some of the prettiest news being made in make-up and in décor: on lips and nails, Revlon's "Kissing Pink"; and all around, Paisley, Paisley, Paisley—the Paisley beach towel, by Givenchy.*

JULY, 1954

Vogue incorporating Vanity Fair is published semi-monthly except in July, December, January, and June, when it is published monthly. This will be the only issue in July.

FASHION

31 Vogue's eye view: where hair fashions begin
32-41 July fashion changes: far-reaching cottons, coif caps, quick bright hats, drawstring sandals
56-63 News from the country store, 1954
Fresh summer fashions now in city and suburban branches of famous shops
64-65 Bathing suits: Vogue Patterns for sun-beamed wardrobes
66-67 Summer stockings: six questions answered here
75 The madeleine: children's fashion, one minute old
82-89 Starting this July: new nonstop dresses
Nonstop dresses: fluid, soft, pale
Nonstop dresses: softest news yet
Nonstop dresses: July in town
Nonstop dresses photographed at the Town Tennis Club
94-95 Who is Mrs. Exeter?
96-99 New tweed life: any day now

FEATURES • ARTICLES • PEOPLE

42-45 Luck: observations from Herodotus to Maritain
46-51 "Notes on a Horse Thief." By William Faulkner
52 Carol Haney: new dancer
53 People Are Talking About . . .
68-69 Parties: New York and Washington
70-71 Rodin: exhibition in U.S.A.
72-73 Lipchitz: exhibition in New York
74-75 Manners for children under eight
76-77 "Please Don't Eat the Daisies." By Jean Kerr
78-79 Family album—Newport
80-81 Game: who are they?

ENTERTAINING • THE HOUSE

54 Drinks on your diet
100 Scene shifters in a town dining room

BEAUTY

16 Discoveries in beauty
31 Hair fashions: where they begin
91 Discoveries in beauty: July
92 Perfumes this summer

DEPARTMENTS

14 Vogue's Travelog
20-23 Vogue's School Directory
24-27 Shop Hound



PERFECTION IN BEAUTY BY CARON

CREAMS · FACE POWDERS · TALCS

© Caron, 1954



PARIS: CIRCA 1753



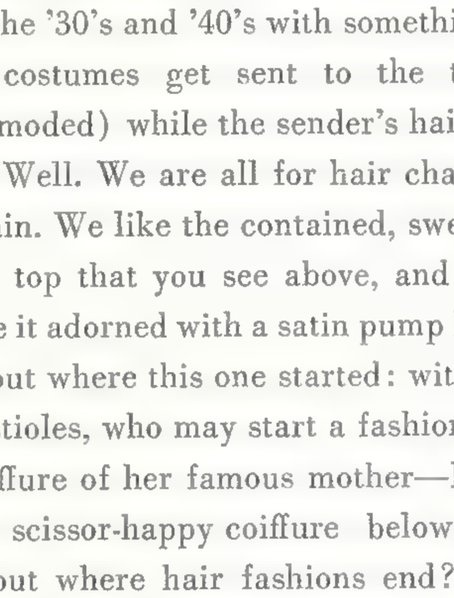
VOGUE: JULY 1954

HAIR FASHION BEGINNING?

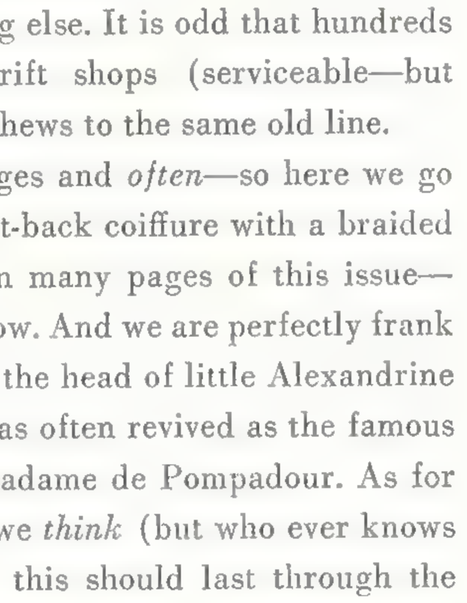
Vogue's eye view of where hair fashions begin

Anywhere, everywhere—that's where hair fashions begin. In this they are completely unlike other fashions, which start with professional designers, in formal collections, and at stated intervals. Another funny thing about hair fashions: their timing and durability. A new coiffure might pop up and be The Coiffure in a city, or a country, or with a certain group of women in a matter of months. Or (see below), it might take years to reach a peak of popularity. And, since hair fashioning is such a personal matter, certain coiffures may never die in the whole clothes-conscious life of specific well-dressed women. There are women who are still wearing their hair as they did in the 1920's; and it looks right *again*. But, in our opinion, they'd have looked smarter in the '30's and '40's with something else. It is odd that hundreds of costumes get sent to the thrift shops (serviceable—but outmoded) while the sender's hair hews to the same old line.

Well. We are all for hair changes and *often*—so here we go again. We like the contained, swept-back coiffure with a braided flat top that you see above, and in many pages of this issue—like it adorned with a satin pump bow. And we are perfectly frank about where this one started: with the head of little Alexandrine d'Étioles, who may start a fashion as often revived as the famous coiffure of her famous mother—Madame de Pompadour. As for the scissor-happy coiffure below, we *think* (but who ever knows about where hair fashions end?) this should last through the summer, and then be laid away affectionately in fashion history.



VOGUE: JANUARY 1950



VOGUE: JULY 1954

HAIR FASHION ENDING?





Coif caps

July: when change is in the air

Remember when change *wasn't* in the air in July?
When July was fashion's lying-fallow month? When the shops had only their cotton leftovers
and a few black satin dresses gleaming disconsolately in the racks?
Not so long ago, all that. It was as recently as July 1951
that Vogue's cover announced with surprised delight: "July Is a New Fashion Month!"
Exclamation points peppered the pages of that issue,
and the news rated an excited tone of voice—fresh-cut cottons actually to be found
in the shops in the middle of summer (when lagging summer wardrobes had always yearned,
unsuccessfully, for a stimulant); news to be seen in hats, dresses, shoes,
accessories, so that a wardrobe could actually begin to chart
its autumn fashion-course at leisure, a good two months ahead of time.
Now it's an accepted fact, July fashion excitement.
Now, in July 1954, it's there for the making—
change after exciting change in your clothes personality. The exact change—given here:

Cashmere cotton

Facing page: Never before, and—ever after—a wonderful way for costumes
to span summer and fall successfully: cotton that gives a cashmere impression. Dark grey
skirt ($18) and coat ($70) of M. & W. Thomas cotton, the blouse ($12) and lining
of yellow Wamsutta cotton broadcloth. By Kenneth Tischler.
Costume, Bergère earrings, and Crescendoe gloves: De Pinna.
Costume, also at Julius Garfinckel. Added here, a narrow belt.
Above: Changed into hat form, the handkerchief. This, a coif for midsummer evenings,
in vivid rose silk organdie with French ribbon ties. To order, Bergdorf Goodman.

July changes

Facing page: July cotton with far-reaching
consequences—the dark plaid,
the firm-as-worsted weave,
extend its fashion life through October
(through the year, even,
at addresses farther south).
Black Italian cotton, red-plaided,
plus white piqué; $23. By L'Aiglon.
Dress, Betmar black velvet hat,
and Coro earrings: Lord & Taylor.
Dress, also at Wanamaker's, Phila.;
Hudson's; Frederick & Nelson.

This page: Shoe that fits, and no ifs—
a black suède sandal with a new
sliding strap that adjusts comfortably
to the foot's contours
(the strap slides through slits on the insole).
A definite discovery, this,
and a very smart new way for suède
to make its reappearance:
it's practically growing on shoe trees
this fall. The sandals shown,
spike-heeled, with scarlet satin linings, $27.
By Julianelli. These, and the Belle Sharmeer
sandalfoot stockings: Lord & Taylor.
Sandals, also at Julius Garfinckel; Harzfeld's.

Drawstring sandals



Far-reaching cottons

COFFIN



The quick bright hat:

July changer

Putting a whole new light on summer dresses
(in it, they begin to look amazingly like autumn dresses)—
the hat that's vivid velveteen. All four here
are served up at hat bars—making for quick summer shopping,
as well as quick flashes of colour on summer streets.

Above: Rosy sunshade, $9. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

Left: Gold crown, $7. Bloomingdale's; Dayton's.

Both: Betmar hats, in Merrimack velveteen.



Quick service in hat brims: the new bright velveteen hats are dispensed, from hat bars, with as much (or as little) shade as a summer dress finds flattering.

Above: A larkspur petal, in velveteen. For anchorage, tiny side-leaves. By Madcaps, $8. Saks Fifth; Julius Garfinckel.

Left: Small-brimmed velveteen Breton—appropriately enough, since it's to span summer and autumn, in the colour (flame yellow) of a turning leaf. By Betmar, $7. Best's; Hutzler's.



July cottons: changing their stripes

They're darkening now, the stripes
that dot every 1954 fashion collection.
These stripes, darkening fresh July cottons—
neatly spanning summer and fall.
Facing page: Grey and black bands
(running bias-wise at the waistline)
on a flinty M. & W. Thomas cotton
that can pass for wool on a cool autumn day.
At the top button
—a white satin bow.
By Ben Barrack, $50.
Altman; Himelhoch's; Montaldo's.
Above right: Roman stripes (Rome 1954:
new Italian fashions are strong on stripes),
in red and green and black on grey. A Queenmake
shirt dress in Stevens cotton;
$11. Altman; Titche-Goettinger.
Directly right: Ribbon stripes
(gold, rose, black) on a shirt dress
with a scarf-shaped collar. By Hayette,
in M. & W. Thomas cotton; $25.
Altman; Thalhimers.
Hat, handbag: also Altman.



July cottons: ready for changes



Cut to fall nicely in line with the new fall fashion,
and with the autumn Fahrenheit—
the cottons fresh in the shops this July.
For this is now a known rôle of cotton:
to carry fashion-messages comfortably
whenever the temperature's betwixt and between.
Above left: Intimations of autumn,
in cotton—a tweedy texture; a slim new
cape-collared cut. Grey, with black braid
and white piqué. By Carolyn Fashions, about $35.
Arnold Constable; Mandel Brothers. The bag: Gucci.
Directly left: Ready with a little jacket
for cooler weather coming, a black cotton
alpaca sheath with a black and white
striped bolero. By Jerry Gilden, in Tebilized cottons;
about $18. Altman; Joseph Magnin.
Facing page: For hot July days now,
cool late-days under coats later, a dress of black
cotton framed with black fringe.
By Nelly Don, in an Everglaze cotton by Springmaid;
$18. Dress, and jewellery: Macy's.
Dress, also at Dayton's; Frost Bros.

COFFIN



L U C K

A subject of unfailing interest—
from Herodotus to Maritain

LAS VEGAS gambling has no resemblance to the gambling by the great Restoration dukes who injected style into the loss of their estates. At Las Vegas, gambling is straight business, owned partly by out-of-state characters of the underworld. The uneasy volatile surface respectability hides a mess which the Kefauver Investigation turned over and then left. To visitors, however, gambling there seems a relaxed enterprise, with the seven big hotels of the "Strip" merchandising their spotlighted crap tables, the roulette wheels as though they were shoes or luggage. "Come along," they cry in remarkable unison, "bring the children for your vacation." Although the children are not allowed by law or practice in the casinos, which are part of the normal hotel lobbies, the youngsters crowd the swimming pools, have birthday parties in the dining rooms. During the first shock of Marlene Dietrich's opening number at the Sahara Hotel, a three-year-old called, "*Mama,* I want some ice-cream."

At each casino, each night, the house bank roll is $500,000, with the seven casinos in a normal month handling about $15,000,000 in play. To keep non-playing wives from plucking at their husbands' sleeves, saying, "Let's *go,* dear," the Flamingo Hotel built a comfortable bleachers gallery where such gambling widows can see everything, listen to the jazz combo, get drinks, and still stay twenty-five feet, at least, away from the tables. Paternally the casino managers try to keep weak-willed visitors from going broke on credit. The house insists upon players who will want credit filling out credit cards and setting a limit; all that, before taking a drink or getting to the tables. Once the limit is reached, no matter how rich the player may be, he will get cash only for expenses. (Middling drunks sober up when enormous deputy sheriffs stand quietly but ominously nearby. Las Vegas drunks, their car keys taken away, are driven home by the sheriffs; visiting drunks sleep at the station house, unbooked.) Far more exciting looking, but essentially the same, are the gambling places downtown in Las Vegas where the main street is a garden of neon lights. In the biggest, the Golden Nugget, the visitors jam the tables even at twelve o'clock on Sunday morning. There sounds the bang of the slot machines, the jingle of jackpots, the drone of the dealers, the blonde cashiers jangling out silver dollars and, above the crowds, the housemen on ladders watching, like linemen at tennis matches, the players and the dealers. The house in fact has a hundred eyes, pit bosses eying floormen, and floormen eying the dealers. Darting in and out at the tables, watched by everyone, are the chiselers.—*Allene Talmey.*

RED SMITH maintains in his book, *Views of Sport,* that "only savages are superstitious," tells a story in point: "Del Miller was telling about a fellow he knew who'd had a finger bitten off by a horse and happened to be with a companion in front of the same horse's stall just one year later, to the day. The companion reminded him that this was an anniversary, whereupon the fellow doubled his four fingers into a fist and fetched the horse a punch in the nose, just for luck. . . ."

MONTE CARLO, *the magnificent, as blue and bright as an aquamarine, with its white pastry casino where millionaires have cried* "banco!" *for a hundred years, and where obsessed old ladies still arrive at 9:15 in the morning, play all day and all night, usually on systems, their skinny, little hands darting like hummingbirds on the table, their knuckles rapped incessantly by the croupiers, who know their cheating hearts, their starved enormous eyes, their aged trickery.*

DANTE: "It is not enough to speak of Dante's genius. We must also take his luck into consideration. The extraordinary luck of Dante the poet was a result of the coincidence of an extraordinary variety of good fortunes. It had to do with the grace of God and the virtues of Dante the man, with centuries of culture and with a unique moment in time. . . . And so we are led to a different category of luck . . . I am thinking, here, of the heritage of culture received by Dante, and of the articulate universe of beliefs and values in which his thought dwelt. Dante wrestled with his time, which forced into exile the poet threatened with death. But as concerns the spiritual quality of the cultural heritage he was blessed by his time. Then the human mind was imbued with the sense of being, and nature appeared all the more real and consistent as it was perfected by grace." —*Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry,* by Jacques Maritain.

HERODOTUS *reported that the Lydians claimed the invention of dice, knucklebones, and ball. . . . "The plan adopted against the famine was to engage in games one day so entirely as not to feel any craving for food, and the next day to eat and abstain from games. In this way they passed eighteen years."*

OYSTEIN ORE, *Sterling Professor of Mathematics at Yale University, in his* Cardano, the Gambling Scholar, *wrote of that brilliant Renaissance physician and autobiographer: "By his own admission he gambled continually . . . it is no wonder that he composed a learned book on games and ways to win in gambling. This is still an entertaining document, and even at present it contains good advice for gamblers. . . .* The Book on Games of Chance *contains the first study of the principles of probability."*

CARDANO, born in 1501, became the rector of the University of Padua, as well as one of the leading mathematicians of his century, laid down these observations: "Gambling arouses anger and disturbs the mind; the most fundamental principle of all in gambling is simply equal conditions . . . to the extent to which you depart from that equality, if it is in your opponent's favour, you are a fool." Under the heading: "Who Should Play and When," Cardano wrote: "So, if a person be renowned for wisdom, or if he be old and dignified by a magistracy or any other civil honour or by a priesthood, it is all the worse for him to play; on the other hand, gambling is proportionately less of a reproach to boys, young men, and soldiers. The greater the amount of money involved, the greater the disgrace; *thus a certain holder of a very high priestly office (namely, a cardinal)* was severely blamed because he played after dinner with the Duke of Milan for a stake of five thousand crowns."

DOSTOEVSKI developed a taste for gambling in Siberia. During his ten most productive years (the *Crime and Punishment* years) he shuttled feverishly back and forth from the roulette tables to the pawnshops, with occasional stops at the post office to send off begging letters to his wife ("Anya! I am a beast.") or his publisher, who, curiously, was always good for an advance. At the casino in Homburg (described by its founder, François Blanc, as "a peaceful oasis visited by whole caravans of tourists who might well be called the pilgrims of pleasure"), he encountered the originals of most of the characters in his short novel, *The Gambler*. And a variety of "systems." To his sister-in-law he wrote: "I know the secret; it is awfully silly and simple and it consists in restraining oneself every minute . . . and in not getting agitated. That's all and to lose then is simply impossible, you are bound to win."

The end of *The Gambler* is: "I have only for once to show will power and in one hour I can transform my destiny! The great thing is will power. Only remember what happened to me seven months ago at Roulettenburg just before my final failure. Oh! it was a remarkable instance of determination: I had lost everything then, everything. . . . I was going out of the Casino, I looked, there was still one gulden in my waistcoat pocket: 'Then I shall have something for dinner,' I thought. But after I had gone a hundred paces I changed my mind and went back. I staked that gulden on *manque* . . . there really is something peculiar in the feeling when, alone in a strange land far from home and from friends, not knowing whether you will have anything to eat that day—you stake your last last gulden, your very last! I won, and twenty minutes later I went out of the Casino, having a hundred and seventy guldens in my pocket. That's a fact! That's what the last gulden can sometimes do! And what if I had lost heart then? What if I had not dared to risk it?"

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, *Gilbert's natty partner, had thirty different systems for roulette, none successful.*

THE CRAP-SHOOTING HERO of the musical *Guys and Dolls* made a bid for "box cars" with a tense little pitch: "Luck Be a Lady Tonight—a lady doesn't wander all over the room and blow on another guy's dice."

THE GRAND DUKE PAUL OF RUSSIA, *playing in a syndicate with his three secretaries at Monte Carlo, broke the bank three times in one day.*

DR. WILLIAM H. WELCH, a founder of the hospital and medical school at Johns Hopkins, began his fantastically productive career in 1878 by entering into tortuous negotiations for setting up a laboratory at Bellevue in New York. "In the end he obtained three rooms, some kitchen tables with nothing on them; no microscopes, no microtomes, no specimens. He later estimated that the authorities at Bellevue had spent 'fully twenty-five dollars' on his behalf. They got for their money the first teaching laboratory for pathology in America . . . they gave him the two indispensable things for his work in life: the aura that goes with the luck that is not entirely luck of being not the second or third but the first in any field; and a chance to impose himself in all his singularity upon the imagination of the young men before their vision was distracted by other people."
—*William H. Welch and the Rise of Modern Medicine,* by Donald Fleming.

EMPEROR CLAUDIUS I, *the grandson of Mark Antony who played dice at Alexandria, wrote a good book on dicing.*

CYNICS at the casinos of Monte Carlo, Monaco, and Homburg (all operated by the famous Blanc family) said with gloom: "*Rouge* wins sometimes; *noir* wins sometimes; *blanc* always."



"THE STRUGGLE BEGINS BETWEEN THE PLAYER, SO INFINITELY SMALL,
AND CHANCE, SO ENORMOUS AND OMNIPOTENT."—*Maurice Maeterlinck*



TWO STUDIES OF INSTRUMENTS OF CHANCE, PHOTOGRAPHED AT LAS VEGAS BY IRVING PENN

"NOTES ON A HORSE THIEF"

By William Faulkner

This compelling episode is taken from the great Faulkner novel, A Fable, *which Random House is publishing on August 2, the second of his books to come since he received the Nobel Prize in 1951. Of "Horse Thief," Professor Carvel Collins of Harvard, who has been immersed for the past five years in Faulkner's work, wrote: "Some of the most moving passages are those in which Faulkner—as he did in his speech accepting the Nobel Prize—reaffirms his faith that man will 'endure and prevail' despite his follies."*

It was 1912, two years before the war; the horse was a three-year-old running horse, but such a horse that even the price which the Argentine hide-and-wheat prince paid for it at the Newmarket sale, although an exceptional one, was not an outrageous one. Its groom was the sentry, the man with the ledger and the money-belt. He went out to America with it, whereupon within the next twenty-four months three things happened to him which changed completely not only his life, but his character too, so that when late in 1914 he returned to England to enlist, it was as though somewhere behind the Mississippi Valley hinterland where within the first three months he had vanished. a new man had been born, without past, without griefs, without recollections.

He was not merely included in the sale of the horse, he was compelled into it. And not by the buyer nor even the seller, but by the sold: the chattel: the horse itself, with an imperiousness not even to be temporized with, let alone denied. It was not because he was the exceptional groom, which he might have been, nor even the first-rate one which he actually was. It was because there had developed apparently on sight between the man and the animal something which was no mere rapport but an affinity, not from understanding to understanding but from heart to heart and glands to glands, so that unless the man was present or at least near-by, the horse was not even less than a horse: it was no longer a horse at all: not at all intractable and anything but unpredictable, because it was quite predictable in fact; not only dangerous, but in effect, for all its dedicated and consecrated end and purpose—the long careful breeding and selecting which finally produced it to be sold for the price it brought to perform the one rite for which it had been shaped—worthless, letting none save the one man enter the same walls or fence with it to groom or feed it, no jockey or exercise boy to approach and mount it until the man bade it; and even then, with the rider actually up, not even running until—whatever the communication was: voice, touch, whatever—the man had set it free.

So the Argentine bought the groom too, for a sum left in escrow in a London bank, to become the groom's on his return to England after being formally discharged. By the horse of course, since nothing else could, which (the horse) in the end discharged and absolved them all, the old Negro telling this part of it, since this was where he—they—himself and his grandson—came into it:—the horse which before the groom came into its life, merely won races, but which after his advent, began to break records; three weeks after it first felt his hand and heard his voice, it set a mark ('The race was named the Sillinger,' the old Negro said. 'It was like our Derby at home.') which seven years later was

COPYRIGHT 1950, 1954 BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

still standing; and in its first South American race, although only two weeks out of the ship after a month and a half at sea, it set one not likely to be touched at any time. ('Not nowhere. At no time. By no horse,' the old Negro said.) And the next day it was bought by a United States oil baron for a price which even the Argentine millionaire could not refuse, and two weeks later landed in New Orleans, where the old Negro, a preacher on Sunday and the rest of the week a groom and hostler in the new owner's Kentucky breeding and training stables, met it; and two nights later the train drawing the van containing the horse and the two grooms, the white one and the black one, plunged through a flood-weakened trestle: out of which confusion and mischance were born the twenty-two months from which the English groom emerged at last a practising Baptist: a Mason: and one of his time's most skillful manipulators of or players at dice.

Sixteen of the twenty-two were the months during which the five separately organized though now grimly unified groups—the Federal Government, the successive state police forces and the railway's and the insurance company's and the oil baron's private detectives—pursued the four of them—the crippled horse and the English groom and the old Negro and the twelve-year-old child who rode it—up and down and back and forth through the section of the Mississippi watershed between Illinois and the Gulf of Mexico and Kansas and Alabama, where on three legs the horse had been running in remote back-country quarter-races and winning most of them, the old Negro telling it, grave and tranquil, serenely and peacefully inconsequential, like listening to a dream, until presently the runner five years afterward was seeing what the Federal deputy marshal had five years ago while in the middle of it: not a theft, but a passion, an immolation, an apotheosis—no gang of opportunists fleeing with a crippled horse whose value, even whole, had ceased weeks back to equal the sum spent on its pursuit, but the immortal pageant-piece of the tender legend which was the crowning glory of man's own legend beginning when his first paired children lost well the world and from which paired prototypes they still challenged paradise, still paired and still immortal against the chronicle's grimed and blood-stained pages: Adam and Lilith and Paris and Helen and Pyramus and Thisbe and all the other recordless Romeos and their Juliets, the world's oldest and most shining tale limning in his brief turn the warp-legged foul-mouthed English horse-groom as ever Paris or Lochinvar or any else of earth's splendid rapers: the doomed glorious frenzy of a love-story, pursued not by an unclosed office file nor even the raging frustration of the millionaire owner, but by its own inherent doom since, being immortal, the story, the legend, was not to be owned by any one of the pairs who added to its shining and tragic increment, but only to be used, passed through, by each in their doomed and homeless turn.

He didn't tell how they did it: only that they did do it: as if, once it was done, how no longer mattered; that if something must be done, it is done, and then hardship or anguish or even impossibility no longer signify:—got the frantic and injured horse out of the demolished car and into the bayou where it could swim while they held its head above water—'He found a boat,' the old Negro said. 'If you could call it a boat. Whittled out of a log and done already turned over before you even put your foot in it. They called them pirogues. They talked gobble talk there, like they do here.'—then out of the bayou too, into such complete invisibility that when the railroad detectives reached the scene the next morning, it was as if the flood itself had washed the three of them away. It was a hummock, a small island in the swamp not a mile from the collapsed trestle, where a work-train and crew had arrived the next morning to rebuild the bridge and the track, and from which they got the horse as far up out of the water as they could the first night, and the old Negro was left to attend it. ('I just give it water and kept a mud pack on the hip and tried to keep the gnats and flies and mosquitoes away,' the old Negro said.) The groom returned at dawn on the third day, with a block-and-tackle bearing the railroad company's stencil in the pirogue, and food for themselves and the horse and canvas for the sling and cradle and plaster of Paris for the splint—('I know what you're going to ask now,' the old Negro said. 'Where we got the money for all that. He got it like he done the boat,' telling that too: the cockney horse-groom who had never been farther from London than Epsom or Doncaster yet who in two years of America had become a Mason and a Baptist, who in only two weeks in the forecastle of the American freighter up from Buenos Aires had discovered or anyway revealed to himself that rapport with and affinity for dice, who on the first return to the scene of the wreck had picked up the block-and-tackle simply because he happened to pass it, since his true destination had been the bunk-car where the Negro work-gang slept, waking them, the white man in his swamp-fouled alien jodhpurs and the black ones in undershirts or dungaree pants or in nothing at all, squatting around a spread blanket beneath the smoking lantern and the bank notes and the coins and the clicking and scuttering dice.)—and in the pitch dark—he had brought back no lantern, no light; it would not only have been dangerous to show one, he didn't even need one: scornfully, even contemptuously, who from his tenth year had known the bodies of horses as the blind man knows the room he durst not leave: any more than he would have brought back a veterinary, not only not needing one but he would not have let any hand save his or the old Negro's touch the horse, even if the horse had permitted it—they suspended the horse and set the hip and built the immobilizing cast.

Then the weeks while the ruined hip knitted and the search parties, with every exit to the swamp watched and guarded, continued to drag the bayou beneath the trestle, and to splash and curse among the moccasins and rattlesnakes and alligators of the swamp itself, long after they (the pursuers) had come to believe that the horse was dead for the simple reason that it must be dead, since that particular horse could not be anything else but dead and still be invisible, and that the owner would in the end gain only the privilege of venting his vengeance on the thieves. And once each week, as soon as it was dark enough and the search parties had withdrawn for the night, the groom would depart in the pirogue, to return before dawn two or three days later with another supply of food and forage; two and three days now because the trestle was repaired at last; once more trains roared hollowly across it in the night and the work-gang and that source of revenue or income was gone, back to New Orleans whence it had come and now the white man was going to New Orleans himself, bucking the professional games on baize-covered tables beneath electric lights and now not even the old Negro—(a horseman, a groom, merely by accident, but by avocation and dedication a minister of God, sworn dedicated enemy of sin yet who apparently without qualm or hesitation had long since drawn and then forgot it the line of his rectitude to include the magnificent ruined horse and all who were willing to serve it)—would know how far he sometimes had to go before he found another spread blanket beneath a smoked lantern or, as a last resort, the electric-lit baize table, where, although in their leathern cup the dice were as beyond impugnant as Caesar's wife, the counters—chips, money—still accrued, whether or not to the benison of his gift or to the simple compulsion of his need.

Then months, not only within daily earshot of the trains once more thundering across the repaired trestle but of the search parties themselves (to whom at times either of them could have spoken without even raising his voice), the search continuing long after the ones who did the cursing and splashing and the frantic recoiling from the sluggish thrash or vicious buzz of startled moccasins and rattlesnakes all believed that the horse was long since dead and vanished forever into the sleepless insatiable appetites of eels and gars and turtles and the thief himself fled, out of the country and out of the nation and perhaps even out of the continent and the hemisphere, but continuing nevertheless because the railroad company had for stake an expensive set of triple blocks and over two hundred feet of two-inch cable, and the insurance company owned banks and barge lines and chain stores from Portland, Maine, to Oregon and so could afford not to lose even a one-dollar horse, let alone a fifty-thousand-dollar one, and the horse's owner that bottomless purse which would not miss the value of the sixty race horses he still owned, in order to revenge himself on the thief of the sixty-first, and the Federal police had more at stake than even the state ones who could only share in the glory and the reward: they had a file to be closed out—until one day a United Press flash came, relayed last night from Washington to the Federal deputy, of how a horse, a valuable Thorough- (*Continued on next page*)

bred and running on three legs, in charge of or at least accompanied by a small bandy-legged foreigner who could barely speak English, and a middle-aged Negro preacher, and ridden by a twelve-year-old Negro boy, had run away from the whole field in a three-furlong race at Weatherford, Texas—('We walked it,' the old Negro said, 'At night. It needed that much to get used to itself again. To stop remembering that trustle and get limbered up again and start being a horse. When daylight come, we would hide in the woods again.' And afterwards too, telling that too: how they didn't dare else: run one race and then leave directly afterward without even stopping almost, because as soon as that three-legged horse won a race the whole world would hear about it and they had to stay at least one day ahead of them.)—and got there one day too late, to learn that the Negro preacher and the snarling contemptuous foreigner had appeared suddenly from nowhere exactly in time to enter the three-legged Thoroughbred in a race on which the foreigner had betted sums ranging (by this time) all the way from ten to a thousand dollars, at odds ranging all the way from one to ten to one to a hundred, the three-legged horse breaking so fast from the post that the barrier seemed actually to have sprung behind it, and running so fast that the trailing field appeared, if anything, to be running in another and later race, and so far ahead at the finish that the jockey seemed to have no control over it at all—if anyone, let alone a child of twelve or at most thirteen who rode the race without saddle but simply a bellyband and a surcingle to hold on to (this informant had seen the race), could have held it after the barrier dropped, the horse crossing the finish line at full speed and apparently bent on making another circuit of the track had not the white foreigner, leaning on the rail beyond the finish line, spoken a single word to it in a voice you could not have heard fifteen feet away.

And the next place where they were within even three days of the horse was at Willow Springs, Iowa, and next to that, Bucyrus, Ohio, and the next time they were almost two weeks behind—an inaccessible valley in the East Tennessee mountains three months later, so remote not only from railroads but even telegraphs and telephones too that the horse had been running and winning races for ten days before the pursuit ever heard of it; this was indubitably where he joined, was received into, the order of Masons: since this was the first time they had stopped for longer than one afternoon, the horse able now to run for ten undisturbed days before the pursuit even heard about it, so that, when the pursuers left the valley, they were twice ten days behind the horse, since after two weeks of patient asking and listening up and down that thirty-mile-long mountain-cradled saucer, again, as at the scene of the original disappearance, they had not found one human being who had ever heard of the three-legged horse and the two men and the child, let alone seen them.

So when they heard of the horse next in Central Alabama, it was already gone from there, moving west again, the pursuers still a month behind across Mississippi: across the Mississippi River into Arkansas, pausing only as a bird pauses: not alighting, though the last thing the pause could have been called was hovering since the horse would be running, once more at that incredible, that unbelievable, speed (and at the incredible and unbelievable odds too; by report and rumour the two men—the aged Negro man of God, and the foul-mouthed white one to whom to grant the status of man was merely to accept Darkness' emissary in the stead of its actual prince and master—had won tens of thousands of dollars) as if their mundane progress across America were too slow to register on the eye, and only during those incredible moments against a white rail did the horse and the three adjunctive human beings become visible.

Whereupon the Federal deputy, the titular-by-protocol leader of the pursuit, found that, suddenly and with no warning, something had happened to him which was to happen five years later in Paris to a British soldier even whose name he would never hear. He—the deputy—was a poet, not the writing kind, or anyway not yet, but rather still one of Homer's mere mute orphan godchildren sired by blind chance into a wealthy and political New Orleans family and who, by that family's standards, had failed at Harvard and then wasted two years at Oxford before the family found out about it and fetched him home where, after some months under the threat of the full marshalate, he compromised with his father on the simple deputyship. And so that night—it was in Arkansas, in a new paint-rank hotel room in a little booming logging town, itself less old than last year—he realized what it was about the whole business that he had refused to accept ever since Weatherford, Texas, and then in the next second dismissed it forever because what remained had not only to be the answer but the truth too; or not even *the* truth, but *truth*, because truth was truth: it didn't have to be anything; it didn't even care whether it was so or not even, looking (the deputy) at it not even in triumph but in humility, because an old Negro minister had already seen it with one glance going on two years ago now—a minister, a man of God, sworn and dedicated enemy of man's lusts and follies, yet who from that first moment had not only abetted theft and gambling, but had given to the same cause the tender virgin years of his own child as ever of old had Samuel's father or Abraham his Isaac; and not even with pride because at last he had finally seen the truth even if it did take him a year, but at least pride in the fact that from the very first, as he knew now, he had performed his part in the pursuit with passion and regret. So ten minutes later he waked his second-in-command, and two days later in the New York office he said, 'Give it up. You'll never catch him.'

'Meaning you won't,' the owner of the horse said.

'If you like it that way,' the deputy said. 'I've resigned.'

'You should have done that eight months ago when you quit.'

'*Touché* then,' the deputy said. 'If that makes you feel better too. Maybe what I'm trying to do now is apologize because I didn't know it eight months ago too.' He said: 'I know about what you have spent so far. You know what the horse is now. I'll give you my check for that amount. I'll buy your ruined horse from you. Call it off.' The owner told him what he had actually paid for the horse. It was almost as much as the public believed. 'All right,' the deputy said. 'I can't give you a check for that much, but I'll sign a note for it. Even my father won't live forever.' The owner pressed a button. A secretary entered. The owner spoke briefly to the secretary, who went out and returned and laid a check on the desk before the owner, who signed the check and pushed it across to the deputy. It was for a sum still larger than the difference between the horse's cost and that of the pursuit to date. It was made out to the deputy.

'That's your fee for catching my horse and deporting that Englishman and bringing my nigger back in handcuffs,' the owner said. The deputy folded the check twice and tore it across twice, the owner's thumb already on the buzzer as the deputy dropped the fragments carefully into an ash tray and was already standing to leave when the secretary opened the door again. 'Another check,' the owner said without even turning his head. 'Add to it the reward for the capture of the men who stole my horse.'

But he didn't even wait for that one, and it was Oklahoma before he (ex now) overtook the pursuit, joining it now as the private young man with money—or who had had it once and lost or spent it—had used to join Marlborough's continental trips (and indeed meeting among them who a week ago had been his companions in endeavour the same cold-fronted unanimity of half-contempt which the private young men would meet among Marlborough's professionals). Then the little bleak railway stations between a cattle-chute and a water-tank, the men in broad hats and heeled boots already clumped about the placard offering for a stolen horse a reward such as even Americans had never seen before—the reproduction of a newspaper photograph made in Buenos Aires of the man and the horse together, with a printed description of both—a face as familiar and recognizable now to the central part of the United States (Canada and Mexico too) as that of a President or a female murderer, but above all, the sum, the amount of the reward—the black, succinct evocation of that golden dream, that shining and incredible heap of dollars to be had by any man for the simple turn of a tongue, always ahead of them (of the pursuit certainly, and, the deputy now believed, of the pursued too), disseminating the poison faster than they advanced, faster even than the meteor-course of love and sacrifice, until already the whole Mississippi-Missouri-Ohio watershed must be corrupt and befouled and at last the

deputy knew that the end was in sight: thinking how it was no wonder that man had never been able to solve the problems of his span upon earth, since he has taken no steps whatever to educate himself, not in how to manage his lusts and follies; they harm him only in sporadic, almost individual instances; but in how to cope with his own blind mass and weight: seeing them—the man and the horse and the two Negroes whom they had snatched as it were willy nilly into that fierce and radiant orbit—doomed not at all because passion is ephemeral (which was why they had never found any better name for it, which was why Eve and the Snake and Mary and the Lamb and Ahab and the Whale and Androcles and Balzac's African deserter, and all the celestial zoology of horse and goat and swan and bull, were the firmament of man's history instead of the mere rubble of his past), nor even because the rape was theft and theft is wrong and wrong shall not prevail, but simply because, due to the sheer repetition of zeros behind a dollar-mark on a printed placard, everyone within eyerange or tonguespread (which was every human capable of seeing and hearing between Canada and Mexico and the Rockies and the Appalachians) would be almost frantically attuned to the merest whisper regarding the horse's whereabouts.

No, it would not be much longer now, and for an instant he thought, toyed with the idea, of confounding corruption with corruption: using the equivalent of the check which in New York he had offered to write, to combat the reward, and put that away because that would fail too: not that corrupting corruption would merely spread corruption that much further, but because the idea merely created an image which even a poet must regard as only a poet's fantastic whimsy: Mammon's David ringing for a moment anyway Mammon's Goliath's brazen invincible unregenerate skull. It was not long now, the end was actually in sight when the course, the run (as if it too knew that this was near the end) turned sharply back south and east across Missouri and into the closing V where the St. Francis river entered the Mississippi, haunted still by the ghosts of the old bank-and-railroad bandits who had refuged there; then over, finished, done: an afternoon, a little lost branch-line county seat with a fair grounds and a railless half-mile track, the pursuers crossing the infield in the van of a growing crowd of local people, town and swamp and farm, all men, silent, watching, not crowding them at all yet: just watching; and now for the first time they laid eyes on the thief whom they had pursued now for almost fifteen months: the foreigner, the Englishman leaning in the doorless frame of the fallen stable, the butt of the still-warm pistol protruding from the waistband of his filthy jodhpurs, and behind him the body of the horse shot neatly once through the star on its forehead and beyond the horse the Roman senator's head and the brushed worn frock coat of the old Negro preacher, and beyond him in turn, in deeper shadow still, the still white eyeballs of the child; and that night in the jail cell the ex-deputy (still a lawyer even though the prisoner violently and obscenely repudiated him) said:

'I would have done it too of course. But tell me why—No, I know why. I know the reason. I know it's true: I just want to hear you say it, hear both of us say it so I'll know it's real'—already—or still—speaking even through the other's single vicious obscene contemptuous epithet: 'You could have surrendered the horse at any time and it could have stayed alive, but that was not it: not just to keep it alive, any more than for the few thousands or the few hundred thousands that people will always be convinced you won on it'—stopping then and even waiting, or anyway watching, exultant and calm while the prisoner cursed, not toward him nor even just at him, but him, the ex-deputy, steadily and for perhaps a full minute, with harsh and obscene unimagination, then the ex-deputy speaking again, rapid and peaceful and soothing: 'All right, all right. The reason was so that it could run, keep on running, keep on losing races at least, finish races at least even if it did have to run them on three legs, did run them on three legs because it was a giant and didn't need even three legs to run them on but only one with a hoof at the end to qualify as a horse. While they would have taken it back to the Kentucky farm and shut it up in a whorehouse where it wouldn't need any legs at all, not even a sling suspended from a travelling crane geared by machinery to the rhythm of ejaculation, since a skillful pander with a tin cup and a rubber glove'—exultant and quite calm, murmuring: 'Fathering colts forever more; they would have used its ballocks to geld its heart with for the rest of its life, except that you saved it because any man can be a father, but only the best, the brave—'and left in the middle of the spent dull repetitive cursing and from New Orleans the next morning sent back the best lawyer which even he, with all the vast scope of his family's political affiliations and his own semi-professional and social ones, could find—a lawyer whose like the little lost Missouri town had probably never seen before, nor anyone else for that matter, as having come four hundred miles to defend a nameless foreign horse thief—telling the lawyer what he had seen there: the curious, watching attitude of the town—

'A mob,' the lawyer said, with a sort of unction almost. 'It's a long time since I have coped with a mob.'

'No, no,' the client said quickly. 'They are just watching, waiting for something, I didn't have time to find out what.'

And the lawyer saw that too. He found more than that: arriving on the second morning after an all-night drive in his private chauffeured limousine, and within thirty minutes was on the telephone back to his client in New Orleans, because the man he had come to defend was gone, vanished, not escaped from the jail but freed from it, the lawyer sitting at the telephone where he could look out into the quiet square almost empty of movement, from which nobody watched him now nor for that matter had ever actually looked at him, but where he was conscious of them—not so much the dour, slow-speaking, half-Western, half-Southern faces, but of the waiting, the attention.

And not only the white man, the two Negroes were gone too, the lawyer on the New Orleans telephone again that evening, not because it had taken him this long to learn these meagre details, but simply because he realized now that this was all he was going to find out here, by inquiry or purchase or just by simple listening, no matter how much longer he stayed: how the two Negroes had never reached the jail at all but had vanished apparently into thin air somewhere between it and the courthouse, where the ex-deputy's Federal successor had formally relinquished the three prisoners to the local sheriff; only the white man ever to reach the jail, because the ex-deputy had seen him there, and he gone too now, not even freed so much as just vanished, the lawyer discovering five minutes after his arrival that there was no prisoner, and at the end of thirty no felon, and by mid-afternoon no crime even, the body of the horse having vanished too some time during that first night, and nobody had moved it nor seen anyone moving it nor heard of anyone who might have moved it or in fact even knew that it was missing.

But the pursuit had long ago learned about all there was to know about those two weeks in the Eastern Tennessee valley last fall, and the ex-deputy had briefed the lawyer, and so to the lawyer there was no mystery about it; he had already divined the solution: there would be Masons in Missouri too—an opinion which the client in New Orleans didn't even bother to ignore, let alone acknowledge, not the ex-deputy's but the poet's voice actually babbling at his end of the wire while the lawyer was still talking:

'About the money,' the lawyer said. 'They searched him, of course—'

'All right, all right,' the ex-deputy said.—right perhaps, justice certainly, might not have prevailed, but something more important had—

'He had only ninety-four dollars and a few cents,' the lawyer said.

'The old Negro has got the rest of it in the tail of that frock coat,' the ex-deputy said.—truth, love, sacrifice, and something else even more important than they: some bond between or from man to his brother man stronger than even the golden shackles which coopered precariously his ramshackle earth—

'I'll be damned," the lawyer said. 'Of course that's where the money is. Why the hell I didn't— Hush, and listen to me a minute. There's nothing more I can do here, so I'm coming back to town as soon as they unlock the garage in the morning and I can get my car. But you are already on the scene, you can do it quicker than I can by telephone from here. Get in touch with your people and get notice spread up and down the valley as quick as you can—placards, descriptions of all (*Continued on next page*)

three of them—'

'No,' the ex-deputy said. 'You must stay there. If anything further comes out of the charge, it will have to originate there. You must be there to protect him.'

'The only one who will need protection here is the first man who tries to lay a hand on the man who earned as much money as they believe he did, with nothing but his bare hands and a three-legged horse,' the lawyer said. 'He's a fool. If he had stayed here, he could have had the sheriff's badge without even running for it. But I can do everything necessary by telephone from my office until we catch them.'

'I said from the first that you didn't understand,' the ex-deputy said. 'No: that you still did not believe me, even after I tried to tell you. I don't want to find him—them. I had my turn at bat, and struck out. You stay there. That's what you are for,' the ex-deputy said, and hung up. Though still the lawyer didn't move, his end of the connection still open, the smoke from his cigar standing like a balanced pencil on a carven hand until the other New Orleans number answered and he spoke to his confidential clerk, describing the two Negroes, rapid and explicit and succinct:

'Cover all the river towns from St. Louis to Basin Street. Watch the cabin or stable or whatever it is in Lexington. Of course, if he doesn't go back home himself, he might try to send the child back.'

'You're in the middle of a pretty good place to look for him now,' the clerk said. 'If the sheriff there won't—'

'Listen to me,' the lawyer said. 'Listen carefully. He must not reappear here under any condition. He must not be found at all until he can be picked up for something like vagrancy in some city big enough for nobody to know who he is, or care. Under no condition must he come into the clutches of any local officers in any town or hamlet small enough even to have heard of that three-legged horse, let alone seen it. Do you understand?'

A moment: then the clerk: 'So they really did win that much money.'

'Do as I tell you,' the lawyer said.

'Of course,' the clerk said. 'Only you're too late. The owner of the horse has already beat you. The police here have had that notice ever since yesterday, and I imagine the police everywhere have it by now—description, reward and all. They even know where the money is: in the tail-pocket of that preacher's coat the nigger wears. It's too bad every house he passes don't have a wireless, like ships do. Then he would know how valuable he is, and he would have something to trade with you on.'

'Do as I tell you,' the lawyer said; that was the second day; then the third day and the lawyer had established his headquarters or post of command in the judge's chambers next the courtroom in the courthouse, not by the consent or even acquiescence of the judge who was a circuit judge and merely followed the itinerary of his court and did not live in the town and was not even consulted, nor by the acquiescence of the town either but by its will, so that it did not even matter whether the judge was a Mason too or not; and in the barbershop that day the lawyer saw last night's St. Louis paper bearing something which even purported to be a photograph of the old Negro, with the usual description and even a guess at the amount of money in the tail of the frock coat, the barber, busy with another client, having apparently glanced at least once at the lawyer where he stood looking at the paper, because the barber said, 'That many folks hunting for him ought to find him,' then silence and then a voice from the other end of the shop, speaking to nothing and no one and with no inflection: 'Several thousand dollars.'

Then the fourth day, when the Department of Justice investigator and the one from the sheriff's bonding company arrived (the first St. Louis reporter had reached the scene one train ahead of the U.P. man from Little Rock) and from his high small quiet borrowed window the lawyer watched the two strangers and the sheriff and the two men who would be the sheriff's local bondsmen cross the square not to the front door of the bank but around to the discreet side one which led directly to the president's office; five minutes there, then out again, the two strangers stopping while the sheriff and the two local men scattered and vanished, the two strangers looking after them until the Federal man removed his hat and seemed to be studying the inside of it for a moment. a second. Then he turned briskly, leaving the bonding company's man still looking out across the square and crossed to the hotel and entered it and reappeared with his strapped bag and sat down on the bench opposite the bus stop; and then the bonding company's man moved too and crossed to the hotel and reappeared with his bag.

Then the fifth day and the sixth and even the two reporters had returned to where they came from and there remained in the town no stranger save the lawyer; nor was he a stranger any more now, though he was never to know by what means the town had learned or divined that he was there not to prosecute but to shield; and at times during that idleness and waiting, he would imagine, envision himself actually in court with the man whom he had not only no expectation but even intention of ever seeing at all—a picture of himself not engaged in just one more monotonous legal victory, but as a—perhaps *the*—figure in a pageant which in reality would be an historical commemoration, in fact, even more than that: the affirmation of a creed, a belief, the declaration of an undying faith, the postulation of an invincible way of life: the loud strong voice of America itself out of the westward roar of the tremendous and battered yet indomitably virgin continent, where nothing save the vast unmoral sky limited what a man could try to do, nor even the sky limit his success and the adulation of his fellow man; even the defence he would employ would be in the old fine strong American tradition of rapine, its working precedent having been already established in this very—or anyway approximate—land by an older and more successful thief than any English groom or Negro preacher: John Murrell himself, himself his own attorney: the rape was not a theft but merely a misdemeanor, since the placard offering the reward before the horse's demise had constituted a legal power of attorney authorizing any man's hand to the body of the horse, and its violation had been a simple breach of trust, the burden of the proof of which lay with the pursuers since they would have to prove that the man had not been trying simply to find the owner and restore him his property all the time.

This, out of daydream's idle unexpectation, because the lawyer did not really expect ever to see either of them since the owner or the Federal Government would indubitably catch them first, right up to the morning of the seventh day when there was a knock at the jail's kitchen door—a knock not much louder than audibility, yet quite firm; and, firm, yet not at all peremptory: just polite, courteous and firm: a knock not often heard at the back door of a small Missouri jail, nor even quite at the back door of an Arkansas or Louisiana or Mississippi plantation house, where it might sooner have been at home, the turnkey's wife wiping her hands on her apron as she turned from the sink and opened the door on a middle-ageless Negro man in a worn brushed frock coat and carrying a napless top hat, whom she did not recognize because she had not expected to see him there, possibly because he was alone, the boy, the child still standing five minutes later just inside the mouth of the alley beside the jail, where neither he nor the old one gave any sign of recognition whatever, although his grandfather—handcuffed now to the turnkey—actually brushed him in passing.

But her husband recognized him at once, not by the face, he scarcely glanced at that, but by the coat: the worn dusty broadcloth garment which—not the man but the coat, and not even the whole coat but the elbow-deep, suitcase-roomy tails of it—the county and state police of five contiguous commonwealths had been blocking roads and searching farm wagons and automobiles and freight trains and the Jim Crow cars of passenger ones, and charging in pairs and threes with shotguns and drawn pistols through the pool halls and burial associations and the kitchens and bedrooms of Negro tenements for sixty-five hours now, trying to find. As did the town too: the turnkey and his shackled prize had scarcely left the jail before they began to gather behind them a growing tail of men and youths and small boys like that of a rising kite, which in the street leading to the square the turnkey could still tell himself that he was leading, and which while crossing the square toward the courthouse he even still looked as if he was, walking faster and faster, almost dragging the prisoner at the other end of the chain joining them, until at last he broke and even took one step actually running before he stopped and turned to face the pressing

crowd, drawing the pistol from its holster all in one blind motion like the hopeless and furious repudiation of the boy turning, once more whole, stainless and absolved, to hurl his toy pistol into the very face of the charging elephant, victim no more of terror but of pride, and cried in a thin forlorn voice which itself was like the manless voice of a boy:

'Stop, men! This hyer's the Law!'—who, without doubt if they had run at him, would have stood his ground, still holding the pistol which he had not and would not even cock, dying without a struggle beneath the trampling feet in that one last high second of his badge and warrant:—a small, mild, ordinary man whom you have seen in his ten thousands walking the streets of little American towns, and some not so little either, not just in the vast central valley but on the eastern and western watersheds and the high mountain plateaus too, who had received his job and office out of that inexhaustible reservoir of nepotism from which, during the hundred-odd years since the republic's founding, almost that many millions of its children had received not just their daily bread but a little something over for Saturday and Christmas too, since, coeval with the republic, it was one of the prime foundations—in this case, from the current sheriff, whose remote kinswoman, to his unending surprise and unbelief even ten years afterward, the turnkey had somehow managed to marry—a man so quiet so mild and so ordinary that none remarked the manner in which he accepted and affirmed the oath when sworn into his office: merely somebody else's nameless and unknown cousin by blood or maybe just marriage, promising to be as brave and honest and loyal as anyone could or should expect for the pay he would receive during the next four years in a position he would lose the day the sheriff went out of office, turning to meet his one high moment as the male May fly concentrates his whole one day of life in the one evening act of procreation and then relinquishes it. But the crowd was not running at him: only walking, and that only because he was between them and the courthouse, checking for an instant at sight of the drawn pistol, until a voice said: 'Take that thing away from him before he hurts somebody' and they did: a hand, not ungently nor even unkindly, wrenching the pistol firmly from him, the crowd moving again, converging on him, the same voice, not impatient so much as irascible, speaking to him by name this time:

'Gwan, Irey. Get out of the sun': so that, turning again, the turnkey faced merely another gambit, he must choose all over again: either to acquiesce forevermore to man or sever himself forevermore from the human race by the act—getting either himself or the prisoner free from one end or the other of the steel chain joining them—which would enable him to flee. Or not flee, not flight; who to dispute the moment's heroic image even in that last second: no puny fumbling with a blind mechanical insentient key, but instead one single lightning-stroke of sword or scimitar across the betraying wrist, and then running, the scarlet-spurting stump inevictably aloft like an unbowed pennon's staff or the undefeated lance's headless shank, not even in adjuration but in abdication of all man and his corruption.

But there was not even time for that; his only choice was against being trampled as, shoulder to shoulder now with his captive and, if anything, slightly behind him, they moved on in the centre of the crowd, across the square and into the courthouse, a firm hand now grasping him above the elbow and thrusting him firmly on exactly as he had nightly dreamed ever since he assumed his office of himself in the act of doing, as soon as he found a felon either small enough or mild enough to permit him, through the corridor and up the stairs to the judge's chambers, where the New Orleans lawyer gave one start of outrage then of astonishment and then the infinitesimal flicker which never reached his face at all nor even his eyes, until the same calm merely irascible voice said, 'This ain't big enough. We'll use the courtroom' and he (the lawyer) was moving too, the three of them now—himself, the turnkey and the prisoner like three hen coops on a flood—filling the little room with a sibilant sound as though all the ghosts of Coke upon Littleton upon Blackstone upon Napoleon upon Julius Caesar had started up and back in one inextricable rustle, one aghast and dusty cry, and through the opposite door into the courtroom itself, where suddenly the lawyer was not only himself free of the crowd, he had managed (quite skillfully for all his bulk: a man not only tall but big, in rich dark broadcloth and an immaculate piqué waistcoat and a black cravat bearing a single pearl like the egg of a celestial humming bird) to extricate the turnkey and the prisoner too, in the same motion kneeing the swing gate in the low railing enclosing Bench and witness stand and jury box and counsels' tables, and thrust the other two through it and followed and let the gate swing back while the crowd itself poured on into the auditorium.

People were entering now not only through the judge's chambers but through the main doors at the back too, not just men and boys now but women also—young girls who already at eight and nine in the morning had been drinking Coca-Cola in the drugstores, and housewives testing meat and cabbages in the groceries and markets, or matching scraps of lace and buttons over drygoods counters—until not just the town but the county itself, all of which had probably seen the three-legged horse run, and most of which had contributed at least one or two each of the dollars (by now the total had reached the thirty thousands) which the two men had won and which the old Negro preacher had escaped with and indubitably concealed—seemed to be converging steadily into the courthouse, ringing with unhurried thunder the corridor and stairs and the cavernous courtroom itself, filling row by row the hard pew-like wooden benches until the last reverberation faded behind the cool frantic pulsing of pigeons in the clock tower on the roof and the brittle chitter and rattle of sparrows in the sycamores and locusts in the yard, and the calm merely irascible voice said—and not from behind any face but as though no one man spoke but rather the room itself: 'All right, Mister. Commence.'

And, standing with his prize behind the railing's flimsy sanctuary, bayed, trapped in fact, between the little wooden barrier which a child could step over in one stride like a degree of latitude or of honesty, and the sacred dais to which, even before he saw it, he had already lost his appeal, not alone except for his two companions nor even despite them, but in fact because of them, for a moment yet the lawyer watched Man pouring steadily into the tabernacle, the shrine itself, of his last tribal mysteries, entering it without temerity or challenge, because why not? it was his, he had decreed it, built it, sweated it up: not out of any particular need nor any long agony of hope, because he was not aware of any lack or long history of agony or that he participated in any long chronicle of frustrated yearning, but because he wanted it, could afford it, or anyway was going to have it whether he could afford it or not: to be no symbol nor cradle nor any mammalian apex, harbour where the incredible cockleshell of his invincible dream made soundings at last from the chartless latitudes of his lost beginnings and where, like that of the enduring sea, the voice of his affirmation roared murmuring home to the atoll-dais of his unanimity where no mere petty right, but blind justice itself, reigned ruthless and inattentive amid the deathless smells of his victories: his stale tobacco spit and his sweat. Because to begin with, he was not *he* but *they*, and *they* only by electing to be, because what he actually was, was *I* and in the first place he was not a mammal and as for his chartless latitudes, he not only knew exactly where he came from six thousand years ago, but that in three score and ten or thereabouts he was going back there; and as for affirmation, the mark of a free man was his right to say *no* for no other reason except *no*, which answered for the unanimity too; and the floor was his because he had built it, paid for it, and who could spit on it if not he. And perhaps the lawyer had even read Dickens and Hugo once long ago when he was a young man, looking now across the flimsy barrier into no brick-and-plaster barn built yesterday by the God-fearing grandfathers of other orderly and decorous and God-fearing Missouri farmers, but back a hundred years into the stone hall older than Orleans or Capet or Charlemagne, filled with the wooden sabots until yesterday reeking with plowed land and manure, which had stained and fouled the trampled silks and lilies which had lasted a thousand years and were to have endured ten thousand more; and the caps of Mediterranean fishermen, and the smocks of cobblers and porters and road-menders stiffening with the crimson smears of the hands which had rent and cast down the silks and the lilies, looking out at them not even with mere awe and respect, not alone alarm, (*Continued on page 101*)



CAROL HANEY, NEW JOY

GJON MILI

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Baseball; letters from the children at camp; Getting Away from It All. . . . Gregory Peck in *Man with a Million*, a wonderfully gay 1904 period piece, photographed in succulent colour. . . . *Back of History*, the new, amusing but erudite biography of man, written by William Howells, who, in describing the difference between our hunting and the bushman's, wrote: "We are ridiculously poor woodsmen. Here at home a hunter goes crashing through the woods until he blunders onto some animal or bird . . . if he kills it he usually has to ask a dog to find the body for him." . . . *Espresso* coffee places in London. . . . The performance of Dame Edith Evans in *The Dark Is Light Enough*, which led to this dialogue in a London theatre foyer: "Who wrote this play?"—"Christopher Fry."—"Ah, *that's* why it sounds so like Shakespeare."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The song, "Three Coins in the Fountain," from the movie, *Three Coins in the Fountain*, with its lovely views of Rome and Venice, the Spanish Steps, and the Borghese Gardens, glimpsed through a field of waving Hollywood corn. . . . Bemelmans' bar in Paris. . . . *How to Make an Earthquake*, by Ruth Krauss, who has filled her children's book with such innocent eccentricities as a game in which the parent is the child and the child the parent. . . . The Angel record of Poulenc's "Les Mamelles de Tirésias." . . . The masterful rhythm of tension in the movie *The High and the Mighty*. . . . Howard Swiggett's novel about business, *The Power and the Prize*, which reads as though the author knows not only about money but also about story-telling.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Princess Margaret as associate producer of an amateur show, *The Frog*, put on in London for charity. . . . The disappointment in the movie *The Caine Mutiny*, which not only has Humphrey Bogart as a rather lovable Captain Queeg, but tries to tell the entire plot, thereby sacrificing all detail, all motivations; in leaving out almost nothing, it leaves out everything. . . . "Calvert," a quick game in which each player gets a slip of paper with Calvert written on it, and then must write the name of a president of the United States, beginning with each letter, all within two minutes (C for Cleveland or Coolidge). . . . Lena Horne, superb in a grey taffeta dress, singing "Embrasse-moi bien" at the Moulin Rouge in Paris.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . London's new comedienne, Joan Sims, a blonde with a cream-bun face and a smile of terrifying sweetness, who sings a song about a girl who longed to be a vamp but finished up as a station announcer, working off her remarkably excessive urges, shouting "Woking, change here for all connections." . . . The odd-job of the movie *Sabrina*, with Audrey Hepburn, gay and fun, but with most of the wit of the play, *Sabrina Fair*, cut out wilfully. . . . Lillian Roth's book, *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, enough to scare anyone away from even a sip of alcohol. . . . The scholarly fad word, "sequelae."

CAROL HANEY, *opposite*, dances with an effect that is insanely flirtatious and simultaneously funny in the musical comedy *The Pajama Game*. Wearing a man's suit and an oversize bowler, which she trick-flips, she reveals in her biggest hit song, "Steam Heat," an amiable face with tilted eyes and a soup-bowl haircut. By some quirk of fate and Haney (whose quirks are mostly sinuous), this all appears enchanting. In the ten years before she reached Broadway, she worked in a golf-ball factory, danced for ladies' clubs, got a job with the Jack Cole dancers, preceding Gwen Verdon, the red-haired delight of *Can-Can*, as Cole's partner, and then became Gene Kelly's aid, helping with *An American in Paris*, *Singin' in the Rain*, and *Brigadoon*. In her deliciously fatigued voice, she said: "I did everything."

Drinks on your diet

Long, cool drinks, pleasant in the summertime, are necessary, too; they help your own personal air-conditioning system to work efficiently. With a little legerdemain in the mixing, many of the most delicious summer drinks can be made with their caloric content sharply reduced, while their flavour and refreshingness remain almost constant. Instead of sugar, liquid Sucaryl, or a similar no-calorie sweetener, can be used. For mixers, other than water or fizz, there are these calorie-conscious adders, to name a few, No-Cal, Canada Dry's Glamor Brand ginger ale, Cott's mixes.

For long cool drinks with alcohol, there's only one thing to do—just put in less alcohol. Instead of the standard 1½-ounce jigger (or the hospitable host's generous slosh), use a one-ounce measure. That extra half-ounce is actually almost unnoticeable in the glass; subtracted, it lops off a gratifying number of calories.

The number of calories in an ounce of liquor can be figured fairly closely by the proof of the liquor itself. An ounce of 87-proof Scotch equals 87 calories; an ounce of bourbon has about 100 calories; of gin, about 70; of rum, about 85. Table wines, red or white, average about 75 calories for a 3½-ounce glassful; sweet or "dessert" wines, about twice that number. Champagne varies from around 90 to 120 calories per glass, depending on whether it's dry or sweet. Light beers and ales run about 100 calories for an 8-ounce glass. Cordials and liqueurs, in which both alcohol and sugar are extremely concentrated, are best (for dieters, anyway) in quick dashes, for flavouring.

A good basic reducing diet of 800 calories a day, such as the one given in the May 15 issue of Vogue, leaves a margin of 150 calories a day to play around with. The summer drinks here—with or without alcohol—all come well within this calorie margin. Those flourishes that are half the pleasure of summer drinks—the slice of lime, the sprig of mint, the stick of cucumber—*they* add no calories at all.

BARBERRY BRACER

About 90 calories

1 oz. aquavit—*75 calories*
1 oz. tomato juice—*10 calories*
1 oz. clam juice—*negligible calories*

Shake over ice and pour; dust lightly with celery salt.

HORSE'S NECK

No calories

6 oz. No-Cal ginger ale
Lemon rind
Ice cubes
Mint

Curl spiral of lemon rind around ice, with one end catching rim of glass. Fill with ginger ale, add sprig of mint.

GIN AND TONIC

About 70 calories

1 oz. gin—*about 70 calories*
1 slice lime or lemon—*negligible calories*
3 oz. tonic water—*negligible calories*

Rub inside of glass with lemon or lime peel. Add gin (or vodka), ice, slice of lemon or lime, tonic water.

TEA PUNCH
(for two)

About 110 calories per serving

½ cupful white port wine—*210 calories*
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice—*12 calories*
1 cupful strong hot tea

Shake over ice and pour into cocktail glasses. Garnish with orange slices.

WINE COBBLER

About 80 calories

3½ oz. claret or other dry wine—*about 75 calories*
Sucaryl to taste
Fruit decoration—*5 to 10 calories*

Add a little water and ice to wine in goblet, stir, and decorate with fresh strawberry, lemon slice, or slice of orange and maraschino cherry. (A cobbler may also be made with other wines, or with bourbon, brandy, gin, rum, rye, or vodka, with appropriate differences in caloric content.)

COOLER

About 100 calories

1 oz. bourbon, rye, or brandy—*about 100 calories*
½ tablespoonful lemon juice—*3 calories*
Soda
Sucaryl
Ice

Pour over ice in tall highball glass and stir. May also be made with wines, gin, rum, vodka, varying in calories.

ANTOINE'S MINT JULEP

About 100 calories

1 oz. bonded bourbon—*100 calories*
4 sprigs mint
Sucaryl
Crushed ice

Bruise mint leaves slightly in old-fashioned glass; add Sucaryl and whiskey; pour over crushed ice in tall glass, stir till frosted. Decorate with large sprig of mint, sprinkle with powdered sugar.

SPRITZER

About 90 calories

4 oz. Rhine wine—*about 90 calories*
Soda
Ice

Pour wine over ice in highball glass; fill with club soda.

CUBA LIBRE

About 150 calories

1 oz. Cuban white rum—*100 calories*
½ lime—*3 calories*
5 oz. Coca-Cola—*50 calories*
Ice cubes

Squeeze lime into 10-oz. Collins glass, drop in lime shell. Add ice, rum, Coca-Cola; stir.

FROZEN DAIQUIRI

About 100 calories

1 oz. white Bacardi rum—*about 100 calories*
½ tablespoonful lime juice—*about 3 calories*
Sucaryl

Place ingredients in electric blender with shaved ice; blend; serve in saucer champagne glass with short straws.

PENN





News from the country store,* 1954

Next time you go marketing, you might come back with . . . any one of a half-dozen fresh fashions. Everything on these eight pages is being delivered today to the newest version of the little shop around the corner: the suburban, or downright *country*, branch of a famous big-city store. (The way big-city shops are taking to decentralization, we fully expect to see the July when the *S.S. Saks Fifth Avenue* drops anchor off Fisher's Island; when the jetcraft *Altman* or the Constellation *Lord & Taylor* flies a fresh batch of cottons up into the Wisconsin woods.) As for these clothes: they're new. They're here to cure a July wardrobe's sinking spell. And they're being delivered where they'll do the most good: within walking distance of where you are. *Left:* For a smart July shopper, in town or out—luck, in the form of a yellow Everglaze poplin shirt (it's wearing the news of embroidery), $12; and shorts, $6. By Sportwhirl, of a Wm. Simpson fabric. At Saks Fifth, from Southampton to Beverly Hills; Neiman-Marcus; J. P. Allen. Nice touch—the deep green eye-shadow (it's effective sun-protection, too), and the brilliant "Desert Pink" lipstick; both by Elizabeth Arden. *Right:* Yes, it's a new bathing suit; and no, she didn't necessarily go into the city to buy it—it's one of the fresh pieces of fashion in shops across the country (with emphasis on the word *country*). White bird's-eye piqué with a flick of navy blue. By Carolyn Schnurer, about $12. At city and suburban branches of Best's; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's. Coin-dotted towel by Pacific; umbrella from Uncle Sam.

*Definition: suburban or country branch of a big-city shop. Besides those named many of the shops-with-branches where some of the fresh fashions on these eight pages can be found are as follows:
J. P. Allen
Famous-Barr
Frederick & Nelson
Julius Garfinckel
Harzfeld's
Hudson's
Hutzler's
Neiman-Marcus
Wanamaker's, Phila.



RAWLINGS

Fresh from the country store

continued

Ideal shopping moment for this beach costume: this minute. Marked for July delivery to city *and* country branches of Saks Fifth Ave., Hutzler's, J. P. Allen—black and white Stoffel cotton shirt (about $8); coin pocket shorts of Galey & Lord cotton twill (about $5). Both, made by Loomtogs.

KAREN RADKAI



Not a day older than this morning's newspaper: a new July play suit. Black cotton T-shirt fabric by Alamac (its shape insured by Permathal); Talon-zippered down the front. One-piece suit by Sportwhirl, about $9. (Sash it with satin.) The suit, at city and country branches of Bloomingdale's; and shops listed on page 57.



Fresh from the country store

continued

Photographed at the new Cross Island Shopping Center near Yonkers, a new-in-July cotton: white with navy-blue dots. By Hayette, about $18. At city and country branches of Best's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; shops on page 57. Satin belt by Calderon; silver jewellery: Best's.

KAREN RADKAI

Why this is truly a city or country costume: you can buy it in town, wear it to the country; you can buy it in the country, wear it to town. Beige cotton cord jumper dress and jacket by Lido in a Lowenstein fabric, $20. From Altman; Hudson's; shops on page 57. Bag: also Altman. We added the satin belt.



A spur-of-the-moment dress: new this July, and pretty enough, this July evening, to go to a casual party. Two-piece; the top, about $6; the skirt, about $8. Both, white Fuller cotton plissé with navy-blue dots. We added the white satin belt. Dress by Masket Bros. At city and country branches of Saks Fifth; Frederick & Nelson.

Fresh from the country store

continued

July dancing dress photographed near Long Island's newest fresh-flower shop—the gatehouse of Mrs. Harrison Williams' Bayville house. The dress: pin-dotted white cotton and velvet ribbons. By Mildred Orrick, in an Everglaze Fuller fabric, $25. City and suburban branches of Altman; Dayton's; and the shops on page 57.

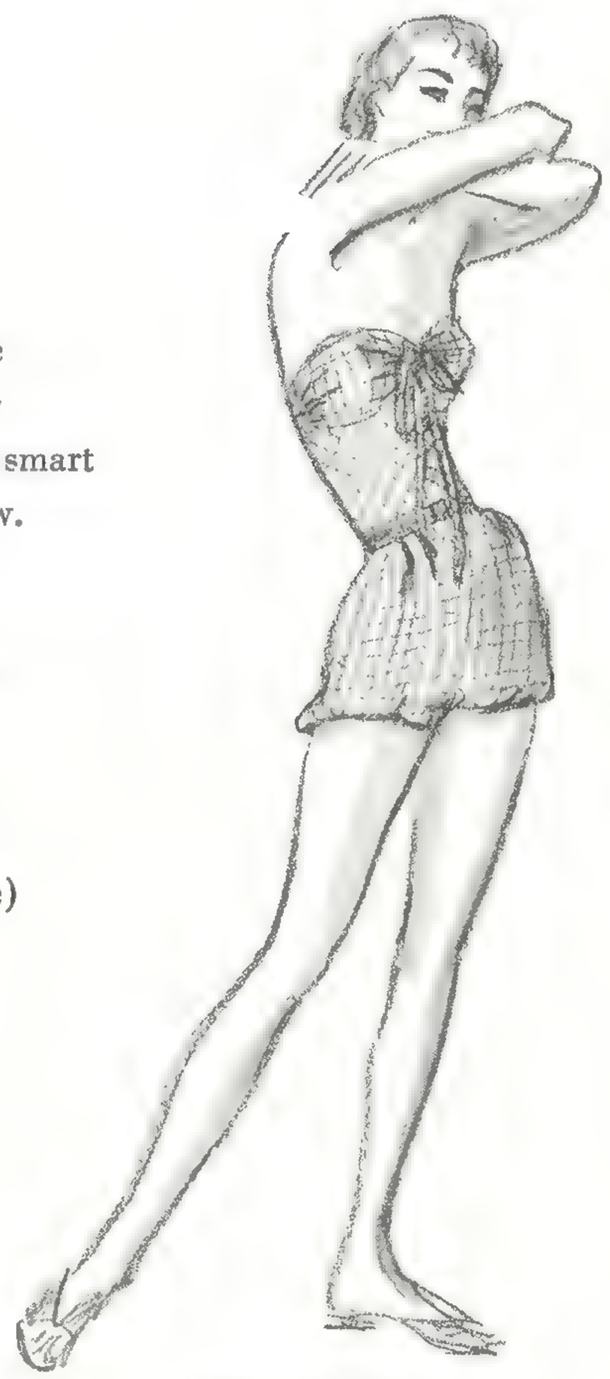
KAREN RADKAI



VOGUE PATTERN 8349

Pooling assets: Vogue Patterns

July assets to a sun-beamed wardrobe:
a summer-diet figure, a new sun tan,
and three new Vogue Patterns.
July mornings are a fine time to make the
most of them. Ways and means: a pitcher
of iced tea for the sewing table and these smart
new lines for the sewing machine to follow.
Above left: A slightly collared sun suit
(add a little lining and this could go
swimming). It's Vogue Pattern No. 8349,
here of beige linen embroidered
with orange maple leaves by Moygashel.
This page, right: A bathing suit with
bloomery pants (long-legged illusion there)
made from Vogue Pattern No. 8282,
of pink-check Hope Skillman cotton.
Below left: The princesse line—
companion piece to a summer diet and a
very flattering line for a bathing suit
to take. This, Vogue Pattern 8353,
has a fitted brassière top.
Here of white McBratney linen.
Back views and sizes on page 108.



VOGUE PATTERN 8282



VOGUE PATTERN 8353

The pull-over middy: Vogue Patterns' July asset

Middies being smart fashion and T-shirts ditto:
an easy, deep-cut middy (easy two ways: it's
Vogue Very Easy to Make No. 8337) of Indian
Head cotton. Under this, a turtle-neck
cotton T-shirt by Garland.
The shorts: Vogue Easy to Make No. 8286.
The bracelet (carrousel rings?) by Napier;
sunglasses by Lugene; cotton scarf by Vera.
Coiffure-keeper: a gloss of Dusharme Hair Creme.

VOGUE PATTERN 8337
VOGUE PATTERN 8286

PRIGENT





Summer stockings: six questions, answered here

Q. Where do stockings stand this summer?
A. Clearly (though sometimes almost invisibly), under every smart hemline in town.
Stockings, in our opinion, are a nonstop fashion.
They tint, mould, and generally improve nature just as effectively in summer as in winter. What about suntanned legs? Growing paler.
The big era of the brown-as-a-berry tan seems to have ended.
Current opinion: that one of summer's nicest sights is the look of skin (not leather), peach-gold or shell-pale, through a light, light stocking.

Q. Can stockings stay up alone?
A. Yes. Here now, for the first time, a comfortable stocking that stays up above the knee without benefit of girdle or garter belt.
It's done (see right) with delicate elasticized threads that hold the stocking properly, above circulation points.

Q. Any new developments in comfort and fit?
A. Two important ones. First, a nylon stocking (centre, right) with toe and welt both specially processed for elasticity, for stretch, for give-and-take fit.
Second, an elasticized lacy band (below, right) just below the welt (no more Weltschmerz here), giving the entire stocking the benefit of freedom-in-motion. The entire length moves with the skin; and, like skin, is designed to fit.



Stay-up stocking by Waltham.



Helanca twist top and toe, by Seamprufe.



Stocking with elasticized band, by Kayser.

Q. What about coolness?
A. There's a whole new and comfortable family of summer weaves, summer stocking surfaces: the most delicate mesh . . . the airiest cobweb . . . the prettiest tulle (shown in Vogue in May 1).

Q. Supporting cast?
A. Consider the accessories that make stocking-life easier, prettier. The new lightness of foundations (also discussed in the May 1 issue) that support the stocking. . . . Making new demands on stockings, colour in shoes (white, pastel, tropic-fruit colour). . . . Ways to make-up your toes, gleaming through the sheerest sandalfoot, so that they look like sea shells.

Q. Next fashion changes?
A. Look for: stockings that qualify as lingerie. Organdie tops. Lace tops. Ruffled and embroidered tops. And this autumn, the entire stocking length knit new ways: with the look of tweed, of jacquard, of lace.

Opposite:

SUMMER STOCKINGS: MOTHER-OF-PEARL COLOURS

What happens to colour here? Simply this:
Held against a white ground, the stockings reflect an unmistakable nacre ivory, yellow, pink. But on the leg, a change.
Now, not so much a look of colour as a feeling of colour.
This new development: a pale, pearly quality, relating this summer's shoes to this summer's hemlines.
Left to right: Light pearl shadowfoot by Holeproof; at Arnold Constable.
Centre: Creamy pearl sandalfoot, by Phoenix; at Altman.
Right: Blush pearl sandalfoot, by Bryans, at Bonwit Teller.
Underfoot, in profusion: ropes and ropes (each 60″) of pearly, coloured, and golden beads and stones. By Haskell, Richelieu, and Marvella.

RAWLINGS



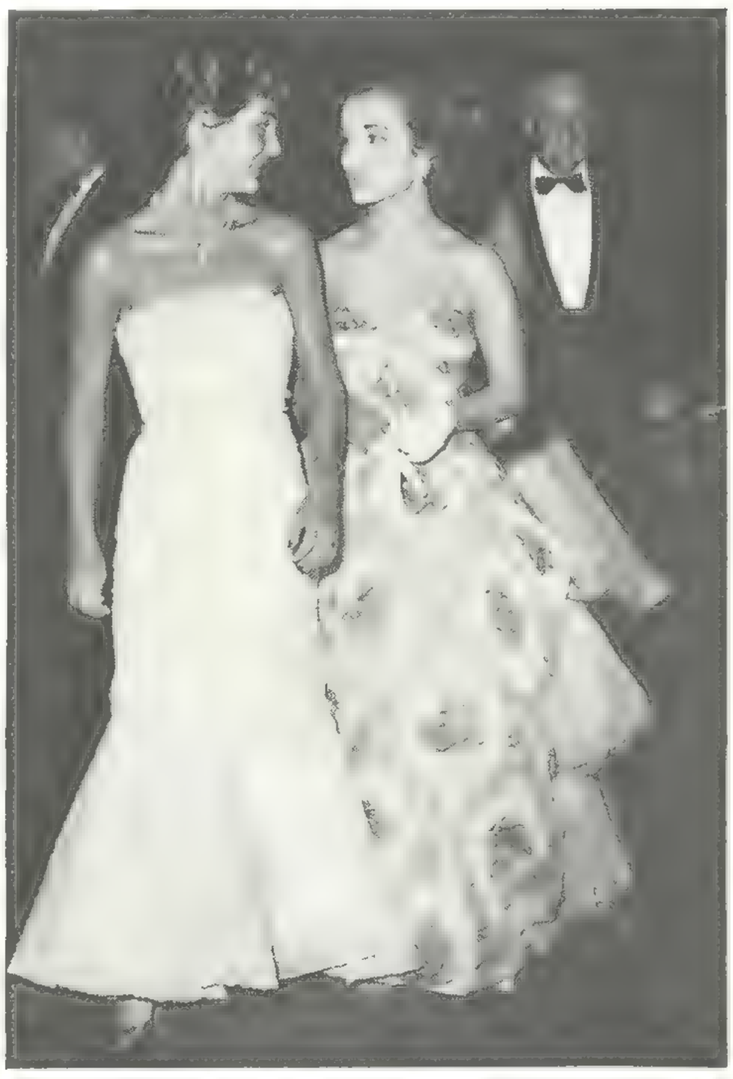
Débutante, at the ball: Miss Eliane David-Weill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pierre David-Weill, who came out in New York this winter (February 15 Vogue), again in Paris in June.

New York party: for France

The French Hospital and other Franco-American projects benefited—and *tout* New York danced. The event: the third annual April in Paris Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria, garlanded, for the evening, with fresh wood violets and 10,000 yards of pale green silk.



Wearing white satin with brunet perfection: Mrs. Manuel D. Quintana of New York and Long Island, photographed here with Mr. Julien Chaqueneau.



The pretty Bouvier sisters: Mrs. John Kennedy, wife of the Senator from Massachusetts (and winner of Vogue's 16th Prix de Paris), and Mrs. Michael Canfield of New York.



Now in Washington, where her husband is a lawyer for the Air Force: Mrs. Walter D. Sohier, the former Miss Wendy Burden of New York.

Washington party: for Home Rule

Washingtonians turned out in droves for it—the first Home Rule Ball, held in bowers of May flowers at the Statler Hotel. Wanted: for D. C., the suffrage, in city and national affairs. Achieved: a great surge of new capital for the project.





European support for the project: Countess de la Granville, wife of the newly appointed Counselor of the French Embassy.

Recent bride, recent arrival in the capital: Mrs. Fitzhugh Green. Mr. Green is with the Citizens for Eisenhower Committee.



In New York between trips
to the Coast and the Continent:
Mr. and Mrs. Huntington Hartford—
actress Marjorie Steele.



Chairmen—executive and honorary, respectively:
Mrs. William C. T. Gaynor and the French
Minister Plenipotentiary, Count Jean de Lagarde.



Visitor from Italy and Hollywood:
Miss Pier Angeli, soon to go before the
cameras in MGM's *Two Girls from Bordeaux.*

DE MORGOLI



Wife of a White House staff member:
Mrs. Stanley Rumbough, junior,
formerly of New York,
photographed with Mr. Fitzhugh Green.



Another ex-New Yorker:
Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald,
whose lawyer husband is now
engaged in Government work.

Three of Washington's Great Ladies:
Mrs. Robert Low Bacon;
Madame Henri Bonnet,
wife of the French Ambassador;
and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.





Rodin, who died in 1917, in his Paris studio, the cavernous Hôtel de Biron, found for him by his secretary, Rainer Maria Rilke

RODIN:

SUPERB EXHIBITION IN U.S.A.

Of the more than two hundred and thirty sculptures, some small, some monumental, which Auguste Rodin created in his long, furiously active life (with its fourteen-hour work day), forty-four are now on a ten months' tour of museums here. Among the notable heads is that of Charles Baudelaire, one of the greatest French poets, a man incredibly knowl-



CL. L'ÉMERY



Rodin's head of Charles Baudelaire

edgeable about art, friend of Manet, Daumier, and Delacroix, but not of Rodin. Although the two never met, the poet profoundly influenced the artist, the greatest sculptor of his time. On the base of Rodin's statue, "The Kiss," are carved the lines from Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal* beginning, "I am beautiful, mortals, as a dream of stone . . ."

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, the genius whose work Rodin so admired that he modelled his head, from imagination and descriptions, thirty years after the poet's death. Of his poetry—much of it banned during his life—another poet, Rainer Maria Rilke, said that Baudelaire wrote "lines like reliefs, and sonnets that carry like columns . . ."

Lipchitz, with his life's sculpture, in his studio at Hastings-on-Hudson, New York (1954)

LIPCHITZ:

SUPERB EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK

To Jacques Lipchitz, the daring of Rodin makes him the genius who gave a "completely renewed vision" to art. It was late recognition, however, for when Rodin praised a Lipchitz figure before World War I, the young sculptor, dismayed, wondered what his work lacked that Rodin liked it so much. Now one hundred and twenty sculptures by Lipchitz are revealed monumentally at the Museum of Modern Art, a show later



BLUMENFELD



Lipchitz head of Raymond Radiguet (1920)

to go to Minneapolis and Cleveland. Last spring, in preparation, the gentle, strong Lipchitz, whose eyes are the shape and blueness of Modigliani eyes, massed in his studio a lifetime's work. Cubist plasters of 1913, dark grey clays of 1935, and everywhere golden bronzes stretching like flames. On a pedestal, a black bronze head of Radiguet, as notable as the Baudelaire of Rodin.

RAYMOND RADIGUET, who shot like a falling star over Paris, had six extraordinary years from the time he was fourteen until he died at twenty in 1923, the author of two books of poems, of two novels, *The Devil in the Flesh* and *The Count's Ball.* At seventeen Radiguet posed for this head by Lipchitz, a young man's touching portrait of a "marvellous boy."

A handful of manners for children under eight

All children live happier within a rigid fence of manners. Without a firm guardrail to steady themselves by, they are bewildered by too many alternatives, doubts, and indecisions. It's a parent's job to set up the fence, picket by picket; to teach the simple "first" manners (how do you do and the handshake); to prepare a child for situations where specific manners will be called for—at a party, in a restaurant or theatre, for instance. It is a parent's job to understand and protect a child's brief span of attention from unfair demands which, along with lack of training, are 99% responsible for "bad manners." (Bad management, really.)

Children under eight need few formal manners. A handful really. But that handful can make the difference between an attractive and an unattractive child. What would be a good handful of manners for children under eight? Maybe ten specific, absolutely routine phrases, and about six or eight clear-cut actions.

We asked some under-eights what they themselves—in all fairness—felt could be expected of them by way of manners. They were very tidy-minded about it. "Thank you. Please. How do you do? Very well, thank you. Thank you for a lovely party. Yes, Mrs. Exeter. Good-bye, Mrs. Warren." And that was the handful of phrases.

How about the handful of clear-cut actions? Staying put at table; getting up when a grownup came into the room; letting grownups through an elevator or a doorway first—and in the case of little boys over five or six, opening doors (or at least making a stab at it). Shaking hands nicely, listening politely, coming into a room quietly.

Just to see if they were giving us ideal future behaviour, rather than guaranteed-now manners we asked, "At what age may one expect you to knock on a door before entering?" Eight-year-olds, after a pause, stated flatly, "at *nine*." (Seven-year-olds insisted "*Eight*.") It was obviously not in the handful.

As children don't "grow" manners like teeth but have to learn them like the alphabet, one can hardly begin training a child too early. And it's no chore. In the beginning, manners are half a game, and half splendid effort. For instance, the easiest way to teach a three-year-old to come into a room and say "How do you do?" properly is to play it out. You sit on the sofa, the child comes over to you, says "How do you do," shakes hands and, if a girl, possibly makes a curtsey. From a child's point of view it is quite fun, only more important. Any corrections become acts of perfecting the game rather than criticizing. "Try taking my hand a little more firmly this time." Or, "Now suppose you *look* at me, when you say how do you do next time?" It's painless, it's easy, and in a matter of moments a manner is fixed for life.

Teaching a child to look-you-in-the-eye is not to prove his or her manliness or sweet sincerity; it's simply to make sure that the child can be heard. Small children normally address the knees, or at best the midriff of adults, if they don't look up. "Good-bye" is exactly twice as nice when a person's name is attached to it. That puts a responsibility on the parent for making clear and proper introductions.

After a child has come into a living room and said, "How do you do?" nicely all round—what then? What further should be expected? Absolutely nothing. The child should be excused from the room. Any parent keeping a child on-stage too long in a group of adults is simply asking for trouble. What's the child supposed to do? The child doesn't know, and that makes for uneasiness. Soon the child may begin swinging on chair backs and cutting conversations in half or dithering like a heavily-shod mosquito in the doorway. It is really the parents' job to see that a child doesn't get into such situations. Any sensible grownup, going into a child's room in a friend's house, usually stays about a minute and a half. Long enough for the amenities—not long enough for strain. A child in an adult living room deserves the same privilege of escape.

Certain manners of consideration are required of a child in a restaurant or at a theatre or a movie, and a child should be prepared for them in advance. (Otherwise it's nag, nag, nag.) And grownups should be prepared to make certain concessions or not take the child. In a restaurant, after the child has eaten quietly, tidily, quite like a grownup, the manners of the best prepared child are going to come apart at the seams if the adults don't go when the meal is over. Again, it's a case of what is the child supposed to do if the grownups laze over second cups of coffee?

Children who talk or wriggle all through a play or movie have either not been told how to behave in a theatre ("not a word, and no getting out of your seat"), or they are simply too young to be held by anything so sustained, and get a kind of claustrophobia against their own silence and inactivity. Those children shouldn't be there—not for the whole performance anyhow.

One way to insure considerate behaviour in a theatre is to tell the child that he doesn't have to stay, that he must be quiet while he's there, but that you'll take him out any time he likes. Sounds extravagant if you've bought theatre tickets—but it's pretty extravagant to alienate twelve square yards of audience, and perhaps bore a child into a permanent negativeness towards theatre, concerts, and operas.

The curtsey for little girls and the bow for boys are anything but national customs. But where they are considered "manners" and only there, a child should be taught to make them, and make them well. There is no denying that probably the most enchanting "mobile" of manners ever designed is a little boy's bow (his head dipping forward so abruptly that you wonder for the hollow little neck) and any little girl making a curtsey. The miniature stateliness, the elaborate grace, and then, to redeem it from artificiality, the Wobble, the slight, but dignified Wobble.



PENN

THE MADELEINE: CHILDREN'S FASHION, ONE MINUTE OLD

Very happy to be the first little girls in America to be inside madeleines: the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. James Jeffrey Roche—Deirdre, Hilary, and Robin (they're ten, four, and seven years old, respectively). Their madeleines: something we've been looking for—a dress as becoming as a pinafore, as daily as the little French children's smock, and as washable and tough as a pair of blue jeans. It's in blue denim, fastens at the shoulders, has its own secret hiding place (pockets as deep as hems, halfway round). Madeleines in sizes 3 to 6x, long enough to be worn as dresses or over dresses, all year. $4. Madeleines in sizes 7 to 10, smock-length only, $5. These, by Kate Greenaway, in Avondale denim: at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN



The Walter Kerr family in a reasonably relaxed moment. Mr. Kerr, the calm, squarely effective drama critic of the New York Herald Tribune, *directed the hit comedy which Mrs. Kerr, a handsome, mocking, many-witted woman, wrote with Eleanor Brooke. Both are former students of Mr. Kerr at Catholic University. This circular arrangement has turned into a major success.*

PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES!

By Jean Kerr

Co-author of *King of Hearts*



Christopher

We are being very careful with our children. They'll never have to pay a psychiatrist twenty-five dollars an hour to find out why we rejected them. We'll tell them why we rejected them. Because they're impossible, that's why.

It seems to me, looking back on it, that everything was all right when there were two of them and two of us. We felt loved, protected, secure. But now that there are four of them and two of us, things have changed. We're in the minority, we're not as vigorous as we used to be, and it's clear that we can not compete with these younger men.

You take Christopher—and you *may;* he's a slightly used eight-year-old. The source of our difficulty with him lies in the fact that he is interested in the precise value of words whereas we are only interested in having him pick his clothes up off the floor. I say, "Christopher, you take a bath and put all your things in the wash," and he says, "Okay, but it will break the Bendix." Now at this point the shrewd rejoinder would be, "That's all right, let it break the Bendix." But years of experience have washed over me in vain and I, perennial patsy, inquire, "*Why* will it break the Bendix?" So he explains, "Well, if I put *all* my things in the wash, I'll have to put my shoes in and they will certainly break the machinery."

"Very well," I say, all sweetness and control, "put everything but the shoes in the wash." He picks up my agreeable tone at once, announcing cheerily, "Then you *do* want me to put my belt in the wash." I don't know what I say at this point but my husband says, "Honey, you mustn't scream at him that way."

Another version of this battle of semantics would be:

"Don't kick the table leg with your foot."

"I'm not kicking, I'm tapping."

"Well, don't tap with your foot."

"It's not my foot, it's a fork."

"Well, don't tap with the fork."

"It's not a *good* fork," . . . et cetera, et cetera.

Chistopher is an unusual child in other respects. I watch him from the kitchen window. With a garden rake in one hand he scampers up a tree, out across a long branch, and down over the stone wall—as graceful and as deft as a squirrel. On the other hand, he is unable to get from the living room into the front hall without bumping into at least two pieces of furniture. (I've seen him hit as many as five, but that's championship stuff and he can't do it every time.)



The twins

He has another trick which defies analysis, and also the laws of gravity. He can walk out into the middle of a perfectly empty kitchen and trip on the linoleum. I *guess* it's the linoleum. There isn't anything else there.

My friends who have children are always reporting the quaint and agreeable utterances of their little ones. For example, the mother of one five-year-old philosopher told me that when she appeared at breakfast in a new six-dollar pink wrap-around, her little boy chirped, in a tone giddy with wonder, "Oh look, Our Miss Mommy must be going to a wedding!" Now I don't think any one of my children would say a thing like that. (What do I mean, I don't *think;* there are some things about which you can be positive.) Of course, in a six-dollar wrap-around I wouldn't look as if I were going to a wedding. I'd look as if I were going to paint the garage. But that's not the point. The point is: where is that babbling, idiotic loyalty that other mothers get?

A while back I spoke of a time when there were two of them and two of us. In my affinity for round numbers, I'm falsifying the whole picture. Actually, there never were two of them. There was one of them, and all of a sudden there were three of them.

The twins are four now, and for several years we have had galvanized iron fencing laced onto the outside of their bedroom windows. This gives the front of the house a rather institutional look and contributes to unnecessary rumours about my mental health; but it does keep them off the roof, which is what we had in mind.

For twins they are very dissimilar. Colin is tall and active and Johnny is short and middle-aged. Johnny doesn't kick off his shoes, he doesn't swallow beer-caps or tear pages out of the telephone book. I don't think he ever draws pictures with my best lipstick. In fact, he has none of the charming, light-hearted "boy" qualities that precipitate so many scenes of violence in the home. On the other hand, he has a feeling for order and a passion for system that would be trying in a head nurse. If his pyjamas are hung on the third hook in the closet instead of on the second hook, it causes him real pain. If one slat in a Venetian blind is tipped in the wrong direction he can't have a moment's peace until somebody fixes it. Indeed, if one of the beans on his plate is slightly longer than the others he can scarcely bear to eat it. It's hard for him to live with the rest of us. And vice versa.



The baby

Colin is completely different. He has a lightness of touch and a dexterity that will certainly put him on top of the heap if he ever takes up safecracking. Equipped with only a spoon and an old emery board he can take a door off its hinges in seven minutes and remove all of the towel racks from the bathroom in five.

Gilbert is only seventeen months old and it's too early to tell about him. (As a matter of fact, we can tell, all right, but we're just not ready to face it.) Once upon a time we might have been taken in by smiles and gurgles and round blue eyes, but no more. We know he is just biding his time. Today he can't do much more than eat his shoelaces and suck off an occasional button. Tomorrow, the world.

My real problem with children is that I haven't any imagination. I'm always warning them against the commonplace defections while they are planning the bizarre and unusual. Christopher gets up ahead of the rest of us on Sunday mornings and he has long since been given a list of clear directives: "Don't wake the baby," "Don't go outside in your pyjamas," "Don't eat cookies before breakfast." But I never told him, "Don't make flour paste and glue together all the pages of the magazine section of the Sunday *Times.*" Now I tell him, of course.

And then last week I had a dinner party and told the twins and Christopher not to go in the living room, not to use the guest towels in the bathroom, and not to leave the bicycles on the front steps. However, I neglected to tell them not to eat the daisies on the dining-room table. This was a serious omission, as I discovered when I came upon my centrepiece—a charming three-point arrangement of green stems.

The thing is, I'm going to a psychiatrist and find out why I have this feeling of persecution . . . this sense of being continually surrounded. . . .



Mrs. Kerr wrote her share of the play by the water front in New Rochelle, in this car, on this clipboard.



MR. AND MRS. CLAIBORNE PELL AND THEIR CHILDREN

The Pells spend a good part of the year in Newport. To house their energetic family—from left to right, Dallas, four; Julie, the baby; Toby, six; and Bertie, eight—Mr. and Mrs. Pell designed their own house, on a dune near Bailey's Beach; long, low, shingled, and all on one level. Both are crack tennis players, and they and the older children love to sail. (Julie's activities still end pretty much at the high-tide mark.)

Family album— Newport

TONI FRISSELL

MR. AND MRS. E. TAYLOR CHEWNING, JUNIOR, AND THEIR CHILDREN

The handsome blond Chewnings spend the summers in Newport, the winters in Washington, with Mr. Chewning commuting between the two on summer week ends. Mr. and Mrs. Chewning both play good golf, and, during the winter months, hunt in Maryland. The children, blond as dandelions, are (from left) Taylor, third, aged five; Emily Blair, six; Alexander, two; William, three.

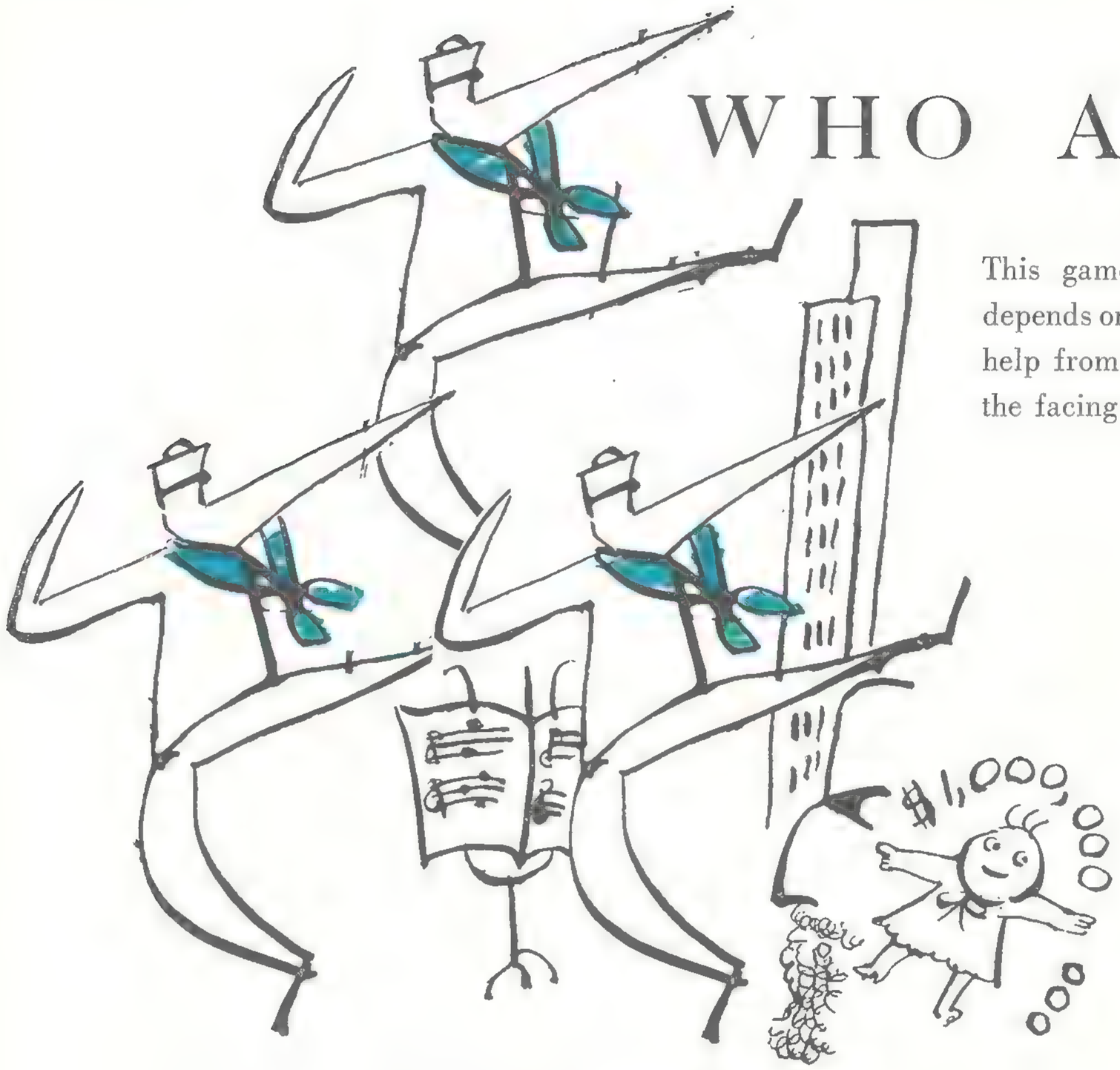


MR. AND MRS. CHARLES B. P. VAN PELT AND THEIR CHILDREN

When they're in Newport, Mr. and Mrs. Van Pelt, their son Peter, six, and daughter Abby Ann, three, stay with Mrs. Van Pelt's mother, Mrs. Guy Fairfax Cary. They live in Far Hills, New Jersey, where the Van Pelts hunt on horseback *and* foot; he is Hunt Secretary of a basset hound pack which meets on winter Sunday afternoons.

WHO ARE THEY?

This game, which is a painless summer brain-twister, depends on figuring out the sketched clues with a little added help from the captions. The answers are at the bottom of the facing page, upside down. Sketches by Priscilla Peck.



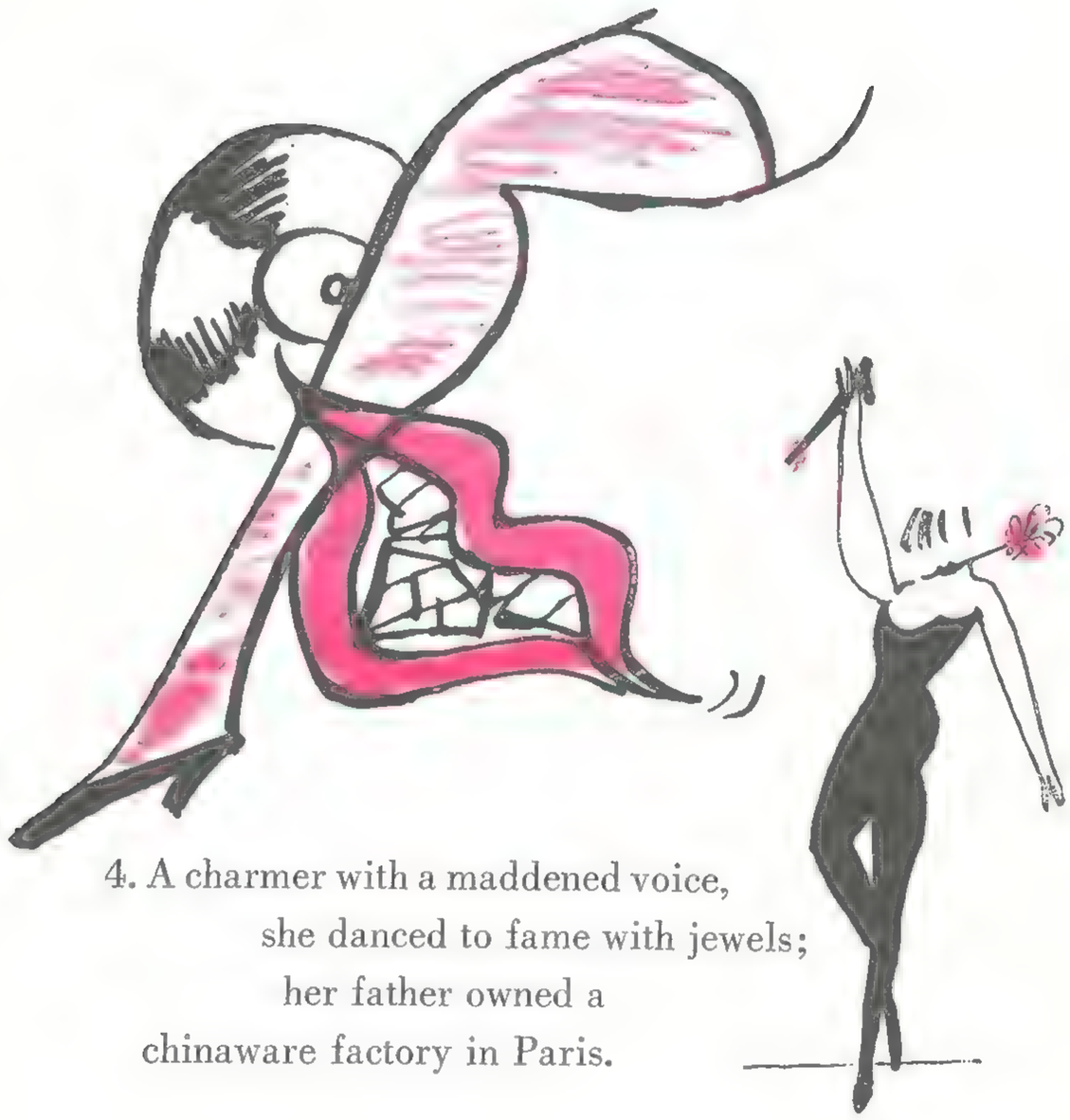
1. Stars shoot to further success in the songs,
the ballets of this serious musician,
famous since he was twenty-five.



2. This sportsman once was war correspondent
for *The Toronto Daily Star* in Turkey.



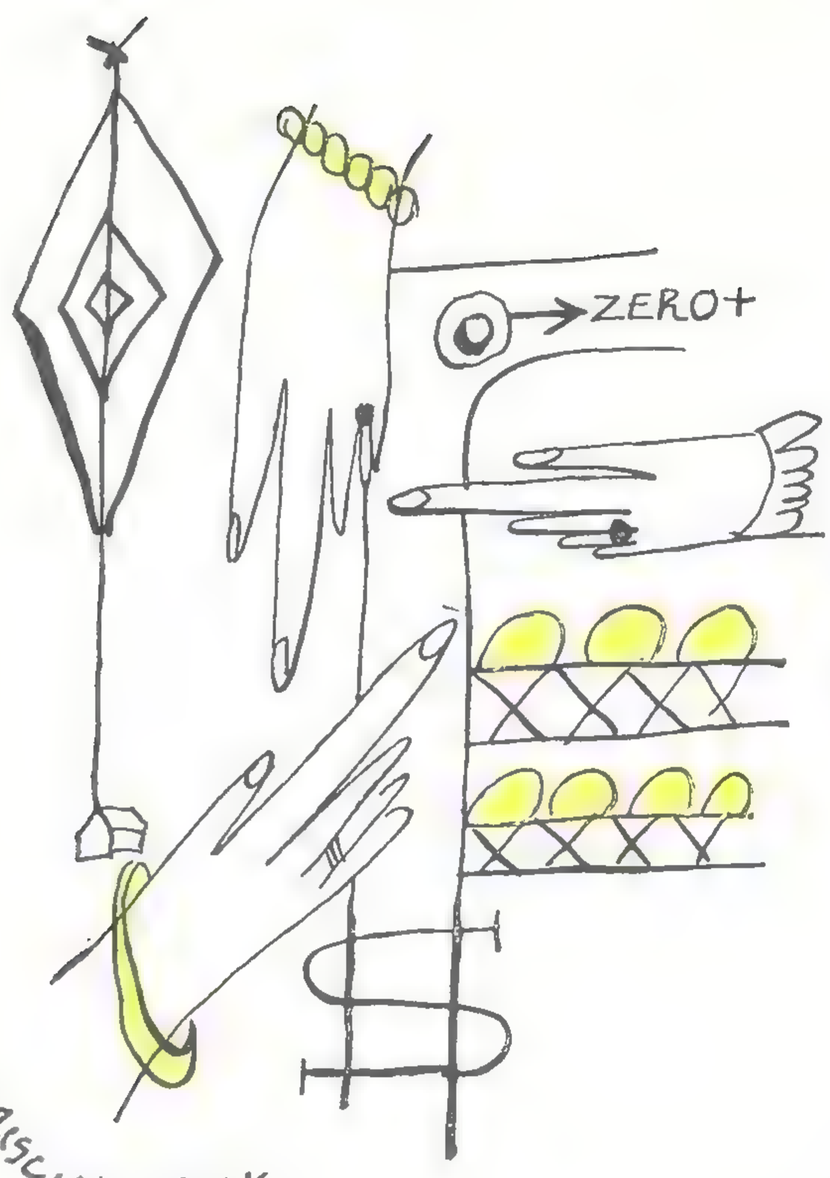
3. The top man
in his specialized corner,
he is sketched in an approximation of
the lotus position.



4. A charmer with a maddened voice,
she danced to fame with jewels;
her father owned a
chinaware factory in Paris.



5. This former dancer with
Katherine Dunham sang for
the King and Queen of Greece
in an enticing tiger voice.



6. An ex-Powers-model,
she rose to fame
during the 1952 conventions
in Chicago, works miracles
in the kitchen.



7. This amateur painter,
a British Naval Reserve officer,
delights in multiple rôles, in dual rôles,
will play a mobster or a king.

1. Leonard Bernstein 2. Ernest Hemingway 3. Yogi Berra
4. Renée Jeanmaire 5. Eartha Kitt 6. Betty Furness 7. Alec Guinness

RAWLINGS



New nonstop dresses: fluid, soft, pale

Beginning now, and running indefinitely: the dress with a new gentle manner. Very feminine, yet completely emancipated from seasonal restrictions. Seen, on these pages, in new situations (situation here: new importance of paleness). *Opposite:* For cool nights in August, for fur-wrapped February . . . sand-coloured nylon matte jersey. Deep V-neck, crossed cummerbund. The abundant beads, by Richelieu; Bonwit Teller. "Camellia" Superglow face powder, Germaine Monteil. *Above:* Wonderful colour (larkspur blue), wonderful neckline (wide, slightly curved). Same nylon matte jersey; so well-behaved it stays up for dinner. *Both dresses:* By Filcol, in a Webco fabric of Du Pont nylon. Each dress, about $60. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Harzfeld's; Joseph Magnin. Background for these two photographs: the apartment of decorator Florence Knoll.





Nonstop dresses: softest news yet

Far left: Making its own seasons, a dress with no stiffness of manner, no calendar-bound rigidity. In a wool-and-silk jersey, exactly suited to folds. (The drawstring neckline and the push-up sleeves, both marks of pliancy.) By Talmack; about $95. Right for red: Pond's "Dreamy Pink" lipstick. *Near left:* Nonstop red jersey again... for air-conditioned or roaring-fire bridge. Wool with Avisco rayon. Mollie Parnis, about $70. *Both:* Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Carnegie jewellery: Lord & Taylor.

Right of centre: Backbone of any wardrobe, a dress with these points of softness—flowing skirt gathered from a curved hip yoke; a folded cowl neckline; and faint front shirring. In black crêpe of Celanese acetate and rayon. The lengths of beads, the earrings, both by Richelieu, at Lord & Taylor. *Far right:* For dinners, from here to Christmas; Bianchini black crêpe of rayon and Du Pont acetate. Neck rimmed in grosgrain. *Both:* By Samuel Winston; each, about $95. From Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Frost Bros.



RUTLEDGE

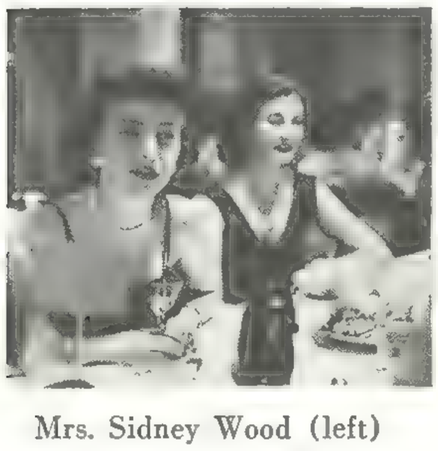


More nonstop dresses: July in town

The Metropolitan Museum has made a new contribution to the art of enjoying art: a restaurant court, open for lunch or coffee. Shown in this summer-city atmosphere (flashing fountains, a pool), two soft dresses: stopping in town, from now on. *Above left:* A dress with a soft skirt, a deep cornflower-blue colour. Inverted tucks to below the hips, then fullness. One bit of crispness: the taffeta bow. By Sylvan Rich for Martini, in acetate and Enka rayon crêpe. $70. At Jay Thorpe; Woodward & Lothrop. Satin turban, Mr. John. *Directly left:* The skirt that lies flat at the front, moves beautifully (there's an inverted back-pleat). Dress by Adele Simpson of Maxwell black silk. $80. At Lord & Taylor; Himelhoch's. The pillbox, Mr. John. Koret bag at Lord & Taylor.

Background for two dinner dresses (any month, any menu): a room at Roslyn Rosier's Town and Country Antiques, decorated just for the "Paris in New York" festivities. The dresses: soft, black. *Above right:* Slimness, with folds brought to a beautiful new conclusion; vertical at one side, horizontal at the other; criss-cross bodice. By Ceil Chapman in Style Trend rayon jersey of Avisco rayon. $110. Bergdorf Goodman; Dayton's. *Directly right:* Wonderful way to look at dinnertime . . . in a dress that's continuing fashion because it's the new soft look of fashion. Stitched tucks, releasing into soft pleats, making an understatement of great importance. By Talmack in Chardon crêpe of Enka rayon and acetate. $110. At Saks Fifth; Neiman-Marcus.

Miss Melissa Weston with Sidney Wood, Town Tennis Club president, and at right, National Intercollegiate Champion, Hamilton Richardson



Mrs. Sidney Wood (left) with Mrs. Stass Reed.



Celeste Holm and Sidney Wood.

Nonstop dresses at the Town Tennis Club



Hamilton Richardson with Mrs. Jeffrey Roche

New addition to summer pleasures in New York City: the Town Tennis Club, where a Round Robin championship (ten matches) is in progress, televised "live" Monday nights. The atmosphere, that of a country club . . . but right in the city's heart, within sound of the river boats. These two dresses: very good now, very good under furs for the club's winter activities (mostly dining). *Left:* Miss Melissa Weston wears silk twill; the neckline, a shoulder-enveloping fold. By Mollie Parnis; $110. *Above:* Mrs. Jeffrey Roche, also in silk twill. The full skirt, stitched and pleated. By Mollie Parnis; $125. *Both:* At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Famous-Barr.



Left to right: Mark Stevens, Mr. Wood, Charles Farrell.



Mrs. Edward Patterson, the former Joan Metzger.

KAREN RADKAI





Discoveries in beauty: July

For the New York-bound (and the bound-to-be in New York)—
a list of addresses where beauty is very much at home.

The Breck Salon, 5 East 57th Street, is a cool, pink oasis
devoted to the repair of hair. Their scalp treatments (which, incidentally,
start below the shoulders) are as relaxing an interlude as you could find in a city summer.
And their Cream Treatment (a rich whip, soaked up by the hair under a heat-cap)
takes the brittleness out of sun-bleached hair, puts back shine and manageability.
They do wonderful hair-fashioning and tinting here, too.

The Touch of Genius, 38 East 63rd Street, is a pretty place to go and
put your feet up for an hour. For that's how long it takes to have a superb
manicure there—and that's how you have it: resting comfortably on a chaise.
Pedicures can be given simultaneously, with two experts (trained by Revlon) operating
at one time. Prices: manicure, $3; pedicure, $4.50.

Janet Sartin, 667 Madison Avenue, gives a unique complexion and contour treatment,
which she recommends be given only once in six months. She uses her own skin preparations,
her own skilled hands, and electrical devices for aiding circulation.
After, she gives systematic and orderly instructions for further home care.
The treatment, consultation, and instructions: $25.

The Elizabeth Arden Salon, 691 Fifth Avenue, is headquarters for
startling and flattering party make-up. It was here that little sequins were first used
over eye-shadow, where velvet fluff was first mixed with mascara,
where the rhinestone beauty mark was first applied. Fantastic, or just plain *pretty,*
make-ups are $5 in the salon; from $10 at your house—just before the party.

L I Q U I D B E A U T Y D I E T . Opposite page,
one way to enjoy a city summer: personal temperature control arranged via the bath.
The best cooler we know is twenty minutes' rest in tepid water. And the best way to enjoy
every submerged second of it is to have all sorts of pleasant comforts within reach.
A mammoth sponge to fill and squeeze out in cool trickles over the shoulders.
The whistle-sharp, pervasive smell of lavender, as distilled by Yardley in
their soap, in their wooden bath bowl (which floats on the water like a toy boat—
bearing more soap to be whisked out with a long, soft brush).
And the generations-famous Lavender itself, in its crystal decanter. *And* besides,
the longest, ice-coldest drink to sip slowly, from its place on a copper tub tray.
(The tray, with easel mirror: at Hammacher Schlemmer. Sponge, brushes: at Haas Pharmacy.)

Mmmmm–what smells so good?

1 2 3 4 5 6

These do. All year—and even now, above the scents of scented summer.
For these are perfumes with depth and character and fame;
strong enough to hold their own against the sea air, life in the open, air conditioning—
and *other* flowers. A reason to note this fragrant memo now.

1. One of the best-known—yet always mysterious: Guerlain's "L'Heure Bleue."
2. "Nostalgia," not for things past—but deliciously present. By Germaine Monteil.
3. Dior's design in fragrance, the heady "Miss Dior."
4. "Flair," Yardley calls this spinning, light-as-a-waltz perfume.
5. As fresh as a patch of fern—a cool whiff of D'Orsay's "Fantastique."
6. Setting for summer brilliance: Dana's "Platine."
7. Schiaparelli's long-loved, ever-new "Shocking."
8. Lanvin's "Arpège." The woman who doesn't like it? Never heard of her.
9. Evyan's sentimental gesture: the lacy scent of "Most Precious."
10. Fresh-picked from Caron's charming garden: "Les Pois de Senteur de Chez Moi."
11. Jean Patou felt it was a "Moment Suprême" when this perfume was created.
12. The enduring, unchanging elegance of Chanel—in the fragrance of her "No. 5."



Who is Mrs. Exeter?

"Is she real?"
"Did Vogue
make her up?"
These are among the
frequent questions
about Mrs. Exeter
in Vogue's mail.

Well . . . *does* Mrs. Exeter really exist? No, not really. Did Vogue make her up? Yes, we did—but not out of thin air by any means. As to whether she's real or not, that's harder. She's real to us, and she's real to a lot of other people.

Actually, Mrs. Exeter is our name for any woman verging on sixty who wants to be attractive (and knows that she *can* be). For any woman of a certain age who charms her contemporaries, her elders, and younger people; for any woman who has accepted herself—and the fact that one does grow old. What sets her apart, perhaps, is her realization that what the years have made off with can be handsomely replaced. What she chooses as replacements are what make her Mrs. Exeter.

Among the replacements we like to think Mrs. Exeter has made are: A timeless wit that isn't tied to a decade by type or topic—or grounded in sarcasm. A new kind of beauty, quite independent of yesterday's waistline or colouring. A demonstrative warmth of affection (that she couldn't always have shown when she was younger), and a cheerful understanding of life's possibilities. And—an experienced way with fashion, and an entirely new coiffure within the last ten years.



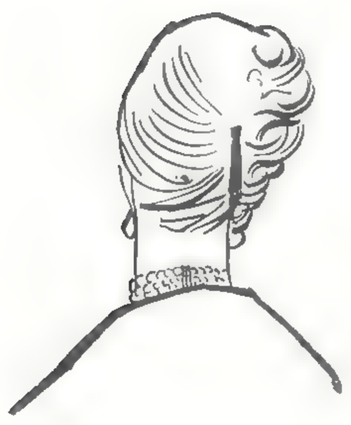
Some things are sure. Mrs. Exeter will never be one of those defensive older women who take offense too easily. She will never be the mother whose Sunday luncheons are a bore or a chore to her children. Mrs. Exeter will be in demand till the day she dies. Old school friends, old beaux, people she has met all over the world (and all over the last forty years) invariably look her up. Sometimes she may be a little harassed by this—but never ungrateful or untouched. When Mrs. Exeter meets people that she likes on sight, she can do something about it. Ask them in for lunch or a cup of tea, if dinner is impossible, but draw them into her life before the connection dies on the vine. Mrs. Exeter's dinners are small and lively. She mixes ages quite often, because she feels that the young should know the old and the old should know the young . . . that they are both incomplete human beings if they can't learn from one another—or simply enjoy one another.

She has kept many of her coquetries. She will always move in an atmosphere of perfume. Her bureau drawers are a pleasure to open. There's a faint flower fragrance in the living room. Her linen closet smells crisp and delicious. Mrs. Exeter wears pretty colours, beautiful, close-fingered gloves, face veils; she uses fans in the summer, appears to give total attention to her vis-à-vis, has an unexpectedly young laugh, and a way of leaning forward as she listens that has flattered a generation of men.

She has certain other attributes that seem to affect the gentlemen as powerfully as coquetries: infallible promptness, playing a competent and good-tempered game of bridge, wearing sound walking shoes when walking is the object; serving good food and drink; having a quick appreciation of their witticisms, and a deep respect for the intelligence of the American businessman.

We've come to the conclusion that many of Mrs. Exeter's qualities reflect in her dress. Perhaps the same characteristic that makes her pay her bills with promptness and quote people accurately, keeps her shoes treed, polished, and level-heeled, and her back hair very neat, no matter how softly she wears the front.

Possibly it's the open-mindedness with which she listens to new theories, and the fire with which she disputes a popular opinion she doesn't agree with, that gave her the judgment and spunk to fight free of the safe-and-dreary print dress and the middle-aged "V" neckline—which *isn't* necessarily the most becoming. (And she wouldn't be caught in a sleeveless sheath if it were the last dress on earth.) If any of Mrs. Exeter's jewellery is "costume," on her it doesn't look it. If you see her with a rope of green beads at her throat, you'll instinctively think "jade." Her pearls—by size, texture, and association—always seem real. (Her favourites: three graduated strands, or a three-strand, even sized, dog collar, always brilliantly clean.)



When Mrs. Exeter was "young Mrs. Exeter," she used to choose her clothes and colours and accessories primarily because they did something for her skin or eyes or hair. Now she chooses things that are primarily beautiful-in-themselves. (Mrs. Exeter aims to give pleasure to the eye, one way *or* another.) She wears a pale-pink satin scarf, a pair of green satin evening slippers with bright square rhinestone buckles, a white chiffon stole embroidered with small bright flowers, a jewel-like beaded evening bag—all things that would be beautiful if they were strewn on the dining-room table.



By night, Mrs. Exeter wears light or bright pastels as often as black.
Because all her evening dresses have covered shoulders, and because they all reach the floor, they give her the length of line she needs to wear the pale and delicious colours that both please the eye of the observer and are very becoming.
As Mrs. Exeter would as soon appear in a bikini as with her upper arms exposed, she has a collection of stoles and shawls that fills an entire shelf in her closet. Sometimes she drapes one across her shoulders and knots it low at the back and stabilizes it with her diamond pin at the front. Some she wears like a fichu, some like a big asymmetric collar.
Her objective is to conceal that small area where the arm fits into the shoulder.
She likes a slow outward sweep of skirt, and the longest torso she can manage as she has a horror of looking "bunchy."
Her back décolletage is as low as her brassière permits.

Mrs. Exeter wears lovely colours in lovely weather, too. Pink, pale blue, green; crêpes and cottons, often tucked or hemstitched, always with sleeves to the elbow.
With them, she likes matching cardigans or straight jackets.
As there is a slight coolness between her and the sun these days (she tans unbecomingly), she always wears a wide-brimmed hat and gloves—and takes her sun in the shade.
She used to have her bathing suits made, but now she can find them in the shops—long enough in the skirt and high enough at the top.
When she isn't actually in the water, she almost always wears a mid-calf bathing coat.



In town she wears dark colours, but you'll never see her in unrelieved black.
Somewhere there will be that eye-pleasing note of colour; a scarlet hat or a green polka-dotted scarf; a bright, appetizing coat lining, or a brown alligator bag, so rich in colour and texture that it catches the eye the way red does.
She loves mildly fitted coat-dresses, first for their clear shapely cut, and second because she can do her hair and put on her hat first.
(Mrs. Exeter is a great one for back views, and saleswomen sometimes wonder if she has looked at the front of the dress at all.)

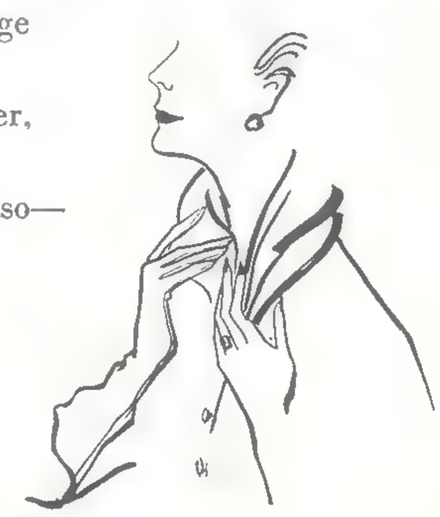
Often Mrs. Exeter is a better "hat woman" than her own daughter.
One reason: grey hair is a wonderful foil for clear bright colour—scarlet, turquoise, royal blue, peridot-green, and even magenta or coral.
With her dark town clothes, these brilliant notes are one more way of wearing things that are "beautiful in themselves." But, bright or dark, she chooses the simplest silhouettes: the sailor, the pill box, the platter, and rarely adorned with anything more than a bow or a loop in the same colour.
As her hair is always close to the back of her head (whether it's long or a close-swept short), she gives an elegance to a silhouette that milliners love her for.



All of Mrs. Exeter's shoes—even her needle-heeled evening slippers—have closed toes.
She wears opera pumps almost exclusively, and insists on slender heels even in her mid-heel town shoes (and finds them, these days).
Her legs, like those of so many American women, remain quite beautiful.

Mrs. Exeter's gloves come closer to being a glove "wardrobe" than any other woman's we know. Her white gloves are the cleanest; her town gloves the most close-fitted; her country gloves the finest leather.
And you're more likely to catch Mrs. Exeter taking too many cocktails than showing ravelled or scruffy finger tips.

We're often asked if Mrs. Exeter wears make-up. The answer is: of course she does.
She wears a base, powder, lipstick, and often rouge. She's careful to place her rouge high, and she's pernickety about the neatness of her lip outline.
Her theory: as one grows older, one's face tends to get mussier rather than neater, and a tidy mouth is every bit as helpful as a well-boned nose.
Occasionally we're asked if Mrs. Exeter dyes her hair. The answer is, we suppose so—but if she does, it's so well done we haven't been able to tell.
Mostly we think of her with gray hair.



Having read this far, you see how it is with us.
We can't say that Mrs. Exeter isn't real. Somehow she chooses her own clothes, and thinks and speaks in her own words—not ours.
It's curious—if Mrs. Exeter *isn't* real—that so many minds are in agreement about her appearance, her behaviour, her attitude, and her taste.
Somehow, if we were to see her familiar silhouette whisking down a Vogue corridor one day, we wouldn't be surprised.



New tweed life: any time now



Fine comfortable feeling, this: owning, right now, next autumn's most important suit. And what would that suit be? Tweed, without question. Thinned-down tweed, as here. These have been cut, stitched, and delivered, for the woman who wants to make her autumn fashion plans early, and stick to them as planned; for the woman who knows that the first cool breeze could begin to blow any time now—in San Francisco, en route to Europe, or wherever air conditioning is. *At left:* Lightweight black-and-white tweed shaped into an easy belted suit by Davidow, about $115. Lord & Taylor; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. The grosgrain runner, velvet cap: Mr. John. Milch bag: Lord & Taylor. *Above:* An easy line: this of light, rust-coloured tweed by Davidow, about $100. Altman; Carson Pirie Scott; Hudson's; Dayton's. The in-town accessories: a saucer hat, a leopard silk umbrella: Mr. John. Black calfskin Koret bag: Altman.





Tweed-life news: any city

Brand new fashion situation emerging here: tweed that only goes to the country en route to more city life. The marks of tweed's new fashion: completely urban cut, new speckled depths of colour, in-town accessories (notice the effect of Paisley with tweed). *Above left:* The tweed life here, full of colour: a blue British tweed suit with a Norfolk jacket, wide collar. By Harry Frechtel, about $135. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. *Above centre:* An in-town suit of grey Forstmann wool tweed by Seymour Fox, $135. At Saks Fifth; Dayton's; Halle Bros. Jana bag: Saks Fifth. Flowerpot hat by Lilly Daché. *Above right:* A double-breasted town suit of colour-flecked grey tweed by Rothmoor, $70. Bendel's Young-Timers; Frederick & Nelson. The big suède pouch bag, from Henri Bendel. *Below right:* Scarfed with Paisley, a cardigan-jacketed suit (notice the new collar) of grey-and-brown Forstmann wool tweed, by Jablow, $135. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN

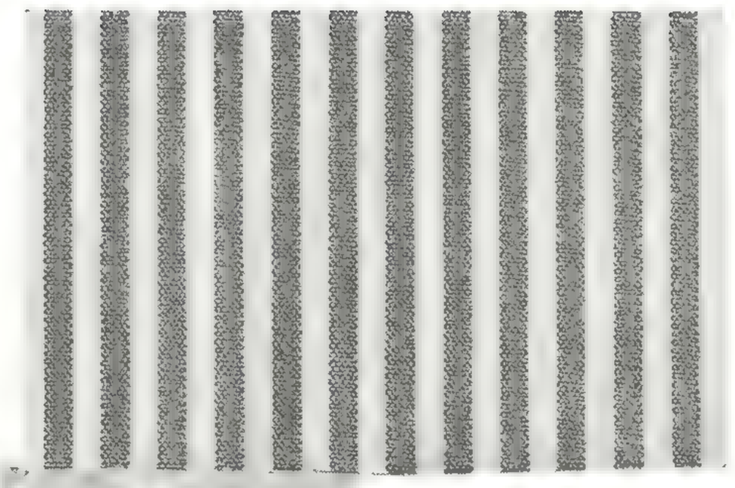




VOGUE, JULY, 1954



The coffee-corner: white-painted folding chairs; brass plant stands from Charles Hamilton; the sterling silver coffeepot "Francis I" by Reed & Barton.





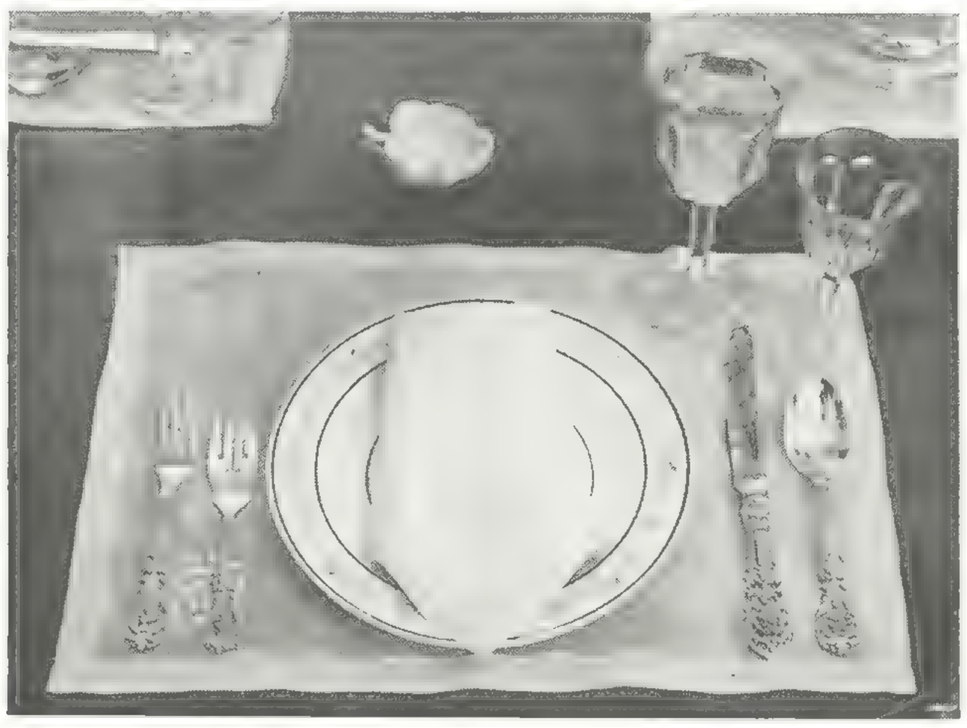
Above: Black and white striped cotton from Brunschwig & Fils. *Left:* Embroidered muslin tambour curtains from E. C. Carter.

Scene shifters in a town dining room

OTTO MAYA

Country house dining room? Acres of lawn outside and huge trees? Absolutely not. Here is a town dining room, formal and French, ready for a gay, relaxed summer in the city. (Matter of fact, you may have seen this room. Rogers McClelland designed it at the W. Jay Saylor Company for the "Paris in New York" benefit last April.) What was done: the heavy winter draperies came down, and up floated embroidered muslin curtains with cotton valances in the world's tidiest pattern—black and white stripes, unlined and "hemmed" with pinking shears. The old French fruitwood chairs (that all but make courtly bows in the winter) became quite larky in their striped cotton pinafores. The handsome thick carpet went off to storage, and shaggy yellow cotton ones make light of the floor. Really exquisite nonsense: the huge white birdcage with unreal doves flying from invisible wires. The sight: the equivalent of a ten-degree drop in temperature





Above: The cool sweep of dining room—white flowers, crisp stripes, and dim green walls.

Left: The mousseline place mats from Léron; the crystal "Harcourt" from Baccarat & Porthault; sterling silver "Francis I" by Reed & Barton.

NOTES ON A HORSE THIEF

(Continued from page 51)

but with triumph and pride: pride in the triumph of man, and that out of all his kind, time and geography had matched him with this hour:—America, the United States in this April of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen, where man had had a hundred and forty years in which to become so used to liberty that the simple unchallenged right to attend its ordered and regimented charades sufficed to keep him quiet and content; looking out at them a moment longer, then he turned and struck the handcuffs a sharp and almost musical blow and thundered down at the turnkey:

'What does this mean? Don't you know that no man shall be put twice in the same jeopardy?' then turned again and spoke into the room in that same voice like the rich snore of an organ: 'This man has been illegally arrested. The law compels his right to consult a lawyer. We will recess for ten minutes,' and turned again and opened the gate in the railing this time by thrusting the other two through it and on ahead of him toward the door to the judge's chambers, not even looking back as five men rose at the back of the room and went out through the main doors, and thrust the Negro and the turnkey into the judge's chambers and followed and shut the door and—the turnkey told this afterward—without even stopping, went on to the opposite door and opened it and was already standing in it when the five men from the courtroom came around the corner.

'Five minutes, gentlemen,' the lawyer said. 'Then we will resume in the courtroom,' and closed the door and came back to where the turnkey and the Negro stood. But he didn't even look at the Negro; and the turnkey, spent, exhausted, almost comatose from courage and excitement, discovered, realized with a kind of outraged unbelief that the lawyer, who had voluntarily given himself only ten minutes to do whatever he intended to do, was apparently going to use up some of them smoking, watching the lawyer produce the cigar from an upper pocket of the white vest which looked as if it had come right out from under the washerwoman's smoothing-iron five minutes ago—a pocket which contained three more just like it. Then the turnkey recognized its brand and therefore its cost—one dollar—because he had owned one once (and on the following Sunday morning smoked it) through the mistake of a stranger under the impression that it was the sheriff who had married his, the turnkey's, sister instead of he who had married the sheriff's brother's wife's niece, recognized it with grief and outrage too, the same thing happening again but this time a thousand times worse: the man who gave him the other cigar had asked nothing of him, whereas he knew now and at last what the lawyer wanted, was after, had been after all the while, setting the price of his, the turnkey's, corruption at that of a one-dollar cigar: this was the forty thousand dollars which the nigger had escaped with and hidden so good that even the Federal Government couldn't find it. Then the grief and outrage was not even outrage, let alone grief; it was triumph and pride and even joy too, since not only had the lawyer already lost even before he laid eyes on the nigger, he (the lawyer) wasn't even going to find it out until he (the turnkey) got good and ready to tell him, waiting for the lawyer to speak first, with no organ in the voice either now, which instead was as hard and calm and cold and vacant of trash as that of his wife's uncle-by-marriage:

'You've got to get him out of town. It's your only chance.' And maybe his (the turnkey's) voice wasn't too calm and maybe to a big-city lawyer it didn't sound too hard either. But even one as big as this one could have heard the finality in it and, if he listened, the scorn and the contempt and the pleasure too:

'I can think of another. In fact, I'm fixing right now to take it.' Then to the nigger: 'Come on': already moving toward the corridor door, drawing the nigger after him, and already reaching from the snap on his belt the ring containing the handcuff key. 'You're thinking of that money. I ain't. Because it ain't mine to think about. It's his, half of it, that is; whether or not a nigger ain't got any business with half of forty thousand dollars ain't none of my business nor yours neither. And soon as I unlock these handcuffs, he can go and get it,' and turned the knob and had opened the door when the voice stopped him—the hard calm not even loud voice behind him sounding like somebody dropping pebbles into a churn:

'Neither am I. Because there's not any money. I'm not even thinking about you. I'm thinking about your bondsmen' and (the turnkey) heard the match and turned in time to watch the flame's hunchy squat at the drawing cigar's tip and the first pale puff of smoke hiding for an instant the lawyer's face.

'That's all right too,' the turnkey said. 'I been living in the jail two years already. So I won't even have to move. I expect I can even stand chain-gang work too.'

'Pah,' the lawyer said, not through smoke but in smoke, by means of smoke, the puff, the spurt, the pale rich costly balloon bursting, vanishing, leaving the hard calm not loud word as durable and single as a piece of gravel or a buckshot: 'When you arrested this man the second time, you broke the law. As soon as you turn him loose, he won't have to hunt for a lawyer because there are probably a dozen of them from Memphis and Saint Louis and Little Rock waiting down there in the yard now, just hoping you will have no more sense than to turn him loose. They're not going to put you in jail. They're not even going to sue you. Because you haven't got any money or know where any is, any more than this nigger does. They're going to sue your bondsmen—whoever they were and whatever it was they thought you could do for them—and your—what is it? brother-in-law?—the sheriff.'

'They were my—' he started to say kinsmen, but they were not, they were his wife's kinsmen; he had plenty of his own, but none of them—or all of them together, for that matter—had enough money in a bank anywhere to guarantee a bond. Then he started to say friends, but they were his wife's family's friends too. But then it didn't matter what he said, because the voice had already read his mind:

'—which makes it harder; you might leave your own kinfolks holding the sack, but these are the sheriff's friends and you've got to sleep in the same bed with his niece every night.' Which was wrong too, since three years and two months and thirteen nights ago now, but that didn't matter either, the cigar smoking in the judge's ash tray now, and the voice: 'Come back here': and he returned, drawing the Negro with him, until they stood facing the white vest with its loop of watch-chain like section of gold plow-trace, and the voice: 'You've got to get him into a jail somewhere where they can hold him long enough for you to put a charge on him that the law will accept. They can turn him loose the next day or the next minute if they want to; all you want is to have him on record as having been charged with a legal crime or misdemeanor by a legally qualified officer of a legally constituted court, then when his lawyers sue your bondsmen for false arrest, they can tell them to go chase themselves.'

'What charge?' the turnkey said.

'What's the next big jail from here? Not a county seat: a town with at least five thousand people in it?' The turnkey told him. 'All right. Take him there. Take my car; it's in the hotel garage; I'll telephone my driver from here. Only, you'll—but surely I don't need to tell you how to spirit a prisoner out of the clutches of a mob.' Which was true too, that was a part of the turnkey's dream too; he had planned it all, run it through his mind out to the last splendid and victorious gesture, time and again since that moment two years ago when he had laid his hand on the Book and sworn the oath, not that he really expected it to happen but to be prepared against that moment when he should be called upon to prove not merely his fitness for his office but his honour and courage as a man, by preserving and defending the integrity of his oath in the very face of them by whose sufferance he held his office.

'Yes,' he said. 'Only—'

'All right,' the lawyer said. 'Unlock that damn thing. Here, give me the key' and took it from his hand and unlocked the handcuffs and flung them onto the table, where they made again that faint musical note.

'Only—' the turnkey said again.

'Now go around by the corridor and shut the big door to the courtroom and lock it on the outside.'

'That won't stop them—hold them—'

'Don't worry about them. I'll attend to that. Go on.'

'Yes,' he said, and turned, then stopped again. 'Wait. What about them fellows outside the door there?' For perhaps two or three seconds the lawyer didn't say anything at all, and when he did speak, it was as though there was nobody else in the room, or in fact as though he was not even speaking aloud.

'Five men. And you a sworn officer of the law, armed. You might even draw your pistol. They're not dangerous, if you're careful.'

'Yes,' he said, and turned again and stopped again, not looking back: just stopping as he had turned. 'That charge.'

'Vagrancy,' the lawyer said.

'Vagrancy?' he said. 'A man owning half of forty-five thousand dollars?'

'Pah,' the lawyer said. 'He doesn't own half of anything, even one dollar. Go on.' But now it was he who didn't move; maybe he didn't look back, but he didn't move either, talking himself this time, and calm enough too:

'Because this thing is all wrong. It's backwards. The law spirits a nigger prisoner out of jail and out of town, to protect him from a mob that wants to take him out and burn him. All these folks want to do is to set this one free.'

'Don't you think the law should cut both ways?' the lawyer said. 'Don't you think it should protect people who didn't steal forty-five thousand dollars too?'

'Yes,' the turnkey said; and now he looked at the lawyer, his hand on the doorknob again but not turning it yet. 'Only that ain't the question I want to ask anyway. And I reckon you got an answer to this one too and I hope it's a good one—' speaking calm and slow and clear himself too: 'This is all to it. I just take him to Blankton long enough to get a legal charge on the books. Then he can go.'

'Look at his face,' the lawyer said. 'He hasn't got any money. He doesn't even know where any is. Neither of them do, because there never was any and what little there might have been, that cockney swipe threw away long ago on whores and whiskey.'

'You still ain't answered,' the turnkey said. 'As soon as the charge is on the books, he can go.'

'Yes,' the lawyer said. 'Lock the courtroom doors first. Then come back for the nigger.' Then the turnkey opened the door; the five men stood there but he didn't even falter: on through and past them; then suddenly, instead of following the corridor to the courtroom's rear door as the lawyer had ordered him, he turned toward the stairs, moving fast now, not running: just moving fast, down the stairs and along the hall to the office of his wife's uncle-in-law, deserted now, and into the office, around the partition and straight to the drawer and opened it and without even faltering, took from beneath the mass of old discharged warrants and incomplete subpoenas and paper clips and rubber stamps and corroded pen points, the spare office pistol and slipped it into the empty holster and returned to the hall and mounted the opposite stairway which brought him to the main courtroom doors and drew

(Continued on page 102)

NOTES ON A HORSE THIEF

(Continued from page 101)

them quietly to, even as a face, then three, then a dozen, turned to look at him, and turned the key in the lock and withdrew it and put it into his pocket, already hurrying again, even running now, back to the judge's chambers where the lawyer had put the receiver back on its hook and pushed the telephone away and reached for the cigar in the ash tray and actually looked for the first time at the Negro, drawing the cigar to life in one slow inhale-exhale and through the smoke for the first time examined the calm no-aged Roman senator's face framed in a narrow unclosed circlet of grizzled hair clasping the skull like a Caesar's laurels above the aged worn carefully brushed carefully mended frock coat, and then spoke, the two of them in succinct flat *poste-riposte* that was almost monotone:

'You haven't got any money, have you?'

'No.'

'You don't even know where any is, do you?'

'No.'

'Because there's not any. There never was. And even that little, your white bully boy threw away before you even saw it—'

'You're wrong. And you believe you're wrong too. Because I know—'

'All right. Maybe it was even a whole hundred dollars.'

'More than that.'

'More than thirty thousand dollars?' and only the faintest hesitation here; no faulting: only an interval: the voice still strong, still invincibly unshaken and unshakable:

'Yes.'

'How much more than thirty thousand dollars? . . . All right. How much more than a hundred dollars? . . . Did you ever have a hundred dollars? Ever see a hundred dollars? . . . All right. You know it's more than a hundred dollars, but you don't know how much more. Is that it?'

'Yes. But you don't need to worry—'

'And you came back to get your half of the hundred dollars anyway.'

'I came back to tell him goodbye before he goes back home.'

'Back home?' the lawyer said quickly. 'You mean, England? Did he tell you that?' and the other, insuperably calm, insuperably intractable:

'How could he told me? Because he wouldn't need to. When a man comes to the place where he ain't got anything left worth spending or losing, he always goes back home. But you don't need to worry, because I know what you're fixing to do: lock me up in the jail until he hears about it in the newspapers and comes back. And you're right, because that's what he'll do, because he needs me too. And you don't need to worry about how much money it is; it'll be enough for all the lawyers too.'

'Like the loaves and the fishes?' the lawyer said. But this time it was not an interval; there was no answer at all, serenely nothing, and the interval was the lawyer's to put an end to: 'So he's the one who needs you. Yet he's the one who has the forty thousand dollars. How can anyone with forty thousand dollars need you?' And again the interval, intractable and serene, again the lawyer's to break: 'Are you an ordained minister?'

'I don't know. I bears witness.'

'To what? God?'

'To man. God don't need me. I bears witness to Him of course, but my main witness is to man.'

'The most damning thing man could suffer would be a valid witness before God.'

'You're wrong there,' the Negro said. 'Man is full of sin and nature, and all he does don't bear looking at, and a heap of what he says is a shame and a mawkery. But can't no witness hurt him. Some day something might beat him, but it won't be Satan,' and turned, both of them, at the sound of the door and saw the turnkey inside the room, trying to hold the corridor door, braced against its slow remorseless movement until the yawn's full inswing dismissed him completely into the wall and the five men from the corridor entered, the lawyer already moving before they had got inside the room, crossing to the opposite courtroom door, saying over his shoulder: 'This way, gentlemen,' and opened the door and stood aside holding it: no gesture or motion commanding nor even peremptory as, docile and simultaneous as five sheep, they filed across the room after him like five of the identical targets—ducks or clay pipes or stars—traversing on their endless chain the lilipu-tian range of a shooting-gallery, and on through the door, the lawyer following on the last one's heels and saying over his shoulder to the turnkey or the Negro or perhaps both or perhaps neither: 'Five minutes,' and followed, on and then through the five men who had stopped, huddled, blocking the narrow passage as if they had walked full tilt, as into an invisible wall, into the room's massed and waiting expectation; and on through the swing gate into the enclosure, to stop facing the room in almost the same prints he had stood in ten minutes ago, solitary this time but anything but alone amid, against, as a frieze or tapestry, that titanic congeries of the long heroic roster who were the milestones of the rise of man—the giants who coerced compelled directed and, on occasion, actually led his myriad moil: Caesar and Christ, Bonaparte and Peter and Mazarin and Alexander, Genghis and Talleyrand and Warwick, Marlborough and Bryan, Bill Sunday, General Booth and Prester John, prince and bishop, Norman, dervish, plotter and khan, not for the power and glory nor even the aggrandisement; these were merely secondarily concomitant and even accidental; but for man: by putting some of him in one motion in one direction, by him of him and for him, to disjam the earth, get him for a little while at least out of his own way—standing there a moment, then two, then three, not accepting but compelling the entire blast of the cynosure as in the twilit room the mirror concentrates to itself all of light and all else owns visibility only at second hand; four then five then six, while breathed no sound no sigh no sound of breathing even save the watch chain's golden sough and the thin insistent music of the pearl, still holding as in his palm like putty, the massed anonymity and the waiting as the sculptor holds for another moment yet the malleable obedient unimpatient clay, or the conductor across his balanced untensile hands the wand containing within its weightless pencil-gleam all the loud fury and love and anguish.

Then he moved his hand, feeling as he did so the whole vast weight of the watching and the attention concentrate in one beam upon it as the magician's hand compels, and took out the watch and snapped it open, seeing even as he calculated the elapsed creep of the hands, within the lid's mellow concavity as in the seer's crystal ball, the shadowy miniatures of the turnkey and the prisoner who should be well into the square by now and even perhaps already in the alley leading to the hotel garage; even at the moment there came into the room the rising roar of an automobile engine, then the sound of the car itself rushing fast into the square and across and out of it, rushing on at that contemptuous and reckless gait at which his insolent Negro driver always drove when, under his master's orders, the car contained passengers whom the driver considered beneath him or beneath the car's splendour—a swaggering demi-d'Artagnan of a mulatto murderer whom the lawyer had let remain in the penitentiary at hard labour for exactly one year and one day, as the handler wires the dead game bird to the neck of the disobedient hunting dog, then getting him out on parole, not that he (the lawyer) held any brief even for the murder of this particular woman, but because of the way it had been done; apparently with the razor already naked in his hand, the man had not driven the woman out of the cabin, but had simply harried and chivvied her through a scene which, as the lawyer imagined it, must have had the quality of ballet, until the woman broke and ran out of the house screaming into the moonlit lane, running without doubt toward the sanctuary of the white kitchen where she worked, until the man without haste overtook her, not to catch, grasp at her, but simply ran past her with one single neat surgeonlike back-handed slash of the razor, running into, then out of, the instant's immobility into which all motion flowed in one gesture of formulated epicene, almost finicking, even niggardly fatal violence like the bullfighter's, the two of them running on side by side for two or three paces in the moonlight until the woman fell, the man not even spotted and the blade itself barely befouled, as if he had severed not a jugular but a scream and restored merely to the midnight, silence.

So the lawyer could have stopped now, with one word leaving them once more fixed, as with one twitch of his cape the *espada* does the bull, and walk again through the door to the judge's chambers and on to the hotel and pack and strap his bag. But he did not: who owed this little more, as the old pagan, before he quaffed it empty, tilted always from the goblet's brimming rim one splash at least upon the hearth, not to placate but simply in recognition of them who had matched him with his hour upon the earth; in one of the houses on one of the best streets in one of the most unassailable sections of New Orleans, he owned a picture, a painting, no copy but proved genuine and coveted, for which he had paid more than he liked to remember even though it had been validated by experts before he bought it and revalidated twice since and for which he had been twice offered half again what he had paid for it, and which he had not liked then and still didn't and was not even certain he knew what it meant, but which was his own now and so he didn't even have to pretend that he liked it, which—so he believed then, with more truth than any save himself knew—he affirmed to have bought for the sole purpose of not having to pretend that he liked it; one evening, alone in his study (wifeless and childless, in the house too save for the white-jacketed soft-footed not tamed but merely tractable mulatto murderer) suddenly he found himself looking at no static rectangle of disturbing Mediterranean blues and saffrons and ochres, nor even at the signboard affirming like a trumpet-blast the inevictable establishment in coeval space of the sum of his past—the house in its unimpeachable street, the membership in clubs some of whose doors were older than the state and behind which his father's name would, could, never have disturbed the air, and the cryptic numbers which opened his lock boxes and monotonous incrementation of his securities-lists—but instead was looking at the cognizance of his destiny like the wind-hard banner of the old Norman earl beneath whose vast shadow not just bankers and politicians clicked and sprang nor governors and lieutenants blenched and trembled but at the groaning tables in whose kitchens and scullers or even open courtyards and kennels daily sixty thousand who wore no swords and spurs and owned no surnames made the one last supreme sacrifice: the free gift of their pauperism, and (the lawyer) thought: *I didn't really earn this. I didn't have time. I didn't even need to earn to earn it; man out of his boundless and incalculable folly foisted it on me before I even had time to resist him;* and closed the watch and put it back into the waistcoat pocket and then the voice, not even raised, murmurous, ventriloquial, sourceless, as though it were not even he but circumambience, the room, the high unsubstanced air itself somewhere about or among the soaring and shadowy cornices, not speaking to the faces but rather descending, not as sound but as benison, as light itself upon the docile, the enduring, the triumphing heads:

'Ladies, gentlemen—' then not louder: merely sharp peremptory and succinct, like the report of a small whip or a toy pistol: 'Democrats: On the fourth of November two years ago there rose from the ballot boxes of

(Continued on page 103)

NOTES ON A HORSE THIEF

(Continued from page 102)

America the sun of a thousand years of peace and prosperity such as the world has never seen; on the fourth day of November two years from now, we will see it set again, if the octopus of Wall Street and the millionaire owners of New England factories have their way, waiting and watching their chance to erect once more the barricade of a Yankee tariff between the Southern farmer and the hungry factories and cheap labour of the old world in Europe already entered into its own millennium of peace and reason, freed at last after two thousand years of war and the fear of war, panting only to exchange at a price you can afford to accept, your wheat and corn and cotton for the manufactured goods necessary to your life and happiness and that of your children at a price you can afford to pay, affirming again that inalienable right decreed by our forefathers a hundred and twenty-six years ago of liberty and free trade: the right of man to sell the produce of his own sweat and labour wherever and whenever he wants to, without fear or favour of New York capitalists or New England factory owners already spending like water the money ground out of the child labour of their sweatshops, to divert to the farthest corners of the earth the just profits of your sweat and labour, so that not your wives and children, but those of African savages and heathen Chinese will have the good roads and the schools and the cream separators and the automobiles—' then already in motion before he stopped speaking, crossing rapidly to the gate in the railing as with one concerted unhaste the entire room stood up, not flowing so much as swaying toward the main doors at the back, since almost at once a voice said from the doors:

'Hit's locked,' the sway not even pausing, only reversing and becoming a flow: one murmurous hollow roaring of feet, not running: merely shuffling yet as the crowd flowed back toward and into the narrow passage leading to the judge's chambers, where the lawyer, passing rapidly through the swing gate, now stood between them and the door; and even as he thought, *My first mistake was moving* he made another.

'Stand back, men,' he said and even raised his hand, palm out, seeing, marking for the first time, faces, individual faces and eyes which least of all were those of individuals now, but rather one single face bearing steadily down on him and overwhelming him until suddenly he was moving backward: no shock, no concussion, but simply enclosed, accepted into one moving envelopment; he stumbled once but immediately what felt like a dozen quick firm impersonal hands steadied and even turned him and then checked him while others reached past him and opened the door to the judge's chambers, not flinging nor even sweeping him aside, but evacuating, voiding him back into the wall as the crowd flowed on across the little room to the opposite corridor door, already emptying the room before they had had time to fill it, so that he knew that the first ones out had gone around to the main courtroom doors and unlocked them, so that not only the corridor but the whole building was murmuring again with the hollow unhurried thunder of feet while he stood for a moment more against the wall with in the centre of the once-immaculate waistcoat the print, not smeared: just blurred, not hurried, just firm and plain and light, of a hand.

And suddenly, in outrage and prescience, he started, actually sprang almost, already knowing what he would see before he reached the window, looking through it down into the square where they had already halted, the turnkey already facing back toward the courthouse as he fumbled inside his coat; except there were three of them now and the lawyer thought, rapid, inattentive and with no surprise: *Oh yes, the child who rode the horse* and looked no more at the turnkey scrabbling clumsily beneath his coattail but watched instead the deliberate pour of the crowd from the courthouse portal, already spreading as it converged toward the three waiting figures like the remorseless unhurried flow of spilled ink across a table cloth, thinking (the lawyer) how only when he is mounted on something—anything, from a footstool through a horse or rostrum to a flagpole or a flying machine—is man vulnerable and familiar; that on his own feet and in motion, he is terrible; thinking with amazement and humility and pride too, how no mere immobile mass of him, no matter how large nor apparently doing or about to do no matter what, nor even the mass of him in motion mounted on something which, not he but it, was locomotive, but the mass of him moving of itself in one direction, toward one objective by means of his own frail clumsily jointed legs and feet—not Genghis' bone horns nor Murat's bugles, let alone the golden voice of Demosthenes or Cicero, or the trumpet-blast of Paul or John Brown or Pitt or Calhoun or Daniel Webster, but the children dying of thirst amid Mesopotamian mirages and the wild men out of the northern woods who walked into Rome carrying even their houses on their backs and Moses' forty-year scavengers and the tall men carrying a rifle or an axe and a bag of beads who changed the colour of the American race (and in the lawyers' own memory the last individual: cowboy who marked the whole of Western America with the ranging dung of his horse and the oxidizing hulls of his sardine and tomato cans, exterminated from the earth by a tide of men with wire-stretchers and pockets full of staples); thinking with pride and awe too, how threatful only in locomotion and dangerous only in silence; neither in lust nor appetite nor greed lay wombed the potency of his threat, but in silence and meditation: his ability to move *en masse* at his own impulse, and silence in which to fall into thought and then action as into an open manhole; with exultation too, since none knew this better than the lords proprietors of his massed breathing, the hero-giant precentors of his seething moil, who used his spendthrift potency in the very act of curbing and directing it, and ever had and ever would: in Detroit today an old-time bicycle-racer destined to be one of the world's giants, his very surname an adjectival noun in the world's mouth, who had already put half a continent on wheels by families, and in twenty-five more would have half a hemisphere on wheels individually, and in a thousand would have already effaced the legs from a species just as that long-ago and doubtless at the time not-even-noticed twitch of Cosmos drained the seas into continents and effaced the gills from their fish. But that was not yet; that would be peace, and to attain that, the silence must be conquered too: the silence in which man had space to think and in consequence act on what he believed he thought or thought he believed: the silence in which the crowd walked, flowed steadily across the square toward the three waiting figures and out of which the turnkey cried in his thin high manless voice, dragging the new pistol in its turn from beneath his coat skirts:

'Stop, men! I'm going to count three!' and began to count: 'One—Two—' staring, even glaring at the faces which were not rushing at him nor did they even seem to walk at him, but rather towered down and over him, feeling again the pistol neither wrenched nor snatched but just wrung firmly from him and then other hands had him too. 'You durn fools!' he cried, struggling. But how say it? How tell them? You had to be honourable about money, no matter who had it; if you were not honourable about money, pitying the weak did them no good because about all they got from you then was just pity. Besides, it was already too late to try to tell them, even if there had been no other reason, the firm, quite kind, almost gentle hands not only holding him up but even lifting, raising him, and then they were even carrying him as two kinless bachelors might carry a child between them. his feet remembering earth but no longer touching it; then raising him still further until he could see, between and past the heads and shoulders, the ringed circumference of faces not grim and never angry: just unanimous and attentive, and in the centre of it the old Negro in the worn frock coat and the thin chocolate-coloured adolescent boy with eyeballs of that pure incredible white which Flemish painters knew how to grind; then the owner of the calm irascible voice spoke again and now for the first time the turnkey could see and recognize him: no lawyer or merchant or banker or any other civic leader, but himself a gambler who bucked from choice the toughest game of all: ownership of a small peripatetic sawmill where he had gone to work at the age of fifteen as the sole support of a widowed mother and three unmarried sisters, and now at forty owned the mill and a wife and two daughters and one granddaughter of his own, speaking at last into a silence in which there were not even the sound of breathing:

'How much did you and that fellow really win on that horse? A hundred dollars?'

'More,' the old Negro said.

'A thousand?'

'More than that': and now indeed there was no stir, no breath: only one vast suspension as if the whole bright April morning leaned:

'Was it forty thousand? . . . All right. Was it half of forty thousand? How much did you see? How much did you count? Can you count to a thousand dollars?'

'It was a heap,' the old Negro said: and now they breathed: one stir, one exhalation, one movement; the day, the morning once more relinquished, the voice its valedictory:

'There'll be a train at the depot in twenty-five minutes. You be on it when it leaves and don't come back. We don't like rich niggers here.'

'So we got on the train,' the old Negro said, 'and rode to the next station. Then we got out and walked. It was a far piece, but we knowed where he would be now if they would just let him alone—' the blue haze-cradled valley where the corners of Georgia and Tennessee and Carolina meet, where he had appeared suddenly from nowhere that day last summer with a three-legged racehorse and an old Negro preacher and the Negro child who rode the horse, and stayed two weeks during which the horse outran every other one within fifty miles, and finally one brought all the way from Knoxville to try to cope with it, then (the four of them) vanished again overnight six hours ahead of a horde of Federal agents and sheriffs and special officers like the converging packs of a state- or nation-wide fox-hunt.

'And we was right; he must a come straight back there from the Missouri jail because it was still June. They told us about it: a Sunday morning in the church and likely it was the preacher that seen him first because he was already facing that way, before the rest of them turned their heads and recognized him too standing against the back wall just inside the door like he hadn't never left—' the runner seeing it too, seeing almost as much as the Federal ex-deputy would have seen if he had been there: —the morose, savage, foul-mouthed, almost inarticulate (only the more so for the fact that occasionally a fragment of what he spoke sounded a little like what the valley knew as English) foreigner who moved, breathed, not merely in an aura of bastardy and bachelordom but of homelessness too, like a half-wild pedigreeless pariah dog: fatherless, wifeless, sterile and perhaps even impotent too, misshapen, savage and foul: the world's portionless and intractable and inconsolable orphan, who brought without warning into that drowsing vacuum an aggregation bizarre, mobile and amazing as a hippodrome built around a comet: two Negroes and the ruined remnant of the magnificent and incredible horse whose like even on four legs the valley or the section either had never seen before, into a country where a horse was any milkless animal capable of pulling a plow or a cart on weekdays

(Continued on page 104)

NOTES ON A HORSE THIEF

(Continued from page 103)

and carrying sacks of corn to the mill on Saturdays and bearing as many of the family as could cling to its gaunt ridgepole to the church on Sundays, and where there not only were none, but there never had been any Negroes; whose people man and boy from sixty-odd down to fourteen and thirteen, had fifty years ago quitted their misty unmapped eyries to go for miles and even weeks on foot to engage in a war in which they had no stake and, if they had only stayed at home, no contact, in order to defend their land from Negroes; not content merely to oppose and repudiate their own geopolitical kind and their common economic derivation, they must confederate with its embattled enemies, stealing, creeping (once at a crossroads tavern a party of them fought something resembling a pitched battle with a Confederate recruiting party) by night through the Confederate lines to find and join a Federal army, to fight not against slavery but against Negroes, to abolish the Negro by freeing him from them who might bring Negroes among them exactly as they would have taken their rifles down from the pegs or deer antlers above hearth and doorway to repel, say, a commercial company talking about bringing the Indians back.

Hearing it too: 'Except it wasn't two weeks we was there that first time. It was fifteen days. The first two they spent just looking at us. They would come from all up and down the valley, walking or on horses and mules or the whole family in the wagon, to set in the road in front of the store where we would be squatting on the gallery eating cheese and crackers and sardines, looking at us. Then the men and boys would go around behind the store where we had built a pen out of rails and scraps of boards and pieces of rope, to stand and look at the horse. Then we begun to run and by the fifth day we had outrun every horse in the whole valley and had done won even one mortgage on a ten-acre corn-patch up on the mountain, and by the seventh day we was running against horses brought all the way in from the next counties across what they called the Gap. Then six days more, with the folks in the valley betting on our horse now, until the fifteenth day when they brought that horse from Knoxville that had run at Churchill Downs back home once, and this time it was not just the valley folks but folks from all that part of Tennessee watching that three-legged horse without even no saddle (we never use no bridle neither: just a one-rein hackamore and a belly-band for this boy to hold on to) outrun that Knoxville horse the first time at five furlongs and the next time at a full mile for double stakes, with not just the folks in the valley but the folks from the other counties too betting on it now, so that everybody or anyway every family in that part of Tennessee had a share in what it won—'

'That's when he was taken into the Masons,' the runner said. 'During that two weeks.'

'Fifteen days,' the old Negro said. 'Yes, there was a lodge there.—Then just before daylight the next morning a man on a mule rid down from the Gap, just about a hour ahead of them—' the runner hearing this too as the old Negro himself had heard it a year afterward: when the sun rose the automobile itself stood in front of the store—the first automobile which the soil of the valley had ever imprinted and which some of the old people and children had ever seen, driven part of the way over the gap trail but indubitably hauled and pushed and probably even carried here and there for the rest of the distance, and inside the store the sheriff of the county and the city strangers in their city hats and neckties and shoes, smelling, stinking of excise officers, revenuers, while already the horses and mules and wagons of yesterday flowed back down from the coves and hills, the riders and occupants dismounting at once now, to pause for a moment to look quietly and curiously at the automobile as though at a medium-sized rattlesnake, then crowding into the store until it would hold no more of them, facing not the city strangers standing in a tight wary clump in front of the cold spit-marked stove in its spit-marked sandbox, they had looked at them once and then no more, but rather the sheriff, so that, since the sheriff was one of them, bore one of the names which half the valley bore and the valley had all voted for him and in fact, except for his dime-store cravat and their overalls, even looked like them, it was as though the valley merely faced itself.

'They stole the horse,' the sheriff said. 'All the man wants is just to get it back.' But no reply: only the quiet, grave, courteous, not really listening but just waiting faces, until one of the city strangers said in a bitter city voice:

'Wait—' already stepping quickly past the sheriff, his hand already inside the buttoned front of his city coat when the sheriff said in his flat hill voice:

'You wait,' his hand inside the other's buttoned coat too, already covering the other smaller one, plucking it out of the coat and holding easily in the one grasp both the small city hand and the flat city pistol so that they looked like toys in it, not wrenching but merely squeezing the pistol out of the hand and dropping it into his own coat pocket, and said, 'Well, boys, let's get on,' moving, walking, his companions in their white shirts and coat sleeves and pants legs and shoes creased and polished two days ago in Chattanooga hotels, heeling him, compact and close, while the faces, the lane opened: through the store, the lane, the faces closing behind: across the gallery and down the steps, the silent lane still opening and closing behind them until they reached the automobile; 1914 then, and young mountain men had not yet learned how to decommission an automobile simply by removing the distributor or jamming the carburetor. So they had used what they did know: a ten-pound hammer from the blacksmith's shop, not knowing even then the secret of the thing's life beneath the hood and so over-finding it: the fine porcelain dust of shattered plugs and wrenched and battered wires and dented pipes and even the mute half-horseshoe prints of the hammer punctuating the spew of oil and gasoline and even the hammer itself immobile against an overalled leg in plain view; and now the city man, cursing in his furious bitter voice, was scrabbling with both hands at the sheriff's coat until the sheriff grasped both of them in his one and held the man so; and, facing them now across the ruined engine, again it was merely the valley facing itself. 'The automobile don't belong to the government,' the sheriff said. 'It belongs to him. He will have to pay to have it fixed.'

Nor anything yet for a moment. Then a voice: 'How much?'

'How much?' the sheriff said over his shoulder.

'How much?' the city man said. 'A thousand dollars, for all I know. Maybe two thousand—'

'We'll call it fifty,' the sheriff said, releasing the hands and removing the trim pearl-coloured city hat from the city head and with his other hand took from his trousers pocket a small crumple of banknotes and separated one and dropped it into the hat, holding the hat upside down and as though baited with the single bill, toward the nearest of the crowd: 'Next,' he said.

'Except that they had to look quick, because before the preacher could say the benediction so they could get up and even tell him howdy, he was done gone from there too. But quick as he left, it wasn't before the word could begin to spread:' telling that too: thirty-seven in the church that morning so in effect the whole valley was and by midafternoon or sundown anyway every cove and hill and run knew he was back: alone: without the horse: and broke, and hungry; not gone again: just disappeared, out of sight: for the time: so that they knew they had only to wait, to bide until the moment, which was that night in the loft above the post-office-store—'It was the lodge-room. They used it for their politics too, and for the court, but mostly for the poker- and crap-games that they claimed had been running there ever since the valley was first settled and the store was built. There was a regular outside staircase going up to it that the lawyers and judges and politicians and Masons and Eastern Stars used, but mainly it was a ladder nailed flat to the back wall outside, leading up to a back window, that everybody in the valley knowed about but not one of them would ever claim he even seen, let alone climbed. And inside there was a jug always full of white mountain whiskey setting on the shelf with the water-bucket and the gourd, that everybody in the valley knowed was there just like they done the ladder but that nobody could see while the court or the lodge or a meeting was going on': telling it:

An hour after dark when the six or seven men (including the store's clerk) squatting around the spread blanket on the floor beneath the lantern ('It was Sunday night. They just shot craps on Sunday night. They wouldn't allow no poker.') heard his feet on the ladder and watched him crawl through the window and then didn't look at him any more while he went to the jug and poured himself a drink into the gourd dipper, not watching him exactly as not one of them would have offered him as a gift the actual food or as a loan the money to buy it with, not even when he turned and saw the coin, the half-dollar, on the floor beside his foot where ten seconds ago no coin had been, nor when he picked it up and interrupted the game for two or three minutes while he compelled them one by one to disclaim the coin's ownership, then knelt into the circle and bet the coin and cast the dice and drew down the original half-dollar and pyramided for two more casts, then passed the dice, and rising, left the original coin on the floor where he had found it and went to the trap door and the ladder which led down into the store's dark interior and with no light descended and returned with a wedge of cheese and a handful of crackers and interrupted the game again to hand the clerk one of the coins he had won and took his change and, squatting against the wall and with no sound save the steady one of his chewing, ate what the valley knew was his first food since he returned to it, reappeared in the church ten hours ago; and—suddenly—the first since he had vanished with the horse and the two Negroes ten months ago.

'They just took him back, like he hadn't never even been away. It was more than that. It was like there never had been no more than what they seen now: no horse to win races on three legs and never had been because they probably never even asked him what had become of it, never no two niggers like me and this boy, never no money to ask him how much of it he won like all them folks back there in Missouri done, not even no time between that one a year ago last summer and this one—' no interval of fall and winter and spring, no flame of oak and hickory nor drive of sleet nor foam and rush of laurel and rhododendron down the mountainsides into summer again; the man himself (the runner seeing this too out of the listening, the hearing) unchanged and not even any dirtier: just alone this time (though not as well as the Federal ex-deputy could have seen it) —the same savage and bandy misanthrope in the foul raked checked cap and the cheap imitation tweed jacket and the bagging Bedford cords ('He called them jodhpurs. They would have held three of him. He said they was made in a place called Saville Row for what he called the second largest duke in the Irish peerage.') squatting on the store's front gallery beneath the patent-medicine and tobacco and baking-powder placards and the announcements and adjurations of candidates for sheriff and representative and district attorney (this was 1914, an even year; they had already been defeated and for-

(Continued on page 105)

NOTES ON A HORSE THIEF

(Continued from page 104)

gotten and there remained only their fading photographs job-lotted from the lowest bidder and not looking like them anyway, which no one had expected, but merely like any candidate, which was all that any hoped, dotting the countryside on telephone poles and fences and the wooden rails of bridges and the flanks of barns and already fading beneath the incrementation of time and weather, like ejaculations: a warning: a plea: a cry):

'Just squatting there at first, not doing nothing and not nobody bothering him, even to try to talk to him, until Sunday when he would be in the church again, setting in the last pew at the back where he could get out first after the benediction. He was sleeping on a straw tick in the lodge room over the store and eating out of the store too because he had won that much that first night. He could have had a job; they told me about that too: him squatting on the gallery one morning when some fellow brought a horse in to the blacksmith that he had tried to shoe himself and quicked it in the nigh hind, the horse plunging and kicking and squealing every time they tried to touch it until at last they was trying to cross-tie it up and maybe even have to throw it to pull the quick shoe, until he got up and went in and laid his hand on its neck a minute and talked to it and then just tied the halter rein in the ring and picked up the foot and pulled the shoe and reset it. The blacksmith offered him a steady job right there but he never even answered, just back on the gallery squatting again, then Sunday in the back pew in the church once more where he could get out first, before anybody could try to talk to him. Because they couldn't see his heart.'

'His heart?' the runner said.

[*Editor's Note:* The "runner" is a British soldier who sought out the old Negro and asked to hear his story.]

'Yes,' the old Negro said. 'Then he did vanish, because the next time they seed him they wouldn't have knowed him except for the cap, the coat and them Irish britches gone now and wearing overhalls and a hickory shirt. Except that they would have had to gone out there to seen that, because he was a farmer now, a wage-hand, likely not getting much more than his board and lodging and washing because the place he was working on hadn't hardly supported the two folks that was already trying to live on it—' the runner seeing that now almost as well as the Federal ex-deputy could have seen it:—a childless couple of arthritic middle age: two heirs of misfortune drawn as though by some mutual last resort into the confederation of matrimony as inversely two heirs of great wealth or of royalty might have been—a one-room-and-lean-to cabin, a hovel almost, clinging paintless to a sheer pitch of mountainside in a straggling patch of corn standing in niggard monument to the incredible, the not just back- but heart-breaking labour which each meagre stalk represented: moloch-effigy of self-sustenance which did not reward man's sweat but merely consumed his flesh;—the man who ten months ago had walked in the company of giants and heroes and who even yesterday, even without the horse and solitary and alone, had still walked in its magnificent gigantic shadow, now in faded overalls milking a gaunt hill cow and splitting firewood and (the three of them, distinguishable at any distance from one another only because one wore the checked cap and another a skirt) hoeing the lean and tilted corn, coming down the mountain to squat, not talking yet not actually mute either, among them on the gallery of the store on Saturday afternoon; and on the next morning, Sunday, again in his back pew in the church, always in that clean fresh rotation of faded blue which was not the regalia of his metamorphosis and the badge of all plodding enduring husbandry, but which hid and concealed even the horse-warped curvature of his legs, obliterating, effacing at last the last breath or recollection of the old swaggering aura bachelor, foot-free and cavalier, so that (it was July now) there remained (not the heart) only the foul raked heavily-checked cap talking (not the heart talking of passion and bereavement) among the empty Tennessee hills of the teeming metropolitan outland:

'Then he was gone. It was August; the mail rider had brought the Chattanooga and Knoxville papers back over the Gap that week and the next Sunday the preacher made the prayer for all the folks across the water swamped again in battle and murder and sudden death, and the next Saturday night they told me how he taken his last degree in Masonry and how that time they tried to talk to him because the Chattanooga and Knoxville papers was coming over the Gap every day now and they was reading them too: about that battle—'

'Mons,' the runner said.

'Mons,' the old Negro said. '—saying to him, "Them was your folks too, wasn't they?" and getting the sort of answer there wasn't no reply to except just to hit him. And when the next Sunday came, he was gone. Though at least this time they knowed where, so that when we finally got there that day—'

'What?' the runner said. 'It took you from June until August to travel from Missouri to Tennessee?'

'It wasn't August,' the old Negro said. 'It was October. We walked. We would have to stop now and then to find work to earn money to eat on. That taken a while, because this boy never had no size then, and I never knowed nothing but horses and preaching, and any time I stopped to do either one, somebody might have asked me who I was.'

'You mean you had to bring the money to him first before you could even draw travel expenses from it?'

'There wasn't no money,' the old Negro said. 'There never was none, except just what we needed, had to have. Never nobody but that New Orleans lawyer ever believed there was. We never had time to bother with winning a heap of money to have to take care of. We had the horse. To save that horse that never wanted nothing and never knowed nothing but just to run out in front of all the other horses in a race, from being sent back to Kentucky to be just another stud-horse for the rest of its life. We had to save it until it could die still not knowing nothing and not wanting nothing but just to run out in front of everything else. At first he thought different, aimed different. But not long. It was during that time when we was walking to Texas. We was hiding in the woods one day by a creek and I talked to him and that evening I baptized him in the creek into my church. And after that he knowed too that betting was a sin. We had to do a little of it, win a little money to live on, buy feed for it and grub for us. But that was all. God knowed that too. That was all right with Him.'

'Are you an ordained minister?' the runner said.

'I bears witness,' the old Negro said.

'But you're not an ordained priest. Then how could you confirm him into your church?'

'Hush, Pappy,' the youth said.

'Wait,' the runner said. 'I know. He made you a Mason too.'

'Suppose he did,' the old Negro said. 'You and this boy are alike. You think maybe I never had no right to make him a Christian, but you know he never had no business making me a Mason. But which do you think is the lightest to undertake: to tell a man to act like the head Mason thinks he ought to act, that's just another man trying to know what's right to do, or to tell him how the head of Heaven *knows* he ought to act, that's God and *knows* what's right to ease his suffering and save him?'

'All right,' the runner said. 'It was October—'

'Only this time they knowed where he was. "France?" I says, with this boy already jerking at my sleeve and saying, "Come on, Grampaw. Come on, Grampaw." "Which way is that?" I says. "Is that in Tennessee too?"

'"Come on, Grampaw," this boy says. "I knows where it is."'

'Yes,' the runner said to the youth. 'I'll get to you in a moment too.' He said to the old Negro: 'So you came to France. I won't even ask how you did that with no money. Because that was God. Wasn't it?'

'It was the Society,' the youth said. Only he didn't say 'society': he said 'société'.

'Yes,' the runner said to the youth. He said in French, his best French: the glib smart febrile *argot* immolated into the international *salons* via the night clubs from the Paris gutter: 'I wondered who did the talking for him. It was you, was it?'

'Someone had to,' the youth said, in still better French, the French of the Sorbonne, the Institute, the old Negro listening, peaceful and serene, until he said:

'His mamma was a New Orleans girl. She knowed gobble talk. That's where he learned it.'

'But not the accent,' the runner said. 'Where did you get that?'

(Continued on page 106)



Tampax won't "show" on "those days"

Tampax and bathing suits were made for each other! You can scarcely think of a bulky external pad in connection with today's sleek suits, but Tampax is different. It's *internal* sanitary protection—is actually invisible, once it's in place.

Tampax and sun-bathing were made for each other! The hotter it gets, the more need for Tampax. For this modern sanitary protection actually *prevents odor from forming!* And you'll surely be delighted to learn that Tampax never chafes or irritates. The wearer doesn't even feel it!

Tampax and beaches were made for each other! Yes! you can even go swimming while wearing Tampax. Think what that means during vacation days. You don't even need to worry about taking along extra protection. A whole month's supply of Tampax can be slipped into the purse. Then, too, (and this is important!) Tampax is very easy to dispose of. Get a package *this month!* At drug or notion counters. 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

The most convenient location in New York

On the smart East Side, with theatres, fine shops and other attractions nearby.

HOTEL New Weston

MADISON AT 50th • NEW YORK 22, N. Y
JAMES T. McTIGHE, Manager
A Knott Hotel

33 years ago they told me:

"YOU HAVE LESS THAN A YEAR TO LIVE!"

"MUST HAVE BEEN back in 1919 or '20. Hopeless case of diabetes. No known cure.

"BUT HERE I AM. They found a treatment —insulin—in time. Today, *nobody* has to die of diabetes.

"CANCER, I know, is a tougher problem. But the laboratories can lick that one, too—with our support. Already, they're curing people who would have been done for a few years ago. Last year—thanks to $5,000,000 allocated by the American Cancer Society from our contributions—they found out a lot more . . . though there's still a long way to go.

"THEY NEED MONEY, though. $5,000,000 is still less than 4 cents per American *per year*. Not enough to find the answer *fast* enough—230,000 Americans are going to die of cancer *this year*, they say.

"I'M NOT RICH, but I gave 'em $50 last year—hope to do better this time. After all, where would *I* be if the laboratories working on diabetes, that time, hadn't been given enough support—?"

Cancer
MAN'S CRUELEST ENEMY
Strike back—Give
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

NOTES ON A HORSE THIEF

(Continued from page 105)

'I don't know,' the youth said. 'I just got it.'

'Could you "just get" Greek or Latin or Spanish the same way?'

'I ain't tried,' the youth said. 'I reckon I could, if they ain't no harder than this one.'

'All right,' the runner said, to the old Negro now. 'Did you have the Society before you left America?' and heard that, without order or emphasis, like dream too: they were in New York, who a year ago had not known that the earth extended farther than the distance between Lexington, Kentucky, and Louisville until they walked on it, trod with their actual feet the hard enduring ground bearing the names Louisiana and Missouri and Texas and Arkansas and Ohio and Tennessee and Alabama and Mississippi—words which until then had been as foundationless and homeless as the ones meaning Avalon or Astalot or Ultima Thule. Then immediately there was a woman in it, a 'lady,' not young, richly in furs—

'I know,' the runner said. 'She was in the car with you that day last spring when you came up to Amiens. The one whose son is in the French air squadron that she is supporting.'

'Was,' the youth said. 'Her boy is dead. He was a volunteer, one of the first airmen killed in the French service. That's when she began to give money to support the squadron.'

'Because she was wrong,' the old Negro said.

'Wrong?' the runner said. 'Oh. Her dead son's monument is a machine to kill as many Germans as possible because one German killed him? Is that it? And when you told her so, it was just like that morning in the woods when you talked to the horse-thief and then baptized him in the creek and saved him? All right, tell me.'

'Yes,' the old Negro said, and told it: the three of them traversing a succession almost like avatars: from what must have been a Park Avenue apartment, to what must have been a Wall Street office, to another office, room: a youngish man with a black patch over one eye and a cork leg and a row of miniature medals on his coat, and an older man with a minute red thing like a toy rosebud in his buttonhole, talking gobble talk to the lady and then to the youth too—

'A French consulate?' the runner said. 'Looking for a British soldier?'

'It was Verdun,' the youth said.

'Verdun?' the runner said. 'That was just last year—1916. It took you until 1916—'

'We was walking and working. Then Pappy begun to hear them—'

'There was too many of them,' the old Negro said. 'Men and boys, marching for months down into one muddy ditch to kill one another. There was too many of them. There wasn't room to lay quiet and rest. All you can kill is man's meat. You can't kill his voice. And if there is enough of the meat, without even room to lay quiet and rest, you can hear it too.'

'Even if it's not saying anything but Why?' the runner said.

'What can trouble you more than having a human man saying to you, Tell me why. Tell me how. Show me the way?'

'And you can show him the way?'

'I can believe,' the old Negro said.

'So because you believed, the French Government sent you to France.'

'It was the lady,' the youth said. 'She paid for it.'

'She believed too,' the old Negro said. 'All of them did. The money didn't count no more now because they all knowed by now that just money had done already failed.'

'All right,' the runner said. 'Anyway, you came to France—' hearing it: a ship; there was a committee of at least one or two at Brest, even if they were just military, staff officers to expedite, not a special train maybe but at least one with precedence over everything not military; the house, palace, sonorous and empty, was already waiting for them in Paris. Even if the banner to go above the ducal gates was not ready yet, thought of yet into the words. But that was not long and the house, the palace, was not empty long either: first the women in black, the old ones and the young ones carrying babies, then the maimed men in trench-stained horizon blue, coming in to sit for a while on the hard temporary benches, not always even to see him, since he was still occupied in trying to trace down his companion, telling that too: from the Paris war office to the Department of State, to Downing Street to Whitehall and then out to Poperinghe, until the man's whereabouts was ascertained at last: who (that Newmarket horse and its legend were known and remembered in Whitehall too) could have gone out as groom to the commander-in-chief himself's horse if he had chosen, but enlisted instead into the Londoners until, having barely learned how to wrap his spiral putties, he found himself in a posting which would have left him marooned for the duration as groom-farrier-hostler in a troop of Guards cavalry had he not taught the sergeant in charge of the draft to shoot dice in the American fashion and so won his escape from him, and for two years now had been a private in a combat battalion of Northumberland Borderers.

'Only when you finally found him, he barely spoke to you,' the runner said.

'He ain't ready yet,' the old Negro said. 'We can wait. There's plenty of time yet.'

'We?' the runner said. 'You and God too?'

'Yes. Even if it will be over next year.'

'The war? This war? Did God tell you that?'

'It's all right. Laugh at Him. He can stand that too.'

'What else can I do but laugh?' the runner said. 'Hadn't He rather have that than the tears?'

'He's got room for both of them. They're all the same to Him; He can grieve for both of them.'

'Yes,' the runner said. 'Too much of it. Too many of them. Too often. There was another one last year, called the Somme; they give ribbons now not for being brave because all men are brave if you just frighten them enough. You must have heard of that one; you must have heard them too.'

'I heard them too,' the old Negro said.

'*Les Amis à la France de Tout le Monde*,' the runner said. 'Just to believe, to hope. That little. So little. Just to sit together in the anguished room and believe and hope. And that's enough? like the doctor when you're ill: you know he can't cure you just by laying his hands on you and you don't expect him to: all you need is someone to say "Believe and hope. Be of good cheer." But suppose it's already too late for a doctor now; all that will serve now is a surgeon, someone already used to blood, up there where the blood already is.'

'Then He would have thought of that too.'

'Then why hasn't He sent you up there, instead of here to live on hot food in clean bugless clothes in a palace?'

'Maybe because He knows I ain't brave enough,' the old Negro said.

'Would you go if He sent you?'

'I would try,' the old Negro said. 'If I could do the work, it wouldn't matter to Him or me neither whether I was brave.'

'To believe and to hope,' the runner said. 'Oh yes, I walked through that room downstairs; I saw them; I was walking along the street and happened by simple chance to see that placard over the gate. I was going somewhere else, yet here I am too. But not to believe and hope. Because man can bear anything, provided he has something left, a little something left: his integrity as a creature tough and enduring enough not only not to hope but not even to believe in it and not even to miss its lack; to be tough and to endure until the flash, crash, whatever it will be, when he will no longer be anything and none of it will matter any more, even the fact that he was tough and, until then, did endure.'

'That's right,' the old Negro said, peaceful and serene, 'maybe it is tomorrow you got to go back. So go on now and have your Paris while you got a little time.'

'Aha,' the runner said. 'Ave Bacchus and Venus, morituri te salutant, eh? Wouldn't you have to call that sin?'

'Evil is a part of man, evil and sin and cowardice, the same as repentance and being brave. You got to believe in all of them, or believe in none of them. Believe that man is capable of all of them, or he ain't capable of none. You can go out this way if you want to, without having to meet nobody.'

'Thanks,' the runner said. 'Maybe what I need is to have to meet somebody. To believe. Not in anything: just to believe. To enter that room down there, not to escape from anything but to escape into something, to flee mankind for a little while. Not even to look at that ban-

(Continued on page 107)

NOTES ON A HORSE THIEF

(Continued from page 106)

ner because some of them probably can't even read it, but just to sit in the same room for a while with that affirmation, that promise, that hope. If I only could. You only could. Anybody only could. Do you know what the loneliest experience of all is? But of course you do: you just said so. It's breathing.'

'Send for me,' the old Negro said.

'Oh yes—if I only could.'

'I know,' the old Negro said. 'You ain't ready yet neither. But when you are, send for me.'

'Are what?' the runner said.

'When you needs me.'

'What can I need you for, when it will be over next year? All I've got to do is just stay alive.'

'Send for me,' the old Negro said.

'Good-bye,' the runner said.

ANNOUNCED

in the August 1 issue:

the winners of VOGUE'S 19th PRIX DE PARIS

Smart choices: men's country shoes

Right: Choice for the country—a handsome sports shoe drawn on the lines of a bullfighter's slipper. It's of tan suède trimmed with brown, leather-lined. The boot strap makes it easier to pull on. By, and at, Walk-Over, $15.



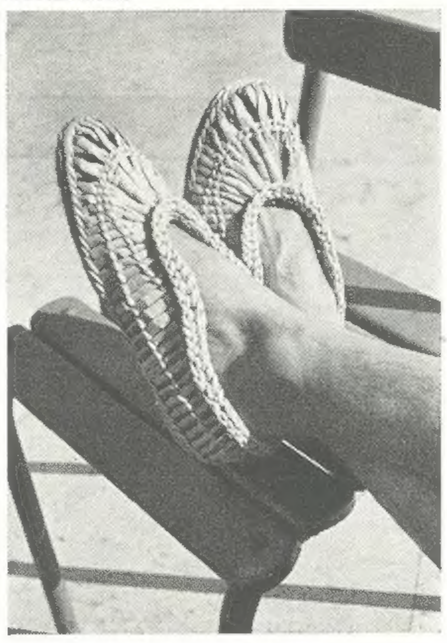


Left: A choice shoe—it's sturdy but not heavy—for long walks in the country (and no reason it shouldn't stroll in city parks). This smart moccasin is hand-sewn in Italy of an exceptionally lightweight leather (taupe-coloured). $23. Here, at Gucci.

Right: Choice for golf—a shoe that's completely washable (and the stainless steel golf spikes won't rust). It's navy-blue duck, with lightweight rubber cork soles. By Keds, $8. At Bloomingdale's.



HONEYMAN



Left: A smart choice for pool-sides, for beaches (and the coolest way in the world to walk across hot sands). This light slipper is a loose basket-weave of a handsome hunk of straw, in natural colour. $12.50. It's imported by Evins. Whitehouse & Hardy.

Right: Choice for the terrace or around the house—a handsome leather slipper, lined with a bright tartan fabric. The rubber heel makes it sturdier than most slippers, and more versatile. By Daniel Green, $8. Stern's.



no such thing as "hopeless" hair!

restor

The 20-Minute "Miracle Treatment" for Abused Hair

Restores beauty to abused hair . . . increases the natural loveliness of normal hair!

Who says your hair "won't take a permanent"? Certainly none of the world-famous Salons which feature RESTOR! RESTOR replaces lost luster and lost elements to hair damaged by over-processing, too many permanents or bleaches, too much exposure. No imagination needed—you **see** and **feel** the difference after one treatment—your hair, regardless of texture or condition, is soft, manageable, **permanent**-able!

ASK FOR RESTOR TREATMENT
(Also RESTOR Hair Pack and RESTOR-A-WAVE Permanent)

featured by
Kern's • Detroit
Brandeis • Omaha
Hudson Bay Stores • Canada
Younker's • Sioux City

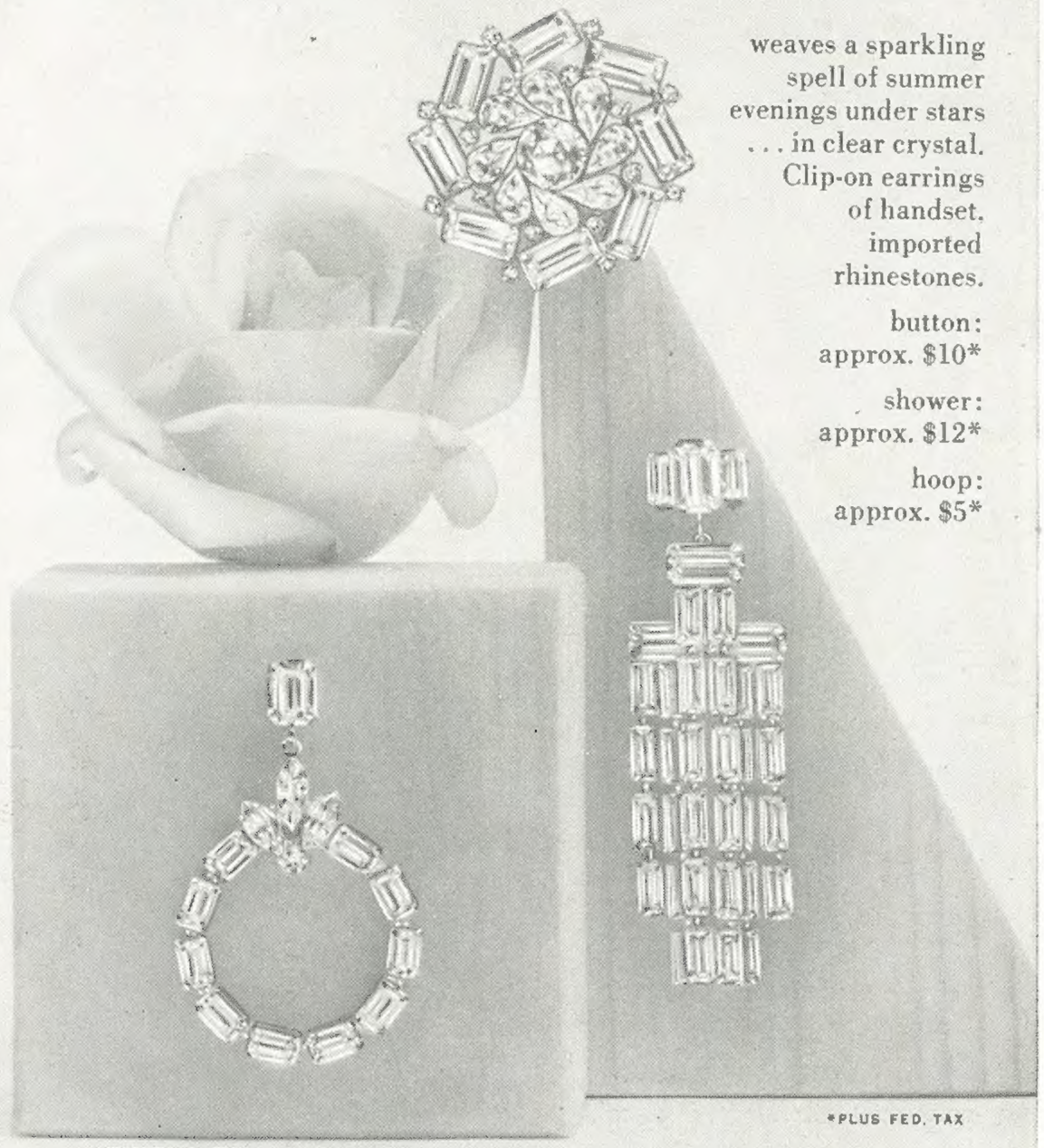
and at better Beauty Salons everywhere.



Buty Wave Products Co., Los Angeles 36, Calif.



FORMAL FANTASY



weaves a sparkling spell of summer evenings under stars . . . in clear crystal. Clip-on earrings of handset, imported rhinestones.

button: approx. $10*

shower: approx. $12*

hoop: approx. $5*

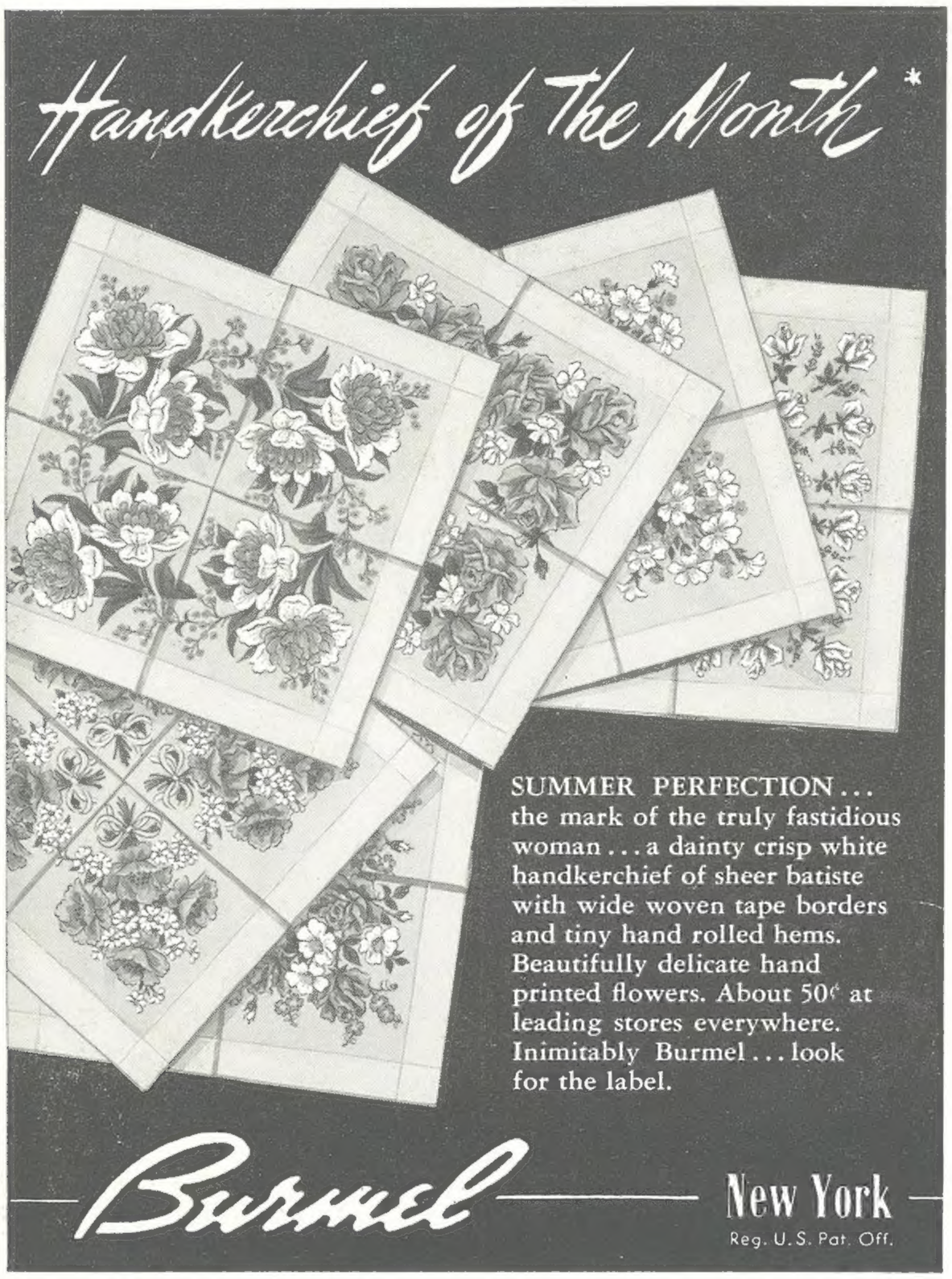
*PLUS FED. TAX

JEWELS BY

A Wm. Albert Weiss

FOR NAME OF STORE NEAREST YOU. WRITE: ©ALBERT WEISS & CO., 15 WEST 37TH ST., NEW YORK 18

Handkerchiefs of the Month *



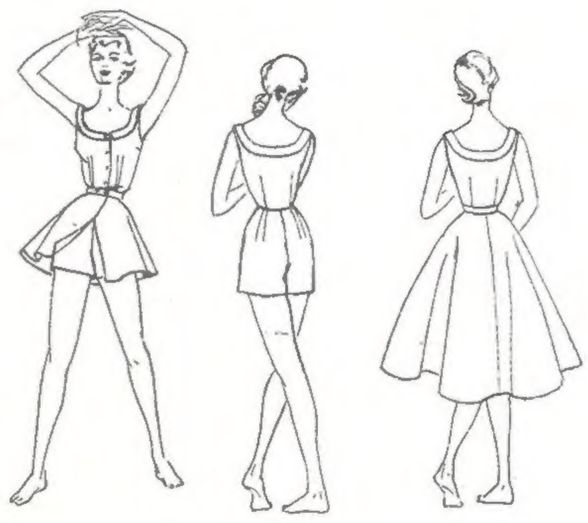
SUMMER PERFECTION . . . the mark of the truly fastidious woman . . . a dainty crisp white handkerchief of sheer batiste with wide woven tape borders and tiny hand rolled hems. Beautifully delicate hand printed flowers. About 50¢ at leading stores everywhere. Inimitably Burmel . . . look for the label.

Burmel — New York

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

VOGUE PATTERNS

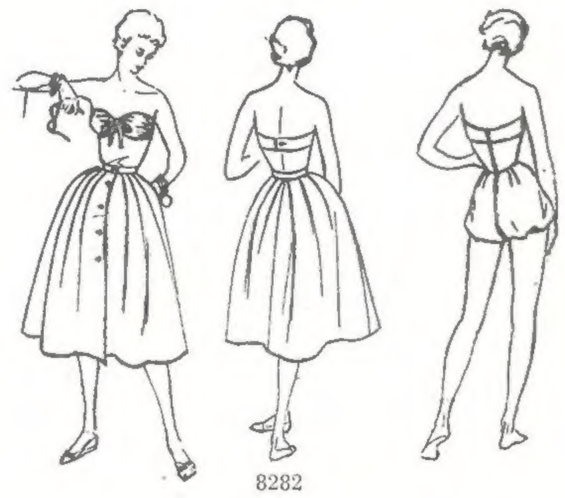
(Back views of the Patterns shown on pages 64-65)



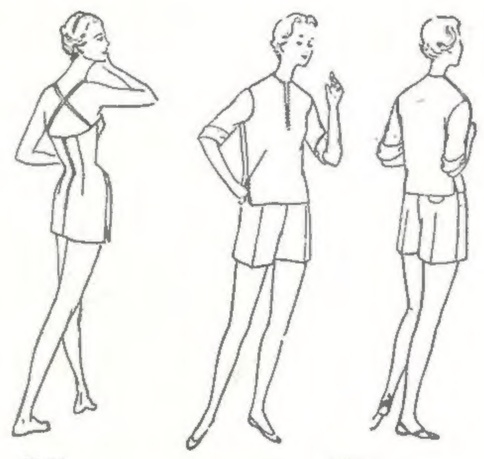
8349

Left: Three-piece play suit from Vogue Pattern 8349, in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38). For size 16 (34), 2⅞ yds. 35″ fabric for blouse and shorts; 3 yards 35″ fabric for skirt. 75c.

Right: Vogue Pattern 8282 for one- or two-piece play suit or bathing suit, sizes 10 to 18 (28 to 36). For size 16 (34), 1¾ yds. 35″ fabric for suit; another 3¾ yds. for skirt. 75c.



8282

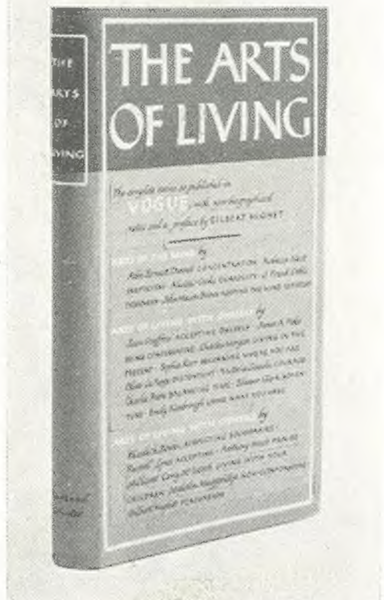


8353

8337
8286

Far left: Vogue Pattern 8353 for one-piece bathing suit, sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38). For size 16 (34), 1⅜ yds. 35″ fabric; 1 yd. 52″ lining fabric. 60c.
Left: Pull-over: Vogue Very Easy to Make, 8337, sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38). 2⅛ yards 35″ fabric for size 16 (34). 50c.
Shorts: Vogue Easy to Make, 8286, waist sizes 24 to 32. 28 waist: 1⅜ yds. 35″ fabric. 50c.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY, OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID). FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: Connecticut residents please add sales tax.



Left: The Arts of Living, now a book; twenty articles on the arts of modern living, which first appeared in Vogue. Abbé Dimnet, John Mason Brown, Victoria Lincoln, Sophie Kerr, Malcolm Muggeridge, Millicent Carey McIntosh are among the authors; the arts of Concentration, Courage, Discovery, Skepticism, Accepting Oneself, among the subjects. . . . The book, with biographical notes, as well as a preface by Gilbert Highet (author of the first article of the series, "The Art of Persuasion"): $3 ppd. Vogue, Greenwich, Connecticut.

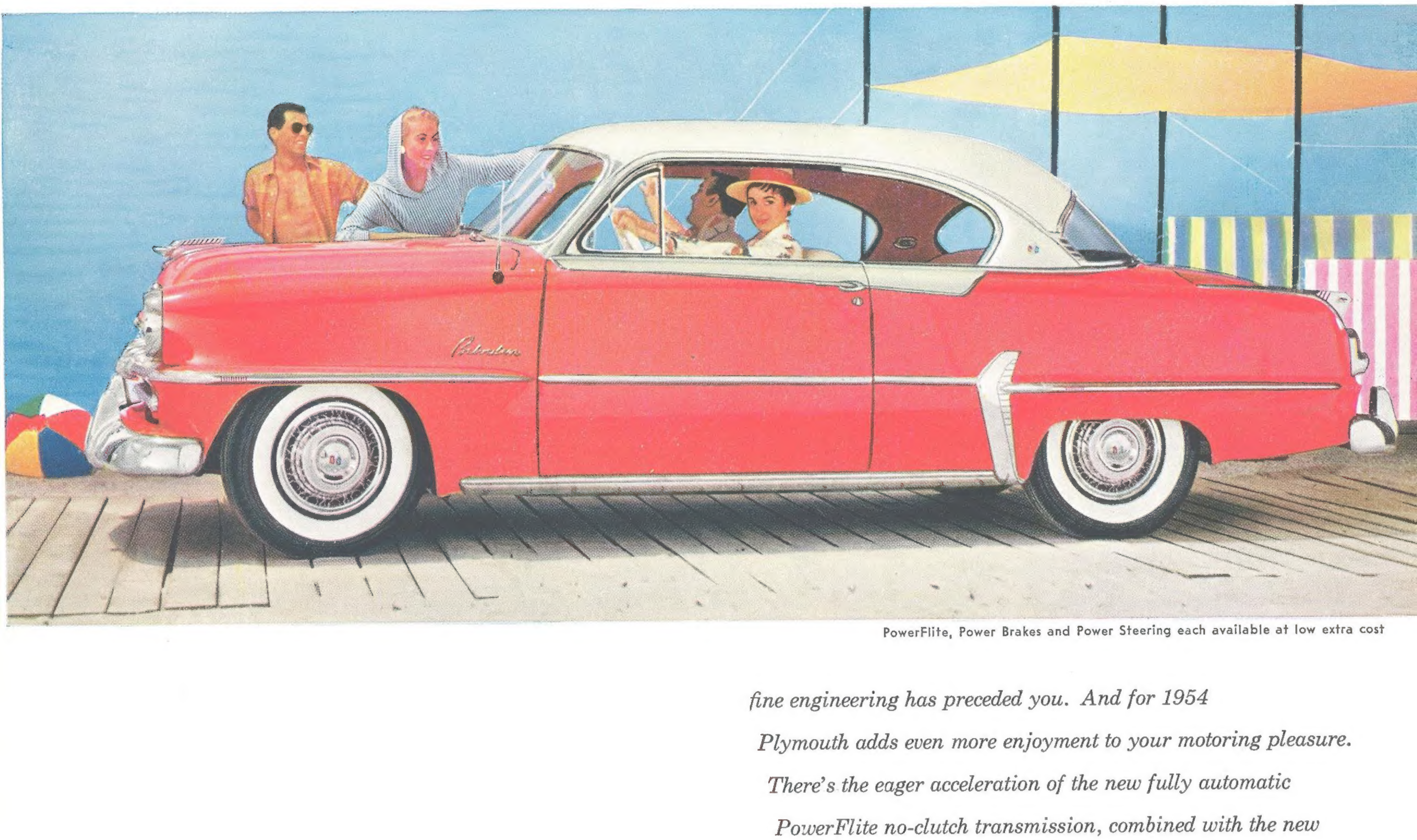
PRINTED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PRESS, GREENWICH, CONN., U. S. A.



All eyes are on you when your **PLYMOUTH**

makes its graceful entrance. For wherever you travel,

Plymouth's reputation for luxurious styling and



PowerFlite, Power Brakes and Power Steering each available at low extra cost

fine engineering has preceded you. And for 1954

Plymouth adds even more enjoyment to your motoring pleasure.

There's the eager acceleration of the new fully automatic

PowerFlite no-clutch transmission, combined with the new

higher horsepower PowerFlow engine, the greatest

in Plymouth history. There's the ease of full-time Power

Steering, the security of Power Brakes. And, as so

many of America's motorists know, under the Plymouth's

beauty there's solid value—value that has earned

its reputation as America's best-buy low-price car.

PLYMOUTH Chrysler Corporation's No. 1 Car

A long-awaited new dimension is introduced to fashion by Charles James. He utilizes an architectural principle of balancing forces to build brilliant emerald satin into a triumph of statuesque beauty. Flowing hemline and wrapped flare mount into an oval sheath to create serenity in repose . . . free-form undulation in motion.



Another new dimension in current fashion enters the picture when you serve and enjoy Gilbey's Spey Royal Scotch Whisky. Distilled by perfectionists for perfectionists in the famed Spey Valley of Scotland, it is the Scotch that is distinctively light, right and nice to take . . . the ideal complement to today's gracious living.

GILBEY'S

Spey Royal

SCOTCH WHISKY

By appointment Whisky Distillers to the Late King George VI

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., 595 MADISON AVE., N. Y., N. Y. • SCOTCH WHISKY—A BLEND . . 86.8 PROOF